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SG 2..

KING (WILLIAM) 1685-1763.

5022. The Toast. An Heroick Poem in four Books, written originally in Latin, by Frederick Scheffer : now done into English, and illustrated with Notes and Observations, by Peregrine ODonald ... 4°. *Dublin pr., Lond. reprinted, 1747.*

With frontispiece.

By Wm. King, D.C.L., principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. Thinking himself injured in a law-suit, he attacked his enemies in this mock-heroic poem, first published at Dublin, 1732, and (the 4 bks.) London, 1736. Swift, after seeing the MS., declared that if he had read it when he was twenty, he would never have written a satire. In his old age King regretted many passages, and at his death the remaining copies were burnt. (D. N. B.) [W. O.]

314 [KING (Dr. William)] The Toast. An Heroick Poem in four Books, Written originally in Latin, by Frederick Scheffer: Now done into English, and illustrated with Notes and Observations, by Peregrine Odonald Esq. 4to, frontispiece by Gravelot, contemporary half red morocco, the back gilt in panels with corner and festoon centre tools. £4 10 0

1736
** A work of excessive rarity which was never published, and only sixty copies were ever circulated, the remainder being destroyed at the author's request. Dr. King, who became Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, considered he was injured in a law suit, and the chief personage in this satire is "Mira" representing the Countess of Newburgh, who had secretly married the author's uncle, Sir Thomas Smyth. The work is dedicated to Swift under the name of Cadenus. In his old age King regretted the writing of the many passages which are, as a rule, almost disgusting. No other copy is known to have appeared for sale for the last twenty-seven years.

William King (1685-1733) Principal St. Mary's Hall. 18.

"He thought himself injured in the course of his suit (for the recovery of some property in Ireland) and attacked his enemies in a mock heroic poem in two books, called 'The Toast' supposed to have been originally composed in Latin by a Laplander 'Frederick Scheffer', and translated into English with notes and observations by 'Peregrine O'Donald Esq.' The heroine Mira is the Countess of Newburgh, who had secretly married as her third husband, Sir Thomas Smyth, King's uncle. It was published in octavo Dublin 1632, a second volume being promised. Swift after seeing the manuscript declared that if he had read it when he was only twenty years of age he never would have written a satire. Hereupon 'The Toast' was completed in four books, inscribed to Swift and printed in hand some quarts in London in 1636 with a frontispiece by H. Gravelot. It was reissued in 1747 (this copy) (Notes & Queries 1st Ser. ii. 480 iii, 13. 4th series. iv. 411 5th series. iii. 138). In his old age King regretted that he had let himself be so easily misled. (Anecdotes p. 97-100) and at his death the remaining copies were burnt (Notes & Queries 1st Ser. ii. 480 iii, 13. 4th series. iv. 411 5th series. iii. 138). The character is given in William Davis second journey round the library of Bodleiana. 1825 p. 106-107. and an analysis given in Bentley's Miscellany for June 1857 p. 616-625."

St. 18/102

95

M. D. 1848

Jan 1907

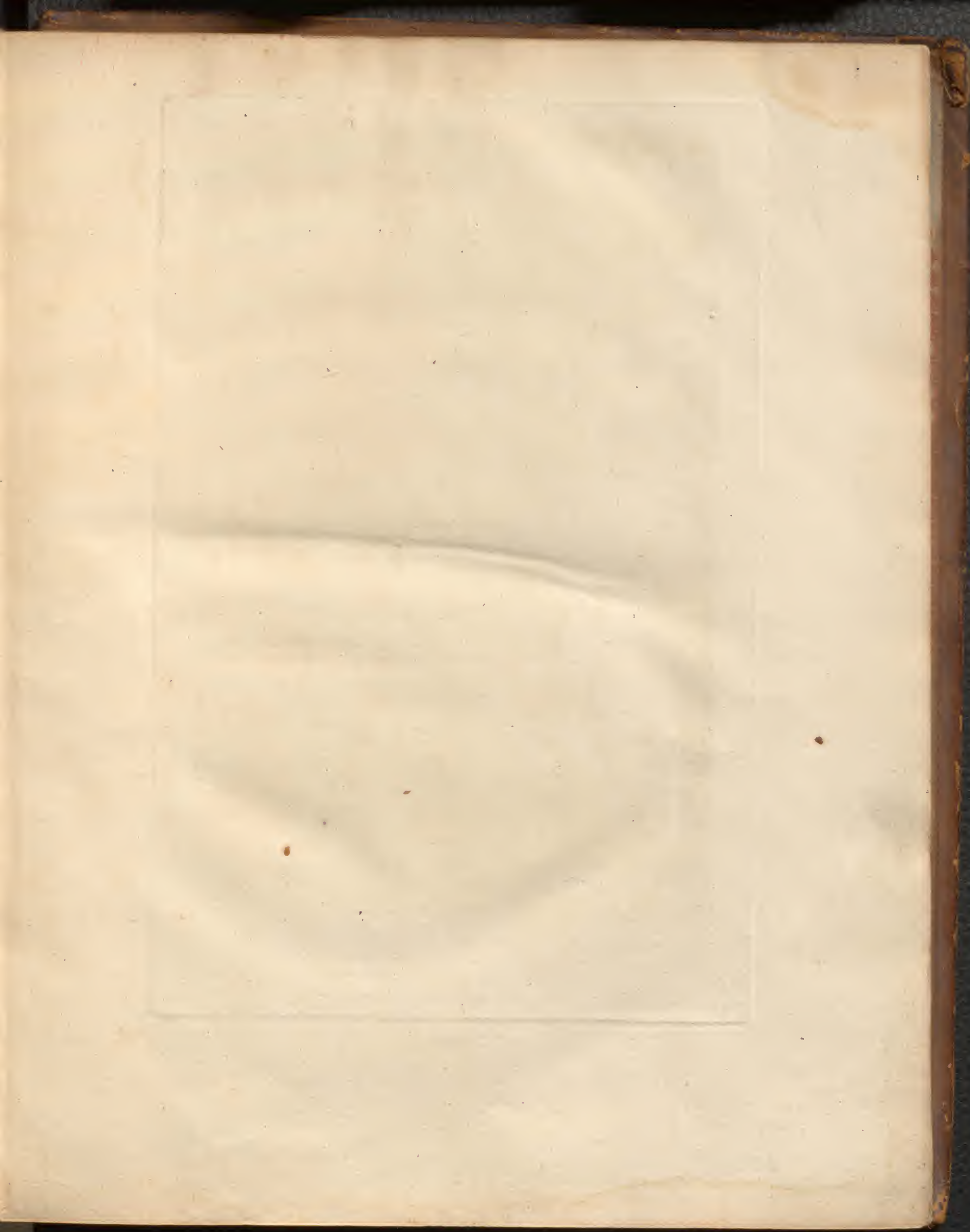
Memo re Countess of Newburgh

This hardly seems compatible with the account of Charlotte Maria Radcliffe, suo jure Countess of Newburgh (d. 1755) widow of Thos. Clifford (d. 1718) married at Brussels in 1724 to Chas. Radcliffe (1698-1746) who lived in exile & was executed as a Jacobite as soon as captured by the English in the D. N. B., vol. xlvii, p. 127.

W. W. F.

D. N. B. vol. xlvii. p. 167, 168

W. W. F.





Hub. Gravelot inv.

B. Baron sculp.

Exhibet en tabulam Granvillus! Apolline dignum Obliquo Satyrus, lector, dum lumine veram
 Et putat, et blando carmine jactat opus. — Effigiem spectans hinc tibi monstrat anus.
 Informis Miræ, deceptus imagine falsâ, — Quid mirum, si nunc insanos vatis amores,
 Ah! nimium laudans hæret in ore Deus. Nunc vanam Phoebi riserit ille fidem?

Isabella Beaulieu

THE
T O A S T.
AN
HEROICK POEM

In four Books,

Written originally in Latin,

BY

FREDERICK SCHEFFER:

Now done into English, and illustrated with Notes
and Observations,

BY

PEREGRINE ODONALD Esq;

*Si quis erat dignus describi, quòd MALUS, aut FUR,
Quòd MOECHUS foret, aut SICARIUS, aut alioqui
FAMOSUS; multà cum libertate notabant. HOR.*

DUBLIN: Printed.

LONDON: Reprinted in the Year MDCCXLVII.

THE

TOAST AND HEROICK POEM

In Four Books,

Written originally in Latin

BY

FRANCIS SCHAEFER:

Now done into English, and abridged with Notes
and Observations

BY

FRANCIS SCHAEFER

It is a new Edition, with many Additions
and Corrections, and a new Preface
to the Reader.

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI
EPISTOLA
A D
CADENUM.

SEMPER culte mihi, semper, CADENE, colende;
O decus & patriæ tutamen! Crimina, curas,
Atque hominum mores, & quicquid pulpita damnant,
Seu nunc tu melius tractas irrisor acerbus,
Seu Phæbi stimulis ignescens fundis Iambos, 5
Aut STELLÆ laudes recitas & amabile carmen:
Si locus est interpellandi, en barbarus audet
Ire salutatum, veniamque exposcere nugis!
Nec Musa offendat, quòd non limatior: aures
Forsitan & vestras rerum novitate moretur. 10
At ne tu mirère, quis hic novus impetus iræ,
Aut cur matronas & fictos carmine SCHEFFER
Luserit heroas, cui mens ignara nocendi;
Promptius expediam. Si quem mala saga veneno,
Aut ferro tollat sicarius, & fugit; annon 15
Proscribunt Reges, queis ulla est cura popelli?
Sic mea proscripsit (fuerit seu VOLLUS iniquus,

*Seu MIRA infamis, seu turba venefica MIRÆ,
Et mæchi & Tribades, qui vatem lite fatigant,
Insidiisque petunt) inimicum pagina nomen.* 20

*Nec me commôrit, quod rhythmica carmina damnet
PERSEUS iste faber, cui mens & crassa Minerva
Nec callere sales dederant, nec scire Latinè.*

*Quis, benè qui novit PERSEI insidiasque dolosque,
Temperet a satyrâ? Regis se jactat in aulâ;* 25

*Ingenioque opifex alieno vivere doctus,
Quas non edidicit, sibi PERSEUS arrogat artes:
Cui res, & titulus, cui crevit fama labore
Pauperis heu! CASTELLI; ac dum bis mille Senatus
Decernit, digno quota pars donatur amico,* 30

*Omnia qui fecit, solusque meretur honorem!
Sic vos non vobis! Tantis successibus auctum
Haud alias equitem puduit componere fraudes,
Et quibus ipse optat ditescere: captat avari
Testamenta senis, vel denique subjicit; & qui* 35
Nomine vix MARTI notus, nunc scribitur hæres.

*Nec bona sufficiunt, quæ possidet omnia, MARTIS:
Quas MARS vendiderat terras, quæ dona propinquis
Aut miseris dederat servis, hic cuncta reposcit.*

Jamque ædes vestras, & regia rura, Camœnæ, 40
*Impius invadit KEVANO milite cinctus;
Et famulos nostrosque Lares deturbat inermes.
In jus judiciumque voco: defendere causam,*

Quos

EPISTOLA.

V

Quos sibi MIRA parat, conductis testibus audet
 Munitus; scelere atque scelus firmare nefandum. 45
 Tunc VOLLI exemplo monitus, servare recentem
 Quâ ratione queat prædam, raptoque potiri,
 Provocat ille deos, juratque in verba suorum,
 " Cogere vi nullâ, nulla ipsum inferre Latinis
 " Arma, nec invitos veteres migrâsse colonos. 50
 Lucra pudenda avidus decerpit PERSEUS ex re
 Quâlibet: extentans nervos venalis adulter
 Patricias sectatur anûs, MIRAMque salacem
 Turpis init: nunquam MIRÆ satiata libido:
 Mille etenim toties reparato robore posset 55
 Exhaustire viros, totamque vorare cohortem.
 Quin TRAULI quassans lectum, nec viribus impar
 Balbe tuis CLODI, tibi nec, REGILLE, secundus,
 ALITIS extortum resupinæ corpore corpus
 Corrigit; informis dum semivir urget anhelum, 60
 Rivalique suo lenonia dextera servit.
 Præmia quæ solvi pro tanto digna labore
 Posse putes equiti? Dat MIRA monilia, gemmas;
 Insuper & nummos: uxore cætera mittit,
 Callidaque affatu palpat Judæa maritum: 65
 Jamque domum & mæcho S*organa præbet agellum.
 Maeste esto virtute! tibi olim MIRA parabit,
 Res quibus ampla domi, lectissima corpora matrum,
 Concubitûs faciles, PERSEU, & Danaes Hymenæos.

Alter

*Alter erit tunc TRAULUS, & altera, quæ tibi campum
Delirante viro donabit mæcha; nec uni,* 71

Si magici cantus valeant, dictaberis hæres.

*Quinetiam excrucier, si MIRÆ fautor ineptus
Nos insectatur CACUS, blateratque furitque,
Arma gerens PERSEL fratris mentemque locumque?* 75

Vel quia de vetulis gustavit, & ALES obesas

Auresque & fauces permulsi; vel quia flexus

Insidiis VOLLI fides firmare tabellas

Tentat lite novâ, &, quæ olim damnaverat ipse,

MIRACIDUM sibi emit perjuria cuncta, suamque 80

Legatis inbians nunc famam venditat asse.

Quid quod & ipse domi plaudat sibi; juraque temnat,

Omniaque involvat fumo & caligine cæcâ,

Herculeæque manus desint? malè parta tropæa

Attamen haud impune feret: juravimus omnes 85

Sic Phæbi vates; et, nostri siquid Iambi,

Semper, CACE, tuum nomen fraudesque manebunt.

Me quoque tu cornu petis, O impure Sacerdos;

Et tibi sunt odio mea carmina. Sed quis amicus

Fortunis nostris adsit, si, pessime, vati 90

Terrorem incutias? Tibi enim nec corporis esse,

Nec mentis sanum donatur: vox quoque PAMMUM

Ipsa fugit: sagæ PAMMI tetigere priora.

Nequicquam cælum mutas; nec prosit adire

Borbonios fontes: nequeunt extinguere virus, 95

Pestiferos-

*Pestiferosque ignes, irati munera Amoris;
 Pumila dum sibi te Frokina inamabilis ALES
 Alligat, & mœchum fœdissima MIRA coercet,
 Tali digna viro!—Sed & hic versatur in aulâ;
 Nec castum simulat. Vidi, puduitque videre, 100
 PAMMUM inter Reges nostros, procuresque sedentem,
 Sacratosque patres, & dantem jura popello.
 Heu! quem rectorem terris dicamus inesse?
 Cum versum fas atque nefas: cum turpis adulter
 Ornatas teneat sedes, delubra Deorum 105
 Ditia, splendenti redimitus tempora mitrâ;
 Et, pretium sceleris, vel summa altaria speret.
 Sic pietas, sic prisca fides, patriique Penates
 Ritibus (infandum!) cedunt, furtisque Priapi.*

*At mihi quid tecum est? aut cur, indocte Magister 110
 OTTOR, aves nos & nostras lacerare Camœnas?
 Cur mea (namque emi) MARS, te monitore, requirit
 Prædia? cur PERSEUS, CACUSq;, atq; ignipotens VOL,
 Cur MIRA hæc eadem? cur addis spemque animumque
 Furibus, & rabidæ sagæ pus atque venenum, 115
 Ipse idem hortator litis, judexque futurus?
 Asperius nihil est humili. De plebe senator
 Si quis erit; si quis miseris futoribus ortus
 Incedat judex, tendatque urbanus haberi,
 Et generosum mentiri; tamen usque recurrent 120
 Barbariesque domus, moresque animique paterni.*

Quin

*Quin faveant proceres; nos cætera turba Poetæ
Donandum phaleris tumidum ridemus æsellum,
Qui Baldos simulat, doctoratuque superbit.*

*Horum alios similes, qui verbis bella laceffunt, 125
Semiviro quos una facit mala causa sodales,
Prætereo; sed quos olim memorare licebit.*

*Nam neque THRASONEM semper patiemur inulti,
Nec fraudes, OLLARDE, tuas, nec fœdera FUNGI.*

*Garrulus ipse etiam cirratus Homuncio totâ, 130
Dum me rodit inops mentis, cantabitur urbe.*

*Hic quoque, qui sævo MARTI sua crimina suasit,
Semivirumque malas docuit qui jure tueri*

*Jurando lites, perjuriam callida dictans,
ONDILLUS nostro jam carmine nomen habebit. 135*

*Et tu, qui MIRÆ vocemque artemque locasti,
Effundis rapido qui dimidiata palato*

*Inter verba secans, tituloque togæque superbus,
O MELESINE, meas nunc experiere Camœnas.*

*Et satyrâ tu dignus, & hic; & quisquis iniquè 140
Vellicet ignotos, aut vati suscitetur hostes.*

*Nec strepitus, neque nos ingentia nomina terrent.
Acrior opprobriis insensos Musa notabit*

*MIRACIDAS: sint qui legionibus imperitârint;
Sive quis ex procerum numero; sit Episcopus idem; 145
Aut cui cœruleus titulus per colla pependit.*

Est tener & mollis, sed & arcum tendit Apollo;

Et

EPISTOLA.

ix

Et scelera ulscisci Dî concessêre Poetis.
Quod lex non potuit, versus facit. Adfuit ultro
Calliope: Si, jam rapuit quas semivir atrox,
Haud revocavit opes, at cæcos reppulit ictus, 145
Ingenioque rudi scelerata redarguit arma.
Ecce meo, nequicquam alios spoliare parata,
Mœchari juvenes, castas violare puellas,
Carmine victa cadit, telluris pestis Iernæ,
Androgyne furibunda, & crimine turpior omni. 150
Quæ si spem contra nostram, studiumque resurgat,
Suggerat & vires, MIRÆQUE Megæra petenti
Se insinuet; sua si revocet perjuriam, lites,
Et percussores mœchos; si toxica mittat,
Tres quibus extulerat miseros mala saga maritos; 155
Tunc adfis, CADENE, favens! ac vestra meas res
(Gratior haud ulla est) commendet epistola Phæbo:
Ille suum vatem, ille tuum servabit amicum.
Nec petulans uxor TRAULI impunitior exit
Posticâ toties conata laceßere sannâ 160
Nos, &, quâ potuit, tetro nostra ore venenans.
Namque invita meos, nè sit perfecta voluptas,
Versiculos memorat, vetitos dum succuba tentat
Concubitûs, corpusque novos effingit in usus:
Inque dies perculsa vovet, semperque vovebit 165
SCHEFFERIDAS Musas, jam jam majora moventes;
Et satyræ frustra cupiat prænoscere finem.

a

Res

*Res quoque qui primum potuit confundere nostras,
Et versare dolos, blandum mentitus amicum,
Palleret; si ullâ posset pallescere culpâ; 170
Cum VOL, VOL toties digito monstretur euntis,
Ludibriumque Eblanæ, & latè fabula fiat.
Nec sine nomine eris, nè me aspernere canentem,
PAMME, tuum vatem: parvo si tinctâ lepôre,
Tinctâ Lycambeo nimium mea sanguine tela 175
Criminibus vestris portendunt carmina pœnas.
Atque erit ille dies, cùm dictent plura Camænæ,
Et nos vel meliùs doceant tua pandere facta;
Tunc cum grandævum te purpura tertia velet.
Forsan & ipsa suam tollat Comœdia vocem, 180
Semivirique lupanar, & ALITIS antra recludat,
Vestras, PAMME, domos; ac, qui nunc audis adulter,
HORTATOR scelerum, præcepta libidinis addes,
Et mæchos mæchis, & sagis leno malignis
Miscebis Tribadas, & permisceberis illis. 185
Tunc quoque, si Venerem peteret tua MIRA nefandam,
Æmula Pasiphaes; (quoniam est furiosior illâ,
Atque optat majora pati) tu Dædalus alter
En eris, & longos tandem satiabis amores.
Quam neque Lesbiades, nec multi militis ardor, 190
Non centum domuere anni, non mille Priapi,*

Tu

EPISTOLA.

xi

*Tu poteris, sollers facilem reperire figuram,
Et vetulam immanem mœchis assuescere tauris.*

*Non indigna cano. Debentur maxima MIRÆ;
Maxima monstriferi, studium quos cogere PAMMO, 195
Taurorum, & tribadum, furumque, Deūmque malorum
Me cœtus poscunt: & me fecêre poetam.*

*Quin nullam satyræ ponam legemque modumque;
Per populos donec volitet mea fama Britannos,
Efficiamque, viris ut quis dignoscere possit 200
MIRACIDAS; ut, quo me duxerat heu! malus error,
Tutus ab insidiis jam spectet lustra ferarum.*

*At non cuncta tamen voluit sibi Musa licere:
Nec fctis ausa est quenquam incusare querelis,
Nec genus innocuum strinxit, fruitura jocandi 205
Sævitiâ. Semper maneant sua nomina castis,
Intactæque domus! Nec belli quærere causas,
Lædere nec fas sit, qui non læsere priores.*

NOTÆ.

CUM Epistolam SCHEFFERI ex Latino sermone in linguam vernaculam non satis dignè poteram vertere, eam tamen operi meo decrevi præfationem dare. Sic enim rebus meis agundis quod fœlix faustumque esset, me præfari censebam; siquid mihi ad gloriam ingenium SCHEFFERI valeat, siquid venerabile CADENI nomen. Adhibitis autem, quæ sequuntur, explanationibus, certè de exteris benè meritus sum, qui produxi in eorum prospectum tum nobiles, tum obscuriores hujus Satyræ personas; benè etiam de popularibus meis, quia nefariæ MIRACIDUM genti & ipse inussi quasdam ignominia notas.

P. O. D.

Ver. 1. *Semper culte mihi, semper, CADENE, colende, &c.*

CADENUS. J. SWIFT S.T. P. S. P.D.D. sui sæculi delicia, nec tam patriæ, quam humani generis decus. Si virtutes illius contemplemur, nemini secundus; si divinum mentis ingenium, omnibus major. Cujus humanitatem, eloquentiam & eruditionem merito colebat SCHEFFERUS noster. Tales enim erant, quales sub Augusto principes viri, & ipsi in omni liberali doctrinâ politissimi, in suis literatis diligenter coluerant. Linguam Anglicanam usque ad fastigium venustatis provexit; & felicissimis numeris lusit poeta. Quippe CADENI spiritum, vim, & carminum suavitatem vel Flacci curiosa ambitio sibi adoptaret. Sale facetiisque Attico lepore tinctis facilè superabat omnes. Sed & in scriptis suis utile dulci semper permiscuit: nec placere magis instituit, quam patriæ prodesse. Hanc coloniam

Ioniam semel iterumque in libertatem vindicavit, in æternum vindicaturus, bona si sua nōrint coloni.

Ver. 17. *Sic mea proscripsit, fuerit seu VOLLUS iniquus.*

VOLLUS, VOLCANUS, sive VOL DUBLINENSIS, legirupa & improbus veterator. Peculatus olim damnatus erat. Nunc autem peregrinis & advenis infidias collocat. Quin etiam & suis obvertit cornua, & erga amicos malus est; si ingentis sceleris exequendi occasionem capiat. Leno impurus est, & libidinosus senex, qui fornices & unctas popinas habitat scorto diobolari contentus. Ex mœchis & ministris MIRÆ nequissimus; qui primus omnium vati nostro dolos molitus est; & ne quid suspectum foret, amicitiam simulavit. Nullos in orbe Deos esse credit; quare & artifex & instigator omnium flagitiorum vel Stygias undas de assē pejeraret. Celebrem ignominiae locum obtinuit in SCHEFFERI satyrico, quem & post mortem haud dubitandum est quin diu possideat.

Ver. 18. *Seu MIRA infamis, &c.*

Turpissima anus & venefica, quæ nobilem familiam, ex quâ orta est in Angliâ, vitiis suis inquinavit. A primâ adolescentiâ prostratæ erat pudicitiae, neque unquam corpori aut famæ pepercit. Tres illi fuerant viri, sed istorum impotentia aut sua salacitas mille adulteros in auxilium vocavit. MARTI SCHEFFEREO novissimè nupsit: & tunc cum cornicis vetulæ habuit annos, habuit & ingenium & salacitatem capræ. Peregrinis & extraneis omnibus sese ultro obtulit: peregrinâ enim libidine usque ad furorem flagrabat, & jam flagrat. In extremâ etiam plebe sæpius quærebat, quod amaret, histrionibus, lecticariis, gregariis militibus & servis succumbens. SCHEFFERUM, ut aiunt, olim deperibat; sed amplexus petenti copiam sui corporis denegavit castissimus poeta. Et quis vel minus castus sordibus caleret, aut voluptatem quæreretur in *cloacâ? Jam verò spretæ injuriæ formæ vehementer excanduit; & nihil reliquit intentatum, quo vel famæ vel fortunæ SCHEFFERI noceret. Neque caruit successu. Adhibitis enim mercenariis testibus, & ipsâ & mœchorum turbâ ampliter pejerante, opibus ac terris poetam nostrum spoliavit. Ferrum autem & venenum jam ultra minitata in hanc satyram cum fociis suis conjicitur, & mediocres persolvit sceleris pœnas.

Hæc est illa MIRA, quam G. GRANVILLE vir nobilis olim celebravit elegantiori quidem carmine, quam probo & liberali ingenio necesse erat, tali sceminæ certè parum idoneo. Verum excusationem quandam habeant amatoria culti illius poetæ elegidia: quippe istis temporibus vixit, cum probi & ingenui viri vel inter philosophandum meretriciis artibus captari solebant.

* Ventrem anus bibacis & libidinosæ Plautus dixit cloacam.

Ver. 22. *P E R S E U S iste Faber, cui mens & crassa Minerva, &c.*

Eques auratus, qui & architectus regius: architectus, si ad ædes, quas extruxerat, spectes, imperitus; si ad scelera, peritissimus. Miles etiam, & Capitanei titulo insignitus est: sed & rei militaris & virtutis omnis expertus. Mœchus autem
fuit

fuit strenuus; & stipendia in eo bello meruit, nequaquam laborans de ætate contubernalis. TRAULI uxorculæ diu servivit, ita & suis commodis. Siquid enim peteret, nihil ab istâ negatum fuit; auro, argento, fundis quoque donatus; quibus omnibus anicula emunxerat virum suum. Porro autem in veneficæ MIRÆ militavit legione, & non sine gloriâ; etiam geminatâ mercede. Alieni appetens & profusus mutuum argentum rogavit undique; nec solvendo erat. Cùm nusquam inveniret mutuum, vim armorum adhibuit, & de bonis extraneorum prædatus est. Fuit SCHEFFERO inimicissimus; ac personam & MAVORTIS partes post obitum bellatoris sustinuit. Leges regni perumpens irruit temerè in poetæ nostri possessiones; cujus domos ac terras spoliavit. In jus vocatus nec ipse pejerare erubuit, nec perjuriam sua confirmare alios falsos testes adornando. Et jam novas insidias, malas lites, & pejeratiunculas meditantem corripuit PERSEUM morbus immedicabilis, & se ac bella sua ad MARTEM transtulit.

Ver. 29. *Pauperis heu CASTELLI, &c.*

CASTELLUS five CASTLES fuit architecton, cujus consilio, studio & labore nixus PERSEUS ædificavit Senaculum *Dublinense*. Postea verò, cùm amplissimis & indebitis præmiis a Senatu donatus sit, pactam mercedem CASTELLO denegavit.

Ver. 36. *Nomine vix MARTI notus nunc scribitur Heres.*

Quidam erat miles, & *Baronettus*, quem sub MARTIS nomine dissimulavit poeta & per totum suum satyricon ludit. Cùm MARTI firmior esset ætas, a MIRA vocatus est ad cœnam: ubi epoto amoris poculo veneficam coepit ardere; quæ postea ita callidè cum omnibus servavit modis, ut haud alibi mœchiffaret. Quin etiam, cùm languidus esset & infirmus senex, ita illum blandimentis meretriciis pessum dedit, ut putidissimæ vetulæ nupserit, veteris adulterii jam inde luiturus pœnas. Quid enim improbo & infortunato viro erant hæ nuptiæ, nisi in Barathrum navigatio? ubi famam perdidit, & aliena, quæ rapuit bona, & sua omnia. Inde rixæ, lites, pugnæ; pax rursùm; quæ poetæ nostro præbuere occasionem jocandi, & satyrici sui argumenta haud injucunda.

Fuit MARS iste SCHEFFERO nostro quâdam cognatione junctus. Nequiores verò hominem & magis ingratum nunquam vidi. Quippe cùm res familiaris vel ad necessaria deesset, & illi SCHEFFER mutuo appendisset mille & quingentas libras, syngrapham suam, per quam æs creditum erat, MARS abjuravit. Dein moriens delirus senex, aut in ipsâ morte maleficus omnia sua bona, quæ rapax venefica indigenti permiserat, simul ac prædia, quæ poetæ nostro quàm optimè olim vendiderat, MIRÆ (nunc iterum redintegratâ pace) PERSEO & CACO Volcani filiis legavit. Nihil, quod verisimillimum mihi videtur, falsum testamentum esset suppositum MIRÆ incantamenti, & PERSEI CACIQUE fraudibus. Hoc enim mali iustificatus est SCHEFFERUS, qui MIRACIDUM studia penitus cognovit.

Ver. 41. — *KEVANNO milite cinctus.*

KEVANNI, suburbanum vulgus. Vide Not. ad V. 281. L. I.

Ver. 56. — *totamque vorare cohortem.*

MSS. *Tir-oen. Totumque vorare PRIAPUM*] quod & alii magis probant; quippe MIRÆ cubiculum ornabant *Priapi* simulachrum ingentis speciei, necnon picturæ ab *Aretino* quodam inventæ, quæ parieti affixæ erant, & ita dispositæ, ut, siquando cunctatio esset aut inopia mœchorum Tribadumve, saltem oculos suos venefica libidine satiaret. Hic PAMMUS (de quo infra) divina sua quotidie faciebat. Adjuncta cubiculo erat cellula (ubi concumbi solebat) speculata, ut quocunque inter coitus MIRA respiceret, grati operis imago sibi referretur, atque ut hoc artificio (quod se primam omnium excogitasse jactabat) voluptates conduplicarentur. Haud absurdè poeta dixit [*Vorare*] qui MIRAM in lib. 3. *Charybdin* vocat, i. e. meretricem voracissimam. Talis enim fuerat *Charybdis*; sed nec voracior nostrâ MIRA, quæ inter tot adulteros ne unum quidem invenit, qui longo & repetito certamine ipsam fatigaret, etiam tunc cum centum-viros ipsa fatigasset.

Ver. 57. *Quin TRAULI quassans lectum.*

TRAULUS fuit maritus ALITIS.

Ver. 59. *ALITIS extortum resupinæ corpore corpus, &c.*

ALES, ALI, AL, ALENISSA, diversa nomina, quibus poeta dixit uxorem TRAULI; aniculam, cui deforme corpus, & facies rugosior ficu aridâ. Fucatus autem ejus nitor & incrustatio lippos & meretriciæ artis ignaros multum fefellit. Adultera erat inextinctæ libidinis & in horas crescentis, cujus salacitas varietate figurarum vel MIRÆ inventa superare posset.

ALES infensâ erat & inimicissima SCHEFFERO, quem proscindebat quotidianis mendaciis & foedissimis convitiis. Fictis etiam probris amarissimè accusavit per literas in *Britanniam* missas.

Ver. 61. *Rivalique suo lenonia dextera servit.*

PERSEUS hic appellatur *Rivalis* MIRÆ; quia ALES erat & adultera PERSEI, & basiballum MIRÆ, trias scilicet famosa; quam, cum mœchorum copia abesset, venefica solebat permolere more Lesbiadum, ut utraque hujuscemodi collustationibus incensâ ad virorum coitus & solidam voluptatem fortius reverteretur.

Ver. 63.

Ver. 63. ——— dat anus monilia, gemmas,
Insper & nummos.

Anus, i. e. MIRA quæ argentum quoquo modo mutuata est, rogavit, corrasit, rapuit; ut haberet unde mœchos, tribades, caufidicos, lenones, ficarios, *Pammos Vollos, Cacos*, & istiusmodi generis homines ad sua commoda compararet.

Ver. 65. *Callidaque affatu palpat Judæa maritum.*

TRAULI scilicet uxor, quæ *Judæa* erat gente. Blandimentis, & quotidianis, quos commenta est, dolis, MIRÆ insper veneficiis adjuta, suo arbitratu ludificata est TRAULUM, ita callidè, ut nunquam se ludos fieri sentiret. Quàm maleficè autem & sycophantiosè agit, dum conquisitos undique mœchos, & viri sui emptos peculio, mensâ, tecto, thalamo recipit, vel tonforibus omnibus, ænopolis, & olitoribus notum est.

Ver. 66. *Jamque domum & mœcho S*organa præbet agellum.*

S*ORGANA est villa TRAULI, ubi contiguas ædes & modum agri PERSEUS habuit, quæ jam pridem munera TRAULUS donaverat, gratiam & voluntatem mariti conciliante adulterâ.

Ver. 71. ——— nec uni
Si magici cantus valeant, dictaberis hæres.

Alludit poeta ad testamentum MARTIS.

Ver. 74. *Nos insectatur CACUS, blateratque furitque.*

PERSEO & PERSEI malitiæ fuit successor CACUS (hoc enim nomen illi inditum erat ad opprobrium vitæ) quem nominis causâ VOL pro filio sibi adoptavit, & suas fallacias docuit. Ministerium MIRÆ subiit infandum, ac fraudes & maleficia veneficæ multum juvit. Dives erat nummis & agris, verum inops & instabilis animi, de suis identidem ac sociorum sceleribus paulò infirmius dubitantis. Belli igitur judicium blanditiis sagæ & præceptis VOLCANI facilè permisit, adductus spe prædæ, ad quam MIRA proposuit bona & fortunas poetæ nostri.

Ver. 79. ——— & quæ olim damnaverat ipse.

Veneficia MIRÆ & falsas lites, quas rapax saga & suus PERSEUS in SCHEFFERUM intendebant, olim improbasse CACUS traditur, neque ante obitum PERSEI peccasse vel aperto scelere vel nimia ineptiâ.

Ver. 83. *Omniaque involvat fumo & caligine cæcâ,
Herculeæque manus defint.*

Vide fabulam CACI Æneid. lib. 3. qui ab Hercule occisus erat. Metaphoricè hic poeta dixit *fumo & caligine cæcâ*, i. e. fraudibus, insidiis aut artificiis, quibus diu culpam suam prætexuerat *Hibernicus CACUS*.

Ver. 86. — *& nostri si quid Iambi.*

Hæc intelligas de SCHEFFERI comoediâ, ubi CACI flagitia & officia apertissimè planissimèque dilatantur, & explicantur.

Ver. 88. *Me quoque tu cornu petis, O insulse Sacerdos, &c.*

Antistitem hic aggreditur poeta famosum, qui PAMMUS vulgo appellatus est, & stuprorum sacerdos. Fuit gigantum filius, aut si mavis, terræ tuber; qui in hanc coloniam venit adulter venalis, & leno callidus. Propter artificium suum in MIRÆ, amicitiam receptus est. Mox uxorem TRAULI coepit amare, & dedit operam, ut aniculæ satisfaceret: cujus auxilio adjutus, ambito a principe *e**patu*, nactus est prædam. Ex plumbeo homine fit aureus flamen; neque diis gratias agit. Enim vero ut à literis alienus, sic & ab omni virtute; qui cuncta, quæ didicit, nescire debet, cuncta, quæ nescit, debet discere. Morbo Venereo diu multumque laboravit (neque tunc lotium suum valuit) & naso jam periclitante, & suffocatâ voce profectus est in Galliam, ubi medicamentis novis & Borbonii fontis aquis, assiduis etiam Solibus assuetus, corpus & infamiam sarfit. In patriam reversus, vel assentiente ALITE, uxorem duxit, & in novas translatus est dignitates.

Rusticis convitiis a PAMMO sæpissimè laceffitus poeta liberrimam tandem effudit indignationem, & incultum & improbum virum acriter notavit.

Ver. 97. *Pumila dum sibi te FROKINA inamabilis
ALES &c.*

Eadem FROKINA ac VROW pusilla, quo nomine donatur ALES, Ver. 154. l. 2. VROW & FROKINA passim appellatur, quippe ex Batavis Judæis orta est. Brevissimâ porro fuit staturâ, vel bipedali.

Ver. 100. *Nec castum simulat.*

Nulla fuit PAMMO pietatis cura, aut Deorum reverentia. Neque modestè peccavit, neque flagitia sua defendit aliquâ excusatione; sed in fana & aras ruit vino madens, aut libidine fatigatus. Sæpius etiam nondum peractis Divinis, ut apertè Divos contemnere videretur, assurrexit; & indignante populo e templo exiit rectâ currens ad quæstum lenonium.

Ver. 110. *At mihi quid tecum est? aut cur indocte*
Magister
OTTOR aves &c.

OTTOR (ni ipse fallor) vox est *Punica*, titulusque, quo gaudent doctores Mauri. Noster *Hibernicus* OTTOR fuit aut futoris aut fabri lignarii filius (non matre ignota, quippe *Æthopolâ*) qui malè quæsitis opibus doctoratum emit, & in antistitis cujusdam vicarium electus est. Inverecundum illi erat animi ingenium, & adulatione exercitum; qui judex lites concire solitus est, & in rem suam vertere. Neque convitiis provocatus, neque ullâ subactus injuriâ, SCHEFFERO nostro, quem tantum OTTOR viderat, se professus est adversarium, & MIRACIDUM scelera labore & autoritate suâ ultro auxit.

Ver. 124. *Qui Baldos simulat.*

Petrus Baldus clarissimus jurisconsultus & philosophus, Perugiâ natus, floruit circiter annum 1380.

Ver. 128. *Nam neque THRASONEM semper patiemur inulti.*

THRASO, i. e. Miles gloriosus. Designat SCHEFFERUS hanc probrosâ appellatione longurionem quendam ex satellitum numero, virum mali ingenii & procacissimi oris; qui in conviviis & aulæ circulis poetam vellicare solebat ita malignè & inscitè, ut per deridiculum semper audiretur.

Ver. 129. *Nec fraudes, OLLARDE, tuas.*

Rogavit OLLARDUS, ut SCHEFFERO amicus adscriberetur, quem & hospitio invitavit. Sed de recenti hujusce hominis scelere & violatâ fidei crimine queritur poeta. Quadringentas enim libras SCHEFFERI nummos fraude interceptit. In alios etiam socios amicosque vel graviora facinora edidit OLLARDUS per foedam avaritiam. Crevit tanquam salix; & quocunque modo crevit. De quo, lector, plura audias, ni reconciliatio & reparatio damnorum ejus crimen & poetæ iracundiam extinxerint.

Ver. Id. — *nec fœdera FUNGI.*

FUNGUS, qui & MACCAR appellatus, fuit mancipium & pocillator MIRÆ, fur sacrilegus, ficarius, & ad omnia scelera promptus. Cum flagrantiori libidine æstuent hæc & altera saga, novos adulteros FUNGUS parat; cum iniquas instruant lites, falsos testes adornat; cum cædes & parricidia decernant, ficarios & percussores convenit, quin & ipse instruendis infidiis intentior, & dux facti. In SCHEFFERI comœdiâ proprio munere perfungitur hic nequissimus verbero: in toto autem Hermaphrodito semel unquam memoratur, ne ingenuam satyram poeta servili nomine inquinaret.

Ver. 130.

Ver. 130. *Garrulus ipse etiam CIRRATUS HOMUNCIO &c.*

Quem poeta alibi CURCULIONEM vocat. Sub hoc nomine parasitum designat; militem Pigmæum, & *Demi-Capitaneum*, sed Patriciis scortillis maximè idoneum; quippe qui percunctator, & garrulus, & pastillos semper olebat. Ad arbitrium MIRÆ tribadumque se totum accommodabat CURCULIO, ac SCHEFFERUM apertius & liberius maledicebat. Nam propter maledicta, & quas garrit nugas, vivebat facilius, semper etiam alienâ quadrâ. De parasitante isto CURCULIONE dixit aliquis;

Græculus esuriens in cælum jusseris, ibit :

Juvenal.

CURCULIO esuriens, si jusseris, ibit in Orcum.

Ver. 135. *ONDILLUS nostro &c.*

ONDILLUS, five DILLUS caufidicus a secretis & pesseratiunculis MIRACIDUM; de quo vide plura ad not. Ver. 49. Lib. 4.

Ver. 139. *O MELESINE, meas nunc experiere Camænas.*

MELESINUS, qui in Hermaphrodito Iocco appellatur (quæ nomina fecit poeta juris consulto cuidam MIRÆ fautori) fuit vir insulsus & maledicus, cujus oculi, aures & vox venditaria ad sagas transfugere. In comœdiâ SCHEFFEREA suas ipse ineptias sceleraque loquitur MELESINUS. Tunc in orchestrâ stetit, O populares, & MELESINI colorem atque gestûs plenius intuemini. Tunc & verum hominis nomen & patriam vos docebo.

Ver. 145. *Sive quis ex Procerum numero.*

Veneficia MIRÆ in SCHEFFERUM armavêrunt magnatum quorundam potentiam. Ex illis unum ingentis tituli invenias virum, vel regibus propiorem; sed ingenii parvi, ac paternis virtutibus illustriorem, quàm suis. Quin tecum cogita, mi lector, an tali liceat SCHEFFERI mores criminari, cùm nec veneficæ recuset comes ire, nec mœchus ALENISSÆ? an tali liceat SCHEFFEREA carmina culpare, cui ignoratam latinitatem facile exprobraret poeta?

Ver. 145. ———at cæcos reppulit ictus.

Cùm MIRACIDÆ poetam nostrum ex insidiis occidere statuissent (& quinam sint illis animi, vel ex hoc colligere possis) unus ex ficariis immane scelus patefecit. De in alias proscriptiones & nefanda omnia MIRACIDUM aperuit consilia. Evulgatio tam fœdi facinoris, Musis etiam inimicorum furias excipientibus, scrupulum corruptissimis

mis animis iniecit, ut ne quid ultra ferro auderent tentare. Quin dic quæso, lector, annon cruentum hoc homicidium in poetam a MIRACIDIS cogitatum & instructum styli atrocitatem & totam carminis indignationem excuset? Aut quos reos esse censeas & ultionem mereri, si nocturnæ cædis authores absolvas?

Ver. 147. *Ecce meo, nequicquam alios spoliare parata, &c.*

Cum primum poeta sales suos publico donasset, omnes matronæ puellæque nobiles, quot quot rei familiari aut famæ consulebant, colloquium & domicilium MIRÆ effugere. Advenas etiam & peregrinos viros SCHEFFERI mala fecerunt cautos: & frustra nunc in hospites venefica insidias cogitat, aut quos ad adulteria allicit nisi ex miserabili vulgo, majori etiam pretio ac mercede. Siquis vero haud dextro sydere editus poetam audire noluerit, & satyricæ libertatis monita aspernatus veneficiis MIRÆ aut sollicitæ MIRACIDUM adulationi cedat, istum cum ratione dicas insanire, qui dum somniat cælum Deosque, de Hecates coenâ gustet, & Furiis permisceatur.

Ver. 150 *Androgyne furibunda, & crimine turpior omni.*

Quicquid SCHEFFER jocosè fabulatus est in l. 4. de jurgiis & imperio Veneris, quæ MIRAM ibi dicitur in marem mutasse, nullus dubitet, quin venefica & hermaphroditus esset, & immanis speciei monstrum ab umbilico usque. Ipse ædepol sepius notavi hirsutam MIRÆ barbam, viriles gestus, & vocem Stentoream. Cætera avent memorare tribades, quot quot incubonem sunt passæ, & quæ nunquam assurrexerunt de toro ejus sine robustâ voluptate.

Crimine turpior omni. Siquidem MIRA scedissima facta augebat obscenitate verborum vel in aulæ circulis & coram principe. Porro pudicitiam suam usque adeo prostituit, ut omnia membra contaminarentur. Neque vos miremini, populares, si paucorum versiculorum satyra haud millesimam partem flagitiorum, quæ perperavit ista androgyne, jam evulgaverit; cum omnes suas impuritas, omnes scelerum formas vel ducentis voluminibus nemo eloqui possit. Si autem quis posset, an perlegi audirive fas sit, nedum credi?

Ver. 159. *Nec petulans uxor TRAULI impunitior exit.*

Ut MIRAM, ita mellillam MIRÆ libidinofam TRAULI uxorem, quasi in tabulâ, produxit poeta ignominiosis certe coloribus, sed suis. Neque nunc invenitur inter IERNAS nurus puellasque, quæ amicitiam ALITIS colit; si paucas excipias, quæ in collegium tribadum, & novi stupri sodalitium se cooptari cupiunt.

Ver. 165. *Inque dies perculsa vovet, semperque vovebit
SCHEFFERIDAS Musas, &c.*

Furit ALES, & pallefcit, siquando SCHEFFERI satyricon memoretur. Quippe quæ de seipsâ nunquam non magnificè cogitabat, & immania scelera & fucatam formam credebat

credebat nesciri a populo, corporis animique deformitatem nunc fateri cogitur. Haud igitur mirêre, mi lector, si poetæ indiciis irata novas injurias litesque, si vulnera & mortem ipsam comminetur. Quin tuo more excandescas, O infamis saga; SCHEFFERUM nostrum contumeliis laceffas, laceres mendaciis, iterum iterumque insidias, ferrum, venenum moliare; attamen & te bellantem decipiant arma, & mox vel tuæ canes in te latrent; dum nova satyræ argumenta, & idoneam jocandi materiem ipsa fuggeras.

Ver. 172. *Ludibriumque Eblanæ, & latè fabula fiat.*

EBLANA, seu EBLANA PORTUS nempè DUBLINUM. Jam pridem iste SCHEFFERUS VOL totâ notus est KEVANNORUM Suburrâ; quem & scurræ omnes & cauponii pueri nunc ludificatui habent.

Ver. 179. *Tunc cum grandævum te purpura tertia velet.*

Ambit PAMMUS ditissimum sacerdotium in septentrionali regione situm; & hoc a beneficiis MIRÆ & ALITIS astutiâ exoptare ausus est, quod Divûm nemo promittere auderet; nisi inter Divos reperiantur, qui literas humaniores ac divinas flocci faciunt, qui lenones colunt, qui scelera mercantur.

Ver. 180. *Forsan & ipsa suam tollat Comœdia vocem &c.*

Poeta latinè scripsit comcediam, quæ vocatur VENEFICA, sive TESTAMENTUM MARTIS. Ecce autem tibi, lector,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VOLCANUS, vulgo VOL,	Malus Deus.
PERSEUS,	{ Eques & faber Adoptatus Volcani.
CACUS,	Eques Persei frater.
PAMMUS,	Flamen Priapi.
MELESINUS, sive IOCCO,	Causidicus.
FUNGUS, sive MACCAR,	{ Pocillator Miræ & scarius.
MIRA,	Saga & Androgynæ.
ALES,	{ Altera saga, tribas & Miræ contubernalis.
PSEUDOLA,	Ancilla Miræ.

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

MIRA. MACCAR.

MIRA.

PROBE ædepol desudâsti, neque sudorem perdes tuum:
 Jam enim digna, Maccar, labore tuo persolvam præmia,
 Atque ex pedisequo mihi fies pocillator misero.
 Quin deponas vestimenta servilis notæ, & induas
 Coccinea; & frons cirrata fiet, sericatum occiput:
 Machæram insuper geras, ut generosiores cuncti solent.

MACCAR.

Benignitati vestræ, Domina, gratias ago quam maximas:
 Eccum gratissimum repperisti virum, & ad omnes tuos
 Nutus paratum! Quinetiam & omnis nostræ familiæ
 Servitus tibi nunc debetur: mihi fratres duo sunt domi,
 Et cognati quatuor nasutiores, quos tu fortissimos
 Athletas dixeris; nec unquam experti sunt malam Venerem.
 Robustam ex illis, Domina, voluptatem queas capere:
 Proporrò me lenocinante parvi venditant bona sua.

MIRA.

Lepidè dictum per concham Veneris! Cras ad cellulam meam
 Adducas omnes, ut lautas prælibem, quas mihi offers, dapes;
 Atque ut juvenes arrhabonem accipiant: si quis vero erit
 Nuptus, tu manda illi, ut sine uxore hâc nocte cubet.
 Nunc ad penarium descendas, & temet ipsum accures benè;
 Atque vinum ad reficiendas vires usque affatim ebibas:
 Quippe enim post prandium nervis iterum utendum est tuis.

[Exit MACCAR.]

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

MIRA. PSEUDOLA.

MIRA.

Pseudola! PSEUD. Num quid vis Domina? MIR. Dic planè de nostro
 Maccare
 Quid censeas? Num morigerus est nebulo, & moratus benè?
 Speciem corporis satis perspexi, animum vero parum.

PSEU.

PSEUDOLA.

*Benè moratus est, & tuis rebus maximè idoneus.
Uti in lecto, sic tibi in foro operam navabit strenuam :
Nam magis scelerum caput, & perjurius nusquam est gentium.*

MIRA.

*Rem acu tetigisti ! Sic enim liceat ulciscier injurias,
Quas obtulit maledicus poeta, cui forma despecta est mea.
Nam si istum hominem non aliquà perdam, pol ipsa perii.
At at ubi est Bombardomachides, quo nunc tota caleo.*

PSEUDOLA.

Jam hic aderit : dudum arceffi e casulâ, ubi mane potat.

MIRA.

*Ut perdoctè omnia calles, Pseudola, & mihi es commoda !
Dabo tibi hanc pallam, & aliquid peculi, ut sis ornatior.
Nunc autem in cubiculo Bombardomachidem opperiar.
Quin tu lectum sternas, modò quem Maccar concussit fortitèr ;
Ne nimis longa fiet nobis mora, quum miles advenerit.*

[Exit PSEUDOLA.]

MIRA cantat.

*Huc ades, ne ilia rumpantur, mi BOM !
Tu sis meæ capsæ
Possessor reâpsæ,
Vel PERSEO prælatus, qui struxit Dom. Com.
Huc ades, ne ilia rumpantur, mi BOM !*

II.

*Si ipse non PAMMUS tam homo, tu quam,
Me frustra petisset,
Nec hodiè mœchisset :
At nostram tu solus habeto con---cham ;
Si ipse non PAMMUS tam homo, tu quam.*

III.

*Haud tuam sapivi, cum CACI rem sat,
Ignaviam pertæsa,
Quod membra obesa
Et nimio sopori, & vino se dat.
Haud tuam sapivi, cum CACI rem sat.*

IV.

*Nec tibi hircosus se comparet Vol.
 Qui olim po-tuit,
 Sed dudum se-nuit;
 Dum calet, dum init nos, annus est pol.
 Nec tibi hircosus se comparet Vol!*

V.

*Sin autem deficias, en MACCAR stat pro---!
 Nam aptè mœchatur,
 Et lenocinatur,
 Et alios invenit ex plebe *MAC. O.
 Sin autem deficias, en MACCAR stat pro---!*

VI.

*At quis Deus fecit me Androgy-num?
 Quam crispus pecten is!
 Fons, ignis perennis!
 Remotum utrinque, utrumque, neu-trum,
 At quis Deus fecit me Androgy-num?*

VII.

*Potestum, nam mea columna est sal,
 Amplexus viriles,
 Vel dare si-miles,
 Noctesque diesque permolere AL.
 Potestum: Nam mea columna est sal.*

[Exit MIRA]

Scenas hæc ab authoris MS. descripsi, ut tibi, lector, impertirem; unde incesta veneficæ flagitia propius confideres, & novum scenicæ suæ procacitatis ac impudentiæ specimen habeas.

Ver. 183. *HORTATOR scelerum.*

Probrosum & fictum PAMMI nomen, sive titulus, sed vera hominis designatio; & ex quâ, qui artem *anagrammaticam* mediocriter callet, verum PAMMI nomen facile eliciat.

Ver. 184. *Et mæchos mæchis, & sagis leno malignis &c.*

In SCHEFFERI comœdiâ PAMMUS impurissimi LENONIS agit partes; nec non artificia nova lenocinandi excogitat, tribadum turmæ libidinem, vires virusque anguibus adjiciens.

Ver. 186.

* Illos innuit poeta, quorum nominibus *Mac*, vel *O* præfigitur, ut *Mac-Carty*, *Mac-Maben*, *O Sullivan*, *O'Brien*, &c.

Ver. 186. *Tunc quoque si peteret Venerem tua MIRA
nefandam*

Æmula Pasiphaes &c.

Pasiphae fuit filia solis, & uxor Minois regis Cretæ, quæ tauri amore capta, & Dædali artificis ope vaccæ lignæ inclusa, Minotaurum e tauro peperit semibominem & semibovem. Ruæus. Tale, ut aiunt, adulterium sibi jam molitur MIRA, tale etiam cogere sperat studio & opere PAMMI. Vulgare est hoc canticum a Guiljelmo Neubrigense compositum, & PAMMO inscriptum.

* O PAMME, en MIRA pru-rit!
Nec tu, neque tui sufficiant.
Adulter Pasiphaes adsit!
Nil vetulam vaccæ sufficiant.

*Sic belluam liceat domare:
Dum magis & magis calefcit,
Centum viri haud satiare;
At forsitan taurus potest.*

* O PAM, is thy MIRA in want?
He'er offer thy self or thy Fellows:
But give her Pasiphae's Gallant;
For fear, that his Wives will be jealous.

'Tis only this way thou canst please her:
For when the old Witch is brim full,
An hundred stout Men would but tease her:
To ease her she must have a Bull.

* Ad modulus ac diafemata veteris istius cantici (*An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.*) hoc, & hoc alterum canas.

Ver. 190. *Quam neque Lesbiades.*

Designat tribadas & concubinas MIRÆ. Nonnullas enim, præter uxorem TRAULI, venefica impudicè amavit, & ad libidinem usa est more Sapphūs Lesbiz.

Ver. 191. *Non centum domuere anni.*

Tir-oen. M. S. Non feri.] Si (centum) mavis, pro indefinito numero accipiatur; quippe venefica tantum septuaginta habuit annos, cum ab Eblani SCHEFFERUS dil-
cessit.

Ver. 202. *Tutus ab insidiis jam spectet lustra ferarum.*

I. E. Lustra sagarum, moecharum & tribadum; scilicet MIRÆ & ALITIS. *Lustra*, ut ait *Ruæus*, *metaphoricè dicuntur* popinæ, & lupanaria. Vid. Not. ad Ver. 471. Georg. L. 2. ad usum Delphini.

Ver. 203. *At non cuncta tamen voluit sibi Musa licere &c.*

Brevis hæc est poetæ pro se apologia. Satyræ libertatem sibi indulgit SCHEFFERUS, suis verò injuriis prorsus dignam. Haud quid acerbi in aliquem sibi permisit, nisi qui illi grave aliquod mali confecerit. Nec quid falsi de inimicissimis viris ausus est dicere. Sicuti enim, lector, nusquam reperies fictas poetæ exprobrationes, ita nec ementita MIRACIDUM scelera; quæ vel irascendo ipsi confitentur. Sed nec suas poeta studiosior est ulciscendi injurias, quàm incautos homines dehortandi ab insidiis & sodalitis veneficæ. Et forsitan plura scripsit in spem propriæ laudis, quam MIRACIDUM infamiæ. Etiam tota SCHEFFEREI satyrici indignatio perurbana est, & multâ comitate temperata. Inter jocos & risus nascitur, & in jocos & risus exit.

T H E
T R A N S L A T O R ' s
P R E F A C E .

MR. FREDERICK SCHEFFER the Author of the following Poem is a *Swede*, or, as some say, a Native of *Lapland*. In the Beginning of Queen *Ann's* Reign, when he was scarce sixteen Years of Age, he was sent by his Parents to *Oxford*, at which time many of his Countrymen were Students in that University. He continued there till 1710, when he married an *English* Woman; but his Wife dying soon after, he returned to *Sweden*. We hear nothing of him again till the Year 1723, when he came into *Ireland* to recover a Sum of Money due to him for a Freight of Copper. But as this happened unluckily for him, says one of his Commentators, at a Time, when our People had conceived such an Aversion to that Metal, that they could not be persuaded to revere even the Image and Superscription of *Cæsar*, if impressed upon Copper, Mr. SCHEFFER found himself engaged in great Difficulties, and was obliged to prosecute a long expensive Law-Suit, before he could recover any Part of his Mo-

ney. And what he did get at last, was but a small Part of his Debt; as appears from his own Account of this Matter in a Letter to his learned Countryman Mr. *Serenius*, the Minister of the Lutheran Church in *London*. For he tells that Gentleman, *That after seven Years Sollicitation he had not recovered as much, as was sufficient to reimburse him the Expences of his Voyage, and defray the Costs of his Law Suits. And that he had been defrauded in the whole of 16000 * Rix-Dollars.* But he does not any where ascribe his Losses to that particular Juncture of Time, or the Prejudices of the *Irish* Nation, but to the Iniquity of his Contractors, especially of the Person, to whom he had consigned his Effects. The Wife of this Man was an old Sorceress, the lewdest and the most vicious Woman of the Age in which she lived, or perhaps of any other Age since the Creation of the World. It was by her Influence and Direction, that the War was begun, and carried on against our Author. A War indeed I may properly call it: For the first Attempt was upon his Life; a set of Villains having been hired to assassinate him in the Streets of *Dublin*. But this Design being providentially disappointed, they resolved to attack him in another Manner. They filed at one Time no less than four long Chancery Bills against him, in which they charged him with all the

* A Rix-Dollar is a German Coin worth about 4 s. 6 d. Sterling.

Frauds themselves had been guilty of, and called him to an Account for his own Money. They endeavoured to make void the Securities they had given him upon his Arrival in *Ireland*, pretending the Deeds had been made in Trust for themselves. Even the Land, which he had purchased from them at a very high Price, and of which he was in Possession, they took from him again by force of Arms, attempting to murder his Servants, who opposed them, and outrageously insulting the Royal Authority. They had Evidence always ready to support their Proceedings, nor did they want a * *Wreathock* to marshal the Witnesses, and methodize their Depositions. They imagined, that such continued Assaults would drive a Stranger out of his Senses, or out of the Kingdom. But Mr. SCHEFFER bore up against all this Violence with great Resolution. He took Pains to detect the Impostures and Perjuries of his Antagonists: And he succeeded so well, that their principal Depositions were set aside with Marks of Infamy; and the *Irish* Chancery was at length obliged to pronounce a Decree in his Favour. However he did not reap the Benefit which he expected, and which indeed was designed him by the Judgment of that Court. For * one of his Adversaries, who was the Substitute and chief

* An infamous Attorney in *London*, who acquired an Estate by Subornation and Perjury. He was at last capitally convicted for robbing on the High-Way.

* The same whom our Author calls *Cacus*.

Agent of the Sorcerers, prevented the Execution of the Decree by insisting on his Privilege, as a Member of the * House of Commons: And Parliament Privilege, which is circumscribed by no bounds, is a terrible thing in this Country. Our Author being thus disappointed, began now to be tired by the Length of his Suit, and the great Expence which attended it. He was besides grown very infirm. The Moisture of our Climate, which had damp'd his Wit, had also greatly impaired his Constitution. Being therefore determined to leave *Ireland*, he was prevailed upon to accept of a Composition, and to relinquish one half of his Debt to secure the other. But * to preserve the Memory of this Affair, and transmit the Names of his Adversaries to Posterity, he wrote this Poem in *Latin* (the Language which was most familiar to him) and for the same Reasons I have turned it into *English*. If I have not performed my Part with tolerable Skill, I deserve no Favour. For I can affirm, without any kind of Ostentation, that I understand the Author I have translated as well as any Man in the *British* Dominions. I have not only made myself perfectly acquainted with his Style and Diction; but I have considered his Character, and

* I would not be understood to mean any other than the *IRISH* House of Commons: For in *ENGLAND* such a Claim of Privilege would not have been allowed.

* *Tir-oen* says, he wrote this Poem, to divert himself, in his Sickness: *Poema hoc festivum fecit ad elevandam ægritudinem, cum tertianâ laborabat.*

I have

I have studied his manner with great Application. I have gone yet further. I have interested myself in all his Concernments: I have been affected by his Complaints: I have resented his Injuries: I have felt his Misfortunes. So that, it must needs be, my Spirit is congenial, or some way very nearly related to my Author's. For this Reason, I am certainly obliged to vindicate him, if I think it of any consequence to justify myself: Since there are but few Objections, which lie either against his Writings or his moral Character, but may with equal Truth and Justice be urged against mine. I have not therefore been unattentive to the Voice of the Publick. I have diligently collected the various Censures, which in Writing or Conversation have been passed upon Mr. SCHEFFER'S Poem; and it shall be my Business in this Prefatory Discourse to take Notice of such of them, as deserve a serious Answer.

I. It hath been objected, That Mr. SCHEFFER hath made Choice of unfit Subjects; that his Characters are too low and too little interesting, beneath the Dignity of an Epic Poem, and altogether unworthy the Labour he hath bestowed on them. To this I answer, That it is in Poetry, as in Painting: The Skill of the Artist, and the Execution of his Design must recommend the Piece, and determine its Value. I have seen a *Dutch*

Droll, that was rated higher than the whole Court of a great King; and I have justly preferred a Group of *Æsop's* Family to a Senate of Nobles. The Harlot's Progress by *Hogarth* would purchase an hundred Saints; and his * Bishops make a better Figure in their Sculls, than they would do in any other Attitude, in which they might be placed by a less skilful Hand. Some of the best Poems, which the Moderns have produced, are of the Burlesque Kind, and are formed upon such trifling Incidents, as could not possibly have entertained the Publick, if they had not been wrought up with excellent Wit and Judgment. Such are the *Secchia Rapita*, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*. In each of which the Pomp of Verse, the Smoothness of the Numbers, the Clearness and Elegancy of the Expression, and the happy Turns of the Words and Thoughts have made the Ridicule most agreeable. To speak properly, there is no such thing in Poetry or Painting, as a good or bad Subject. And the Workman, who pretends to derive any Advantage from the Excellency of his Characters, or from the Quality of the Persons, whom he hath introduced, will find himself greatly mistaken. A King's Head upon a Sign-post does not give any Pre-eminence to the House where it hangs, nor any Reputation to the Painter. Neither will our Loy-

* A DROLL-PIECE of three Bishops rowing to *Lambeth*.

alty be called in question, if we find Fault with the Dawbing. Shall we allow that Man to have any Taste, who doth not prefer *Mother Hubbard's Tale* to *Davenant's Gondibert*, or any one Page in *Hudibras* to *Blackmore's Arthurs*? To bring this Matter home, I persuade myself, that I shall neither offend my Superiors, or be thought to flatter my Author, if I say, that SCHEFFER'S HERMAPHRODITE will be read, when the Holiday Works of the present *English* Laureat shall be forgot: And yet Mr. C—ber's Characters are sublime beyond all Degrees of Comparifon.

II. A second Objection is founded on what my Author values himself moft, the scrupulous Exactnefs, with which he hath adhered to the real History of his Heroes. For excepting where in the fourth Book he hath called a Synod of the Gods, he hath not aided his Story with Fiction. Even the Battle of Sir MARS, and the HERMAPHRODITE, which is the chief Action and Cataftrophe of the Poem, is related fimply without any poetical Ornaments to embellish the Narration. From hence fome learned Criticks have too haftily concluded, that Mr. SCHEFFER rather aimed to be thought an Hiftorian, than a Poet. Thus my Countryman *Tir-Oen* *

* SCHEFFERUS nofter MAVORTIS ac MIRÆ monomachiam cantando ne quidem aliquid affinxit, neque vera falſis remiſcuit; ſed res geſtas perſonasque tales exhibuit, quales ante SCHEFFERI carmen nobis innotuere. Veretur proſecto vir bonus, nè nimis Poeta eſſe videatur. Tir-Oeni Com. in Proœmio.

d

Mr.

Mr. SCHEFFER in his *Description of the Combat between MARS and MYRA* hath added nothing of his own, nor mingled Fiction with the true History; but hath drawn the Combatants such as they really were, and has related the Particulars of the Fight exactly as they happened, and which were well known to us, before he published his Poem. This honest Gentleman seems afraid of being thought too much a Poet. And Wetstein in his Preface to the *Amsterdam* Edition of our Author's Works gives in to the same Opinion. * Mr. SCHEFFER hath related the Duel of MARS and the HERMAPHRODITE happily enough; but he hath not invented any Circumstances to adorn and give a Weight to his Song. He is a faithful Historian, but a timorous Poet. But with all due Deference to the Judgment of these learned Criticks I do not conceive, that a faithful Historian and a good Poet are incompatible Characters; or that a mighty Warrior needs any adventitious Blazonry, when the true History of his Life and Actions is sufficient to create Surprise and Delight in the Reader. If I were disposed to celebrate King *Arthur* and the Knights of his Round Table, or to exalt some other Worthies among his Royal Successors, I should certainly have recourse to the Invention of my Muse both to form the Hero, and to fur-

* HERMAPHRODITI et MARTIS duellum satis dignè scripsit SCHEFFERUS. Haud quid autem commentus est de sua sententiâ, nec carmini addidit pondus. Fides historiæ scriptor; timidus Poeta. WETSTEIN, Dissertat.

nish the Adventures. But if I were to describe *Alexander* at *Tyre*, *Cæsar* at *Alexia*, or the late King of *Sweden* at *Bender*, I should scarce think I did any Honour to the Heroes or to myself by involving the greatest Deeds, that ever were performed, in Fiction and Fable.

III. But there is another Objection founded on this Impartiality and Exactness of my Author, which I am more concerned to answer; since it wholly arises from the great Humanity of the Persons, who make it. These Gentlemen do not condemn Mr. SCHEFFER for want of Invention, or any fabulous Embellishments. On the contrary, they would rather he had suppressed the greatest Part of the true History: At least they think it inexcusable to publish such Truths, as cast a Blemish on human Nature. MYRA the principal Hero or Heroine (for she was both a Man and a Woman) from whom the Poet has denominated his Work, is represented as a deformed old Hag, a Monster of Wickedness, and the Sink of all Pollutions. The Picture of the Witch *Dueffa* in *Spencer* is not so shocking, as the Description of SCHEFFER'S HERMAPHRODITE. 'Tis true, the Characters of MARS and VOL are not less infamous and deformed, than the Images of MYRA and her IMP; but they are better disguised, as they are introduced under the Mask of Gods. And Men are seldom displeased to see the Gods appear

as wicked as themselves. Our Author seems to have been sensible of the Force of this Objection, and that the Invective in his third Book is a little too strong, since he sings a Kind of a Palinody in the fourth, in that Speech which he ascribes to *Venus*. He there bestows upon the HERMAPHRODITE the same Quality, with which he had honoured his other Heroes, and borrows a Title for her from among the Gods. But for my part, tho' his Satire were not tempered with any Compliments, yet I could not agree with these Criticks, who are of opinion, that the Characters of MYRA and her IMP are an Injury or Offence to human Nature. For I think, it may be fairly concluded, that the Spirit of the HERMAPHRODITE was changed, and adapted to her several Occupations long before the Transformation of her Person. In the first Stages of her Life she is represented as a Sorceress; and the same Character remains with her to the last. The Vices, which she practised, were not the Vices of Men; and she seldom acted out of Character, unless when she attempted a stubborn Chastity, which resisting all open Sollicitations could only be betrayed by an Appearance of Virtue. So that in truth such a Creature cannot be said to bring a Reproach upon Mankind, who had nothing in her whole Composition that was human. As to the IMP, it may be sufficiently proved from the Text, that

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that she was not born of a Woman; but only had the Liberty of assuming an human Shape in common with other *Dæmons*. Our Author needs no Excuse for this Character; but rather demands our Acknowledgments for his Care and Sagacity in tracing the Origin of this little black Creature, and detecting the Counterfeit under all her Paint and Embroidery. I should wish indeed, that Mr. SCHEFFER had pursued the Irony, with which he begun, provided the Objects of his Satire could have been touched by Ridicule. But although little Vices may be laughed at, yet enormous Crimes demand a Scourge. And let their Chastisement be the severest, yet great Criminals are apt to forget the Occasion of it, as soon as the Smart is over; though they are sure to remember the Hand, that dealt the Lashes. But after all I will not absolutely justify my Author on this Head; nor affirm, that I am myself entirely satisfied with the Picture he has drawn for MYRA, notwithstanding the Likeness of the Features and the Liveliness of the Colours. If he had consulted me, it should not have exceeded an Half-Length. Instead of exposing a common Nuisance, one would endeavour to get it removed. If that were impracticable, we should then content ourselves with warning Strangers not to approach it too near. But who would rake into an Heap of Filth, that he might be able to describe the various Matter, of which it consisted? IV. There

IV. There is still another Charge brought against my Author by the same Criticks, and proceeding from the same Principle of Humanity. It seems, one or two of the Persons, whom Mr. SCHEPPER hath characterised, were dead before he published his Poem, and 'tis said he should therefore have spared their Memories according to that old Adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But this Saying, in which by the way there is more good Nature than good Sense, can only be applied to restrain the malicious Tattle of common Slanderers. It can never be urged as a Rule fit to be observed by a judicious Writer. At that rate all History would be confounded. *Nero* and our *Harry* the VIIIth must be represented as merciful Princes, and *Erostratus* and *Chartres* as honest Men. What Method can we take to do ourselves Justice upon a Tyrant, or any great Man, who oppressed us, when he was living, and who was then out of our reach, unless we are allowed to attack his Memory? I would not indeed have him charged with any Crimes, but what are built upon Truth. And is not that Vengeance just, which hath such a Foundation? Is it not most reasonable, when it serves for an Information to Posterity, and a Monitory to succeeding Princes? It may perhaps be here objected, that a wide Difference is to be made between publick and private

private Persons: That the latter, such especially as are Subjects of the *British* Islands, are under the Protection of certain Laws; and if they suffer any Injury in their Goods or Persons, there is a proper Judicature, to which they may apply for Redress; but they are not to be Judges in their own Cause, or to execute the Sentence, which themselves have pronounced. I acknowledge this Reasoning to be right in all Cases, where the Laws will afford us a sufficient Reparation. But there are Crimes of a very high Nature, which are not cognisable in the ordinary Courts of Justice, such as Ingratitude, the denying a Deposit, the betraying a Friend's Secrets; and among these I may reckon such Frauds, as for want of legal Evidence escape with Impunity. These and all other Evils, which are not punishable by the Civil Magistrate, are surely the proper Objects of Satire; nor is the Satirist obliged to stop short, because the Criminal may happen to die, while he is telling his Story. Well! But are we not by our Religion required to forgive those who offend us, whatever the Offences are, or from whomsoever they come? To speak strictly as Christians, we ought to forgive all personal Injuries, that is, all Insults and Affronts, which are offered to ourselves. But I doubt, whether our religious Duty lays us under any Obligation of forgiving the Injuries, which are done to another; to our Friends,

our Family, and our Country. If I am deprived of my Estate by the Subornation of Witnesses, the Corruption of a Judge, or the Power of a Tyrant, my Posterity must be hurt as much as I am. And is it not fitting, they should be made acquainted with the Names and Characters of the Persons, who have done them so great a Wrong? Is it not just, that the Infamy of these Miscreants should last as long as we suffer by their Crimes? Is not this necessary in order to exculpate myself, and prevent the Imputation of having wasted my Patrimony by my own Folly and Extravagance, which was wrested from me by Violence and Fraud?

V. Some *English* Gentlemen, who for their extraordinary Merit are well pensioned in this Country, have been pleased to railly my Author for his Demonology and Belief in Witches. It would be easy to clear up this Objection by demonstrating, that Evil Spirits and Witches are absolutely necessary to the Action of an Epic Poem. But not to insist on this Particular, I will acknowledge, that Mr. SCHEFFER really believed old MYRA to be a Sorceress, and to possess the Power of transforming herself into a Cat, a Wolf, an Ape, or any other Animal, whenever she pleased, and in as little Time as was required to put off her Clothes. *Wetstein* the

Dutch Commentator * assents to Mr. SCHEFFER's Opinion; and *Tir-Oen* † speaks of MYRA's Witchcrafts with the same Assurance, with which the learned § Sir *Thomas Brown* delivers himself concerning Witches in general. As to my Author, his Faith is sufficiently justified not only by his personal Knowledge of the HERMAPHRODITE, but by the Experience he must needs have had in his own Country, where two thirds at least of the female Inhabitants are professed Witches, and deal in such ‡ Commodities, as serve to evince their Power, and support their Character. However, in decent Conformity to the Sentiments of the *British* Senate, I shall not enter here into a Discussion of this Point, or assert a Demonocracy in the *British* Islands. Permit me only to say, that the Ambition of the *English* Witches and the Neglect of their Domestick Affairs first raised a Doubt concerning their Existence. If instead of mixing in the Councils of Princes, bewitching Ministers of State, and confounding Treaties, a Troop of them had sometimes appeared to the good People of *London* riding in the Air upon Broomsticks, or crossing

* *De Veneficiis MIRÆ in eā opinione semper fui, quā SCHEFFERUS noster.* Wetstein. Dissert.

† *Scio MIRAM Versipellem esse.* Tir-Oen. Com. in Proem.

§ Sir *Thomas Brown* the Author of *Religio Medici* hath this remarkable Expression, *For my Part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches.* Rel. Med. Part I. Sect. 30.

‡ The Witches in *Lapland* sell Winds.

the *Thames* in an Egg Shell, they had prevented the Infidelity of our Legislators, and maintained that Figure and Credit they acquired in the Reign of King *James* the First.

VI. I come now in the last Place to consider the Exceptions, which the Criticks have taken against this Work on account of the Versification, and for the want of Delicacy and Politeness in Mr. SCHEFFER'S Style and Manner. It is no Wonder, if the Jingle of his Verse offend many Persons, who have a just Esteem for the old Classicks, and are skilled in the Writings of those great Authors. For Rhyme, however it may be used to embellish other Languages, is certainly the worst Part of *Latin* Poetry. What Reasons determined my Author to the choice of Rhyme, I do not know. In his Preface he seems to condemn it; and yet in the Beginning of the First Book he applauds himself, that he had been able to fit the Metre to his Subject, and adorn the Figures, which he presented to the View of the Publick with a proper Drapery. I incline to think, that in this respect he was willing to humour the Taste of his own Country, where no Poems are in any Reputation, if Rhyme is wanting; and a *Laplander* would scarce find any Harmony even in the Numbers of *Virgil*. As to Mr. SCHEFFER'S Style, I must own, it
wants

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wants a good deal of polishing. His Epithets and Metaphors are in many Places coarse and boisterous. He frequently breaks out into unreasonable Apostrophes, and injudiciously mingles trivial Things and low Conceits with Matters of Moment. I shall remark in my Notes on those unpolite or indecent Terms, which he hath used in his Personal Characters: And as to his Quirks and Quibbles, his Apostrophes, Soliloquies &c. they can give no great Offence. The Reader, who has too delicate a Taste to be amused by them, may pass them over, as I have generally done in my Translation; for they are no Ways essential to the main Design of the Poem. I should not here take Notice, that there are in this Work some Words of my Author's own coining, if I had not heard him censured on that Account; as likewise for mixing other Languages with the *Latin*: Tho' in both he hath followed the Examples of all the Comic and Burlesque Writers, whether ancient or modern. In *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* we meet with many long Decomposites and fantastick Terms. And the latter in one of his Plays hath mingled old *Punic* with the *Latin*. In *Petronius* we have many Words of his own Invention; at least they are not to be found in any other *Roman* Author. The modern *Italians*, who have written more in Burlesque Poetry, than all

the Nations of *Europe* besides, affect a mixture of Languages, and the Use of odd Terms. They have many Words peculiar to their Poetry, and which are never introduced into their Prose-Writings: And their Burlesque Poetry is a Language different from both the other. However, to return to my Author, he hath but seldom made Use of these Poetical Liberties; never once, but when he wanted * proper Terms to fix an Impression on the Reader's Mind, and to convey a just Idea of the Thing he intended to describe.

Having thus mentioned all the Imperfections, which have been charged upon this *Gothic* Performance, it will be but Justice to remark our Author's Excellencies: His Subject is entirely new: and whatever Faults are to be found in the Work, it can never be disputed to be an Original. His Design is regular, just and uniform. He has observed a reasonable Compass of Time, having limited the Action of his Poem to the space of forty eight Hours; so that the Mind of an ordinary Reader, without suffering any Distraction, will be able to comprehend the various Incidents and Transitions of the

* He calls the *Lilliputians*, ΠΥΓΜÆΟΥΛΟΙ *Popellum*. L. 2. V. 289. And the *Brobdignaggians*, ΓΙΓΑΝΤΙΣΣΙΜΟΙ *Gigantes*. Ibid. In the 3d Book MYRA's Imp, who was a *Dutch Jewess*, is called FROKINA, and SHYLOCKISSA, and at the End of the 4th Book, the old Hermaphrodite is called, ANDRO-ANUS. These, as well as I remember, are all the Words of our Author's own coining.

whole

whole Piece. None of his Adventures are out of Nature or Probability. The Metamorphosis of MYRA is indeed a wonderful Event; but the Poet has called in a Goddess to perform the Operation. And yet if Credit may be given to the Relations of many learned Philosophers, Anatomists, and Historians, even such a Change may be wrought without the Interposition of a Deity, and is not uncommonly the Effect of a natural Cause; of which I shall produce some Examples, when I come to explain that Passage, where the old Matron's Transformation is particularly reported. The other Heavenly Machines, which the Poet has used, are no more, than were necessary to accomplish his Action: And they are but few, if we consider that most of his Characters are Gods, Dæmons, Imps and Incanters. But what chiefly pleases me, who have certainly entered farther than any other into the Spirit of this Author, is to observe, that Mr. SCHEFFER has judiciously represented many of his private Enemies in the Persons of his Heroes; as *Virgil* has drawn an handsome likeness for his Friends and Patrons at the Court of *Augustus* in the Characters of his *Æneid*; with this difference, that the Compliments in the *Roman* Poet are an ingenious Piece of Flattery, whereas Mr. SCHEFFER's Descriptions are a sincere and just Recrimination.

Thus

Thus much I have thought proper to say in behalf of my Author. On my own Account I shall only add, that I have endeavoured to render the exact Sense and Meaning of this famous *Gothic* Poem. For whole Pages together I have followed him Step by Step; and there my Version is almost literal, as may be discerned by comparing it with the Original. In other Places indeed I have been obliged to use greater Liberties, that I might give a Grace to my Numbers, and make my Author well understood. I have left out (as I said before) all his rustick Epithets and Expressions, Quirks of Epigram and other Puerilities, which are ill sorted with his better Thoughts, and however they might please a Northern Ear, would certainly offend an *English* Reader. I have likewise changed the * Title of the Poem, because I thought it too long to be adapted to the Voice of the *Dublin* Hawkers, on whose Address I must in some Measure depend for the Sale of my Book. In short, I have studied to make my Author speak *English*, and that Sort of *English*, in which I imagine he would have expressed himself, if he had accommodated his Work to the Taste and Manners of the *British* Nation. I once resolved to have imitated

* The Original is intitled, *PHŒBUS NOCTIVAGATOR, seu HERMAPHRODITUS.*

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him in his Numbers, and presented my Translation to the Publick in *Hudibrastick* Metre. But after two or three Essays I dropt that Design. I found my self too much confined by the shortness of the Verse; which would neither allow me to express Mr. SCHEFFER's Raillery with a tolerable Grace, nor his more serious Satire with any Dignity. And indeed, to enable one to turn in such a narrow Compass, requires a Genius and Imagination, such as the Author of *Hudibras* possessed, that can furnish Wit for every Line. I have therefore chose the Verse of twelve Syllables in Deference to the Judgment and Authority of * one of our own Kings, who in his Art of Poetry (which perhaps he understood as well as the Art of Government) calls it *Rouncefallis* or *Tumbling* Verse, and which he assures us is the only proper Measure for Poems of this Kind. As by this means I pretend to shew the profound Respect I bear unto Crowned Heads, especially to those among them, who are Wits and Poets, so I persuade my self, that this single Circumstance will entitle me to the Favour of the *British* Court, and to the Patronage of all those Ministers, who are Persons of a refined Taste and Monarchical Principles.

* K. JAMES I. He published a Work, intitl'd, *Ane Schort Treatise conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*. Imprinted at Edinbrugh in 1584.

As I do not desire to derive any Reputation from the Merit of others, I think myself obliged to acknowledge, before I conclude my Preface, that the explanatory Notes and Observations, which I have subjoined to my Version of this Poem, are partly extracted from the Comment of my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, and the critical Differtations of Messieurs *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, and partly compiled from the private Memoirs and Informations I have received from some intelligent Friends, touching the Lives and Adventures of Mr. SCHEFFER'S Heroes, the surprizing Actions of the great HERMAPHRODITE, and the Progress of *Tribadism* in this Kingdom.

THE

THE
A U T H O R ' S
P R E F A C E.

I Did not compose the following Poem to acquire a Reputation in Poetry, nor have I now made it publick at the Request of my Friends. But the only Reason, that hath induced me to commence an Author, is to testify my Gratitude to some Honourable Personages, from whom I have received many, and some very extraordinary Favours during my Residence in

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

* *I did not compose, &c.*

Verficulos hosce neque pro famâ feci, ut repentè sic Poeta prodirem, neque amicorum rogatu jam typis mandavi. Cum autem innumera maximaque in me beneficia contulissent COMITISSA quædam perhonorabilis, SOCIIQUE ejus maxime colendi, ne ingratum dicerent, &c.

Our Author here alledges a very justifiable Reason for the Publication of his Work, however he may have succeeded in the Opinion of the *Beaux Esprits*. There are Benefits

which demand a publick Acknowledgment, and which cannot properly be returned in any other Manner. As there are Crimes which the Hand of Justice cannot reach, and are not otherwise to be punished, than by being exposed; and which ought to be exposed in Order to prevent honest Men from being deceived by Appearances, and circumvented under the Colour and Masque of Friendship. This in my Opinion is the best Apology for Personal Satire.

f

Dublin.

Dublin. Though the *Gothic* Muse may have failed to make her Compliments with a just Delicacy, or in a Manner suitable to the elegant Taste of this Country, yet I flatter my self that my Endeavours will be thought laudable; and I hope the Dignity of my Subjects may excite some abler Bard to treat them with a greater Propriety, to illustrate the Characters, and do Justice to the Merit of my noble Patrons and Benefactors. I may perhaps incur the Displeasure of the Learned for reviving a Species of Poetry, which hath been in Disuse for more than two hundred Years past. I shall listen with Respect and Deference to their Animadversions. But I here declare once for all, that I defy malevolent Criticks of all Denominations; those only excepted ^b who, when they fail to blast a Man's Reputation,

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

^b *Who when they fail to blast, &c.*

Hominem, cujus fama lædi non possit, ex insidiis occidere meditantur. Si forsitan Sicarios istos, &c. I have remarked before, that during Mr. SCHEFFER's Residence in *Dublin* he narrowly escaped being assassinated. One of the Ruffians, who was hired for that Purpose, either out of a Remorse of Conscience, or in Hopes of a greater Reward, came privately to our Author, and discovered the Villany; but not till they had lain in wait for him a Week or ten Days without finding a convenient Oppor-

tunity to execute their Design. It will not be amiss to mention here the Opinion of *Wetstein*, the learned Dutch Commentator. His Words are these, *Patroni maxime colendi, simul & sicarii nequissimi, quos memorat Schefferus in proæmio, nec non deleti heroes, quos cecinit poeta, 'Αυτοῖται, i. e. ipsissimi sunt.* Mr. SCHEFFER's most honoured Patrons, and the wicked Assassins, whom he mentions in his Preface, as likewise the Heroes of his Poem, are the self same Persons. *Wetstein* was pretty well informed. *Mars* and *Myra* projected

The Author's PREFACE.

li

Reputation, do not scruple to assassinate his Person. Such I know there are; and therefore, as often as I shall be obliged to approach the Habitation of these Savages I will put my self into as good a Posture of Defence, as I am able. In the mean time I derive much Satisfaction from a Consciousness of my Intentions, and the Approbation of those ingenious and worthy Gentlemen, to whose Judgment I submitted this Poem, before I would venture to send it abroad. Let it not be thought any Vanity in me, that I have here prefixed their Testimonies; since in this I am abundantly justified by the Practice of many ancient and modern Bards, my great Predecessors and Contemporaries.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

jected the Assassination, and hired the Villains that undertook it. Some others of our Author's Heroes were privy to the Design, particularly *Vol* and *Myra's* Imp. The Reader, who conceives, that the Prosecution of a Street-Robber, or the Execution of a Murderer, is a piece of Justice we owe the Publick, will excuse the severest Strokes of Mr. SCHEFFER's Satire. In my Preface I have answered an Objection, *that some of my Author's Heroes were dead, before he published his Poem*; that is, before he published the Second Volume: for all were alive, when the two first Books were published; and Mr. SCHEFFER was after that seen in the midst of them. In truth, whosoever is pleased to charge him with Injustice or Inhumanity for exposing those Persons, who happened to die while he was printing or writing this Work, may

as properly arraign the Wisdom of that Judicature, which condemns an Assassin to be hung in Chains.

c In the mean Time I derive. &c.

Haud quid autem mihi eripiet operum meorum & laudis conscientiam, quam amicissimi clarissimique viri mihi assentiuntur, &c.

Mr. SCHEFFER hath taken all Occasions to apologize for his Satire; and particularly in this place he urges the Approbation of his learned Friends. But does not this Part of his Preface seem to contradict what he says above, *that he did not publish his Poem* (Amicorum rogatu) *at the Request of his Friends*? 'Tis possible indeed, that some of the discreetest among them might commend his Work, and yet neither desire nor advise him to publish it. But I am sure the Authors of the following Commendatory Verses were not of that Number.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO
FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

TIR-OEN, Corcagienfis,

S. P. D.

QUIS genus, quis *Semivirorum* amores
Nesciat, risum teneatve, seu *Cra-*
ticulam fumis celebrare, SCHEFFER,
seu *Caliendrum* ?
Aptior ludo nova forma MIRAE
Virgines urit; Veneremque matrona
Omnis explorans studet æmulari
Prodigiosam.
Æmulantur Dîque Deæque, quot sunt,
Te canentem MULCIBERUMQUE MARTEMQUE;
Et rogant, ut tu simili Cam^æanâ
Se quoque laudes.

To the Most Illustrious

FREDERICK SCHEFFER;

TIR-OEN, of the County of *Cork*;

Sendeth Greeting.

SCHEFFER, 'tis to thee we owe

All of HERMAPHRODITES we know.

Thy jocund Muse will never tire one,

Pleas'd with thy PERUKE and GRIDIRON.

Is there on earth a wanton dame,

Who does not envy MYRA's frame?

Is there a God, that wou'd not be

VOL, or the WARRIOUR, sung by thee?

CLA-

CLARISSIMO VIRO

FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

Vandalorum Poetarum prægloriosissimo.

TALIA cùm referas plectro majore, Poeta,
Cinge caput. Phœbi laurea jure tua est.
Aut nulli heroes, aut nunc sine honore fuissent;
Grandiloqui vatis si periisset opus.
Ante tuam Musam quis PRÆCHTI detulit artes,
Impurumque SMYTHUM credidit esse Deum?
Nunc inter sagas scriptus declamat Iocco:
Et genus, et magnos exhibet OTTOR avos.
Gratia quanta illi est! Infans se noverat ipsum:
Hic facit illustrem, Sole micante, domum.
Quàm benè conveniunt PERSEUS fur, atque SACERDOS!
Insignes titulis, ingenioque pares.
En! passim retegis scelerati scrinia DILLI;
Atque antrum CACI, te præeunte, patet.
Te præeunte patent fœdissima lustra ferarum,
* SEMICANIS vetulæ, † SEMIVIRIQUE canis.

* Uxoris TRAVLI.

† MIRÆ.

To the Illustrious

FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

The most Renowned of all the *Vandal* Poets.

WHile the PERUKE and GRIDIR'N the *Muses* re-
sound,

Let thy Temples, O SCHEFFER, with Laurel be crown'd!
Hadst not thou, mighty Poet, such Wonders reveal'd,
The Exploits of our Heroes had still been conceal'd;
We shou'd still have believ'd J—NN—Y P—T a mere
Clod;

And whoe'er had suspected old SMYTH was a God?
You inform us, for what Master OTTOR thus brags,
Interlining Iocco — between the two * Hags.
In the Pleader what Grace! When an Infant, he knew it.
How illustrious OTT's House! for the Sun could shine
thro' it.

Well befeems you the † Thief, and the PAM-Priest to dight,
Now the one is a Lord, and the other a Knight.
You disclose en passant the Conclusions of DILL,
The Attempts of Sir CACUS, and eke the quaint ‡ Will.
Nor unaptly you point out the Tribad's Abodes,
Their Employments, their Configurations, and Modes.

* MYRA and her IMP.

† Sir PIERCY.

‡ The Will of Sir. MARS.

Other

Jam tepet omnis anus, mœchisve tepebit Iernis:

At solum MIRAE est utraque nota Venus.

F^amineâ indutus sic veste latebat Achilles;

Sic nymphas iniit, sic et adulter erat.

Sic pueram frustrâ mentito astutus Ulysses

Heroi imposuit nomen & arma viri.

Esse puta MIRAM magni Chironis alumnum:

Hæc quoque Peliden ore, animoque refert.

Fervidus, æquè aptus Veneri, implacabilis irâ,

Succubuit fato victus uterque pari.

Haud aliter, quàm nunc MIRAE jaculatus ocellos

Pulvis, Achilleum perculit hasta pedem.

Ruffini in Regno
Monædæ. Kal.
Oct.

PHILIPPUS CHRISTIANUS.

*Other wrinkled old Matrons some Vigour may boast;
 But the Virtue of Man is affix'd to thy TOAST.
 Thus in Petticoats clad was Achilles unknown;
 Thus the Nymphs he deceiv'd—and all Wives were his
 own.*

*Till, like thee, cunning Uly found out the Mock-dame,
 And restor'd to the Hero his Arms, and his Name.
 One would think too, that Chiron thy MYRA had taught:
 As his Pupil so furious she look'd—and she fought:
 Both impatient in Love—and relentless in Hate;
 Nor unskilful their Foes—nor unequal their Fate:
 Nor a Weapon more sure, thrown alike by Surprise,
 Was the Dart in his Heel, than the Dust in her Eyes.*

PHILIP CHRISTIAN.

Castle Town in
 the Kingdom of Man.
 1. Oct.

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I N

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI
HERMAPHRODITUM
KNAPPUS CORCAGIENSIS

ÆNIGMA-ASTROLOGUS.

DUM cœli faciem meditor, dum ænigmata fingo,
Grandia doctiloquus dicit sua carmina SCHEFFER:
Immanem memorat MIRAM, quæ, publica cura,
Cunctorumque uxor quondam famosa virorum
Indomitâ rabie, facta est currentibus annis
(Sic Veneri placuit) cunctorum vir puerarum.
Sic quoque Tiresiam fertur mutâsse jocofus
(Quis fuit ille?) Deus; sic maxima gaudia cepit
Alternis vicibus modo mas, modo fœmina vates.

Gothicus hæc—& jam paulo majora—
Exhibet Eblanæ formasque artesque Deorum,
Quales nec cecinit Naso, nec Jupiter optat.
Callidus ecce senex VOL computat æs alienum
More novo. Mox idem Ætnæos evocat ignes,
Et tumidis buccis educit vitrea vasa.

Hic quoque venator (neque nunc infamia terret
Gafnei fustis) caliendro corniger adstat
Armatus MAVORS: cedit victricibus armis
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, olim pulcherrima conjux.

By

(lix)

B Y

— KNAPP, Ænigmatical-Almanack
Maker of the City of Cork,

Upon reading the

HERMAPHRODITE

O F

Mr. FREDERICK SCHEFFER.

QUAIN'T Riddles I compose, but SCHEFFER brings
A nobler Verse—The British MYRA sings;
The mighty Thing, which Lesbian Loves began,
Whilom the wanton Wife of every Man;
Now hap'ly form'd, in the decline of Life,
A vig'rous Gallant fit for ev'ry Wife.
Tiresias thus some sportful God employs,
Changing the Sex, to try alternate Joys.

Then in sublimer Strains he tells—
What Forms and Arts from Dublin Gods have sprung:
Such Jove ne'er practis'd, nor has Ovid sung.
How wily VOL new Rules of Counting taught,
And the Glass Bottle to Perfection brought:
How MARS Beperriwig'd redeem'd his Fame,
Subdu'd a Monster, once his lovely Dame.

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Π Ε Ρ Ι Ο Χ Η
SIVE
A R G U M E N T A
LIBRORUM QUATUOR
FREDERICI SCHEFFERI HERMAPHRODITI.
THE
A R G U M E N T S
TO THE
F O U R B O O K S
O F
The T O A S T.

Argument to the First Book.

The Night Ramble of the *Sun*.

THE Subject proposed. The Invocation. The *Sun*
arises at Night from the Atlantic Ocean in the
Form of a Toupee-Beau. Comes to *Dublin*. Surveys
the

the Lights in the Streets. Goes to Court. Admires the Splendor of the Place. A Description of the Vice-Queen's Circle. *Cupid* in *Clara's* Eyes. *Phæbus* retiring meets with *Vol* (or *Volcan*) and *Mars*, who had long before been banished from Heaven. They invite him to sup in *Vol's* Hole. They enquire of the present State of Affairs, and censure the Conduct of the Gods. The artful Answer made by *Phæbus*. *Vol's* Account of *Mars* and himself, and of their Manner of living on Earth. He fills a Bumper, and calls for a Toast.

The Scene is first in the Western Ocean, afterwards changes to the Streets of *Dublin*, then to the Castle, and lastly to a Tavern, called *Vol's* Hole.

This Book and the next following take up the Space of one Night.

Argument to the Second Book.

The Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra*.

The Poet's Inscription or Address to *Ottor* and *Iocco*. The several Orders of Toasts. The Rules of Toasting. Why little *Ali* was rejected. *Phæbus* proposes a Poetical Toast. The Out-cry thereupon. *Mars* relates the History of his Marriage with *Myra*, her Amours, and Extravagance. His unfortunate Encounter with the
Squire

Squire of *Gafny*. How he was cheated by *Prometheus* in the Make of his Body. The Fortitude and Activity of his Spirit, attested by *Vol*; who wishes to become a Poet in Order to celebrate his Brother's Mental Exploits. The Advice which *Phæbus* gives him. *Mars* proceeds in his Narrative. Sells his Commission by the Persuasion of *Myra*, who spends all the Money on her Paramours, and denies her Husband a Subsistence. *Mars*, reduced to great Straits, studies Kynogeticks, and is appointed Chief Huntsman of *Ireland*. The Excellency and Praise of his Hounds. *Phæbus* recants his Poetical Toast. Promises *Mars* to punish *Prometheus*, and to engage the Viceroy and the Goddess of Hunters in his Interest. A new Round of Toasts. *Mars* and *Vol* grow drunk, and talk Nonsense.

The same Night continues, and the Scene is still in *Vol*'s Hole.

Argument to the Third Book.

The Acts of *Myra* and her *Imp*.

The Proposition. The Poet's Address to *Peircy* and Lord *Pam*. He invokes *Phæbus*, and begs his Protection. A comparative Description of the Palace of the *Sun*. His Chariot, his Hand-Maids and Horses. His

excellent Skill in driving. He ruminates by the Way on his last Night's Adventure. Doubts the Truth of *Mars's* Relation, and resolves to survey the Person of *Myra*. Stops at *Ushers* Quay, and peeps into *Myra's* Bed-chamber, just as she gets out of Bed. A Description of her Figure, her Dress, and the Qualities of her Mind. Her Morning Oraisons, and Morning Exercises. A Description of *Myra's* Imp. How she was changed into a Woman. The Use which *Myra* makes of her. The Poet's Apology to *Clara*. The Exclamation of *Phæbus*. He hastens to finish his Stage. Publishes an Edict, and interdicts old *Myra* all Commerce with Men.

The Episode of the Gridiron.

Mercury comes to visit *Phæbus* in the Palace of *Thetis*. Their Discourse concerning *Mars* and *Vol*. The History of *Vol's* Banishment. His Copper Countenance; and the excellent Materials, of which his Head was formed. His Request to *Mercury*, who instructs him in the Art of Thieving. *Vol's* Arrival in *Ireland*. He deceives the Viceroy, and is made Surintendant of the Royal Finances. He dines at *Sot's Hole*. A Description of that Place. *Vol's* Address to the Master of the House. He purchases a large Gridiron, and conveys it to the Treasury Chamber. The Use he makes of it

it in counting the public Money. *Vol's* great Riches. His Ambition. How he was discovered by a Vice-King that understood *Greek*. *Vol's* Art on that Occasion, and how happily he compounded his Peculation. This Episode concludes with some general Reflections made by *Mercury* and *Thetis*.

The Scene is first in the Palace of the *Sun*, then changes to *Myra's* Bed-Chamber, and from thence to the Palace of *Thetis*.

This Book takes up the Space of one Day, and about half the following Night.

Argument to the Fourth Book.

The Combat of *Mars* and the *Hermaphrodite*.

The Poet inscribes his last Work to *Cacus*. He invokes *Fortune*; and proposes to consult the *Sieur Dill*. A Description of the Morning. The Assembly of the Gods. *Jupiter* reviews his Vice-gerents. *Momus* drolls on the Absence of *Vol* and *Mars*. *Juno* is angry and demands their Recall. Why *Jupiter* refuses to comply with her Request. The Matter compromised by the Mediation of *Momus*. *Venus* expostulates with the *Sun* about his Edict. Praises *Myra*, and changes her into an *Hermaphrodite*. *Fame* flies to the *Phœnix*

Lodge, and informs *Mars* of all that had passed above. *Mars* resolves to attack the *Hermaphrodite*. A Description of his Arms. He drives to *Usher's Quay* in *Dublin*, and enters the *Hermaphrodite's* Castle notwithstanding the Opposition he met with. Surprizes the *Hermaphrodite* and her *Imp* in a very indecent Posture. The taunting Speech of *Mars*. The *Hermaphrodite's* insolent Answer. The *Imp* is frightened, and runs under the *Hermaphrodite's* Petticoats. The Combat described. *Mars* in danger of being drowned in the *Imp's* Pool. He spits in the *Hermaphrodite's* Face. Avoids the missile Weapons, which the *Hermaphrodite* darts at his Head, but is much incommoded by losing the Waist-band Buttons of his Breeches. The *Hermaphrodite* endeavours to wound him in the Groin. He is preserved by his Muff, and wounds the *Hermaphrodite*. Her Rage. The dreadful Weapon, with which she attempts to finish the Combat. *Mars* his Presence of Mind. The excellent Stratagem, by which he repels his Enemy. The *Hermaphrodite* is deprived of her Sight, and obliged to quit her Arms. *Jupiter* in his golden Balances weighs the Fates of the Combatants. *Mars* trips up the *Hermaphrodite*, and while she lies in a Swoon, binds her Hand and Foot. As soon as she revives, he offers her Conditions of Ransom, which at first she rejects with Indignation; but at length, in great Danger

h of

of being eunuchated, she supplicates the Conqueror, and submits at Discretion.

The Scene (except where the Heavenly Machines are used) is partly in the *Phoenix* Lodge near *Dublin*, and partly in the Hotel of the *Hermaphrodite*.

The Time employed in this Book is one Day, which is the third from the opening the Poem.

THE
TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Ἀπείν' ὅς οὔτις ἐν-
δειξεν λάχ' Ἀεαί'οι. Pindar.

Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi Lucus
MARTIS, & *Æoliis vicinum rupibus* Antrum
VOLCANI. Juvenal.

THE
T O A S T

BOOK THE FIRST

[Faint, illegible text in a decorative frame]

THE TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SING, O Muse, *Phæbus'* Wrath! say what Cause
could persuade
So polite a young God his own Toast to degrade.
In a Matron say how a new Furor began;
Who extended her Figure, and stretch'd it to Man.

O resound

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. Sing, O Muse, *Phæbus'*
Wrath!

Iram Phœbi, Musa, cane,

Et quæ planè scias, planè

Dic: "Aeide θεῶν ὑρ-

banè, quidnam causæ, cur &c.

Our Author opens his Poem in Imitation of *Homer*, but not with equal Simplicity, for he proposes the Arguments of his whole Work here in the Invocation. Either this manner of writing is most agreeable to the *Gothic* Taste, or he intended to excite the attention of his Readers, by offering such uncommon Subjects. *Wetstein*, (who now and then deals with Mr. *Scheffer* and his Heroes too, with great Freedom) says, that it could have

entered in the Head only of a *Laplander* to jumble together an HERMAPHRODITE, a GRIDIRON, and a PERUKE to form the Plan of an Heroic Poem.

Ver. 3. In a Matron, say how &c.

Quæ ex Vetulâ impurâ

Furor novus & figura:

Quis ex *Mirâ* finxit mirum;

Ex Matronâ Semivirum?

Here is a low Pun on the Name of *Myra*; a sort of Wit with which this Work abounds. But I have carefully avoided it in my Translation, without deviating however from the Sense of my Author.

Myra, or *Mira*, who is the Heroine of the Poem, was descended from a good

B

Family

O resound the Utenfil invented for Grilling ! 5
 Let it henceforth be Splendid as *Philips* his Shilling!

Tell

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Family among the *Coritani* *. She was a Woman of extraordinary Stature, and of Vigour and Strength of Body superior to most of her Contemporaries. 'Tis said that at eighteen Years of Age, she was a Match for *Milo*; and, like that famous Wrestler, could carry a full grown Bull. Though I am apt to believe this is not to be understood literally, but in that proverbial Sense in which *posse Taurum tollere quæ vitulum sustulerit*, is explained by *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbitr.* Nor was our noble Matron debilitated by Age, or her Concupiscible Appetite decayed, though arrived to her grand Climacterick; and she had so artfully repaired the Ruins which the Malice of Time had made in her outward Form, that *Apollo* himself was deceived by her first Appearance; as he had been by the shining Character which one of his favourite Bards had bestowed on her. This Mistake or Misinformation, and the Incidents which follow upon it, furnish the chief matter of Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem. For the God being railed for toasting the old Dame, and thereupon making a nearer inspection, he discovered all the Defects of her Person, and the various arts which she used to disguise them; And examining into her Conduct and Constitution, and the Frame and Temper of her Mind, he plainly perceived, that she had been guilty of all kind of Pollutions; that, unsated by her male Gallants, she daily practised that unnatural Act the *Spaniards* call *Donna con Donna*. His Godship was so ashamed and incensed to be thus disappointed, that in revenge he published the famous Edict, which our Author recites in his third Book; where among other Prohibitions, our old Matron was for the future interdicted all

Commerce with Men. But this severe Sentence was defeated by the Interposition of *Venus*, who thought herself highly affronted in the Person of her Votary. The Goddess was not unmindful of the Obligations which she owed to *Myra*: And moreover she rightly judged, that the Loss of such an indefatigable Servant, so thoroughly experienced in all Venereal Rites and Ceremonies, would be very prejudicial to the Affairs of her Empire. She was indeed unable to rescind *Apollo's* Decree; it being a standing Order of the Fates, that one God may not undo the Acts of another. She therefore changed our Matron into a Man; transferring at the same time to her new Being all that Vigour and Vivacity, which she was wont to exert in her Womanhood; with all other Privileges and Advantages usually annexed to the Male Sex. *Myra* after her Transformation, was possessed with so much Fire and Courage, that she engaged her *quondam* Husband the God of War in a single Combat. But just as the Victory inclined to her Side, she was overcome by a Stratagem. See Note on *Ver. 31*.

Ver. 5. O resound &c.

Oſas torret quod, cantato:
Crati-culum reſonato:
 Fulgur cujus vincat nil, ipſius
 ne vel *Jacci Philips*
 Nummulus ſeu argente-us,
 Seu verficulus aure-us!

Craticula ſignifies a *Gridiron*, a very convenient Kitchen Utenſil.

Parva tibi curva Craticula ſudet ofella.
 Martial.

* *Coritani* are a People of *Northamptonſhire*.

Tell us how 'twas apply'd to confound Calculation,
 To enrich a great Artist and beggar a Nation :
 Which to thy own Exchequer O * * translate,
 To remain there confest the chief Engine of State. 10
 To a Warrior of Fame my last Labours belong :
 Who will ever refuse the great Warrior a Song ?
 Be sonorous the Lay, that no *Grub* may exceed it ;
 Nor a King may disdain at his Leisure to read it !

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

When *Nero* was Emperor of *Rome*, the wealthy Courtiers and Men of Quality generally used Silver Gridirons, upon which they broiled Hogs Puddings. *Fuerunt & Tomacula super Craticulam Argenteam posita.* Petron. Arb. In a late Reign, some Great Men and Ministers of State instituted the famous Beef-Steak Club : And their President, the facetious *Dick Esfcourt*, wore a Silver Gridiron hanging at his Breast as the Badge of his Office. This Club has been lately revived by several Noble Lords, who are true Lovers of their Country, and Friends to Liberty. They have indeed changed the Name, and now call it the Rump-Steak Club, for a Reason which you may learn from any of the Maids of Honour. But at no time, whether by Cooks, Wits, or Ministers of State, has the *Gridiron* been applied to such an excellent Use, as by one of Mr. *Scheffer's* Heroes. See Note on *Ver.* 25.

Jacci Philips. Mr. *John Philips* wrote an excellent Burlesque Poem in *Miltonick* Verse, called the *Splendid Shilling*.

Ver. 11. *To a Warrior &c.*

Nunc extremum mihi laborem

O ! concede : Bellatorem

Lauda meum : dignè texe

Carmen, quod vel legat Rex. E-

hodium equis si Rex leget,
 Bellatori pauca neget ?
 Pauca — attamen sonora
 Scribat Vates ; nec meliora
 Quis *Grubæus*, nec majora. }

So it is in *Grier's* Edition. But in the *Amsterdam* Copy we read *Quis Gothicus*. And *Tir-Oen*, as well as the *Dutch* Commentator, is of Opinion, that *Grubæus* is a Corruption of the Text. 'Tis absurd, says that great Critick, to imagine, that Mr. *Scheffer* should rank himself with the Authors of *Grubstreet* ; a Place of which he had probably never heard ; but 'twas natural for him to wish he might excel all other *Gothic* Poets. So if the Reader pleases, he may insert *Goth* instead of *Grub*.

This Part of the Invocation, is a plain Imitation of the beginning of *Virgil's* last Eclogue.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

Pauca meo Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris,

Carmina sunt dicenda. Neget quis carmina Gallo ?

For a Combat I sing, by a Stratagem won, 15
 And a PERUKE which conquer'd as sure as a Gun:
 Wond'rous Peruke, which *Jove* in his Sky should have
 plac'd,
 Nearest where *Berenice's* fair Tresses are grac'd;
 And have chang'd all the Curls into Ringlets of Stars,
 Then have call'd 'em, *The new Constellation of Mars.* 20
 While the Steeps of *Parnass* thus advent'rous I climb,
 Mighty things, tho' unskilful, attempting in Rhyme,

On

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Ver. 15. *For a Combat I sing &c.*

Duellum dic; quis fit vic-
 tor; quo dolo; Musa, dic.
 Dic *Caliendrum*, mirum opus,
 Quo haud certius ferit sclopus;
 Quod, si Jupiter ornaret
 Cœlos suos, collocaret,
 Ubi comæ, quæ victrices,
 Flavæ fulgent *Berenices*;
 Sic in fidera mutandum,
 Astrum *Martis* appellandum.

Our Author seems to have borrowed
 this Thought from *Musæus*.

Τὸν Ὀφελειν ἀνέριος Ζεὺς
 Ἐπύχιοι μετ' ἀέθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὀμώγυριν ἄστραν
 Καί μιν ἐπικλῆσαι νυμφόσδ' ὄλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.

Caliendrum, by which Mr. Scheffer
 means a Peruke, signifies any Ornament
 for the Head made of counterfeit Hair;
 but properly the false Hair or Towers
 which the *Roman* Ladies commonly wore
 in the Reign of *Augustus*, and which are
 still frequently used by old Women to hide
 their Baldness.

Altum Saganae Caliendrum.

Hor.

In the fourth Book, where the Peruke
 is thrown in *Myra's* Face, 'tis called *Ca-*
pillamentum. And this I think the more
 proper Word. Thus *Suetonius* speaking
 of *Caligula's* Night Rambles, *Ganeas at-*
que adulteria Capillamento celatus [disguised
 in a Peruke] & *veste longâ noctibus obiret*.

Comæ Berenices. *Berenice*, a Queen of
Ægypt; who vowed to cut off her Hair,
 if her Husband *Ptolomy* returned victorious
 from the War: Which he did; and she
 performed her Vow; consecrating her
 Tresses in the Temple of *Venus*. The
 Gods, or the Astronomers of that Coun-
 try, have metamorphosed them into a
 Constellation called *Berenice's* Hair.

Ver. 21. *While the Steeps &c.*

Sacrum montem superare,
 Grandia tenues cantare
 Dum conamur, Rhythmicorum
 Nos indociles modorum;
 Vel quis Pegasus sit meus;
 Vel quis, qui interfit, Deus

Faxit,

On a *Pegasus* mount me — or aid me some God,
That unflinching I tread in a Way that's untrod!

O! my Captain, Arch-Collier, or thee shall I call 25
Vitriarious *Volcan*, or only plain *Vol*!

Cease

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Faxit, ut in tuto siem ;
Perque ardua monstret viam.

Our Author insinuates, that he never compos'd any Verses in Rhyme before; and that he attempted this kind of Metre, as thinking it most suitable to the Dignity of his Subjects. Here, and more particularly in the Lines which immediately follow, he makes a sort of Boast, that no Poet ever treated of such Arguments but himself.

Vestram Vol, qui Crati-culam
Primus cano.

*Me, the first of all Mortals, who
sung thy Gridiron.*

In this he has imitated the Expressions and Allusions of other great Poets ancient and modern.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
Trita Solo. Lucret.

*And now inspir'd trace o'er the Muses
Seat
Untrodden yet.* Creech.

Virgil, in the third *Georgic*, makes use of the same Allegory. Thus likewise *Mr. Cowley*,

*Guide my bold Steps ———
In these untrodden Paths to sacred Fame.*

Ver. 25. O! *my Captain*, &c.
O Dux, *Archi-Carbonarie!*
O *Volcane Vitriarie!*

Seu audire magna nol-
ens Tu ames dici *Vol* :
Lene mihi aspirato ;
Ambas buccas nec inflato ; .
Sicut soles, vitreas bullas,
Vitreas infles cùm ampullas :
Halitusque gravis oris
Cesset paulum ; & aforis
Lene mihi aspirato ;
Ambas buccas nec inflato :
Lene mihi, qui bu-bulam
Vestram, *Vol*, qui *Crati-cula*
Primus cano, atque gulam.

Volcan, or *Vulcan*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, was the God of Fire. He presided over Mines and Metals, and was the Patron of Smiths. He had his Forges in the Islands of *Lemnos* and *Lipare*, and Mount *Ætna*, where he made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and arms for the rest of the Gods; as well as all other Utensils which they required. By *Jupiter's* Order he was married to *Venus*. But he was so deformed, and always so black and dirty, that the Goddess soon grew disgusted with her Spouse; and made no Scruple to chuse from among the other Gods or Men, such Gallants as she fancied. *Volcan*, when but a Boy, was kicked out of Heaven by his Father *Jupiter*; and breaking his Leg by the Fall, he was lame ever after. His Office in Heaven was to serve in quality of Cup-bearer upon great Festivals. And *Homer* tells us, that the Gods were much diverted with his Buffoonery. But entering at length into a Conspiracy with his Brother *Mars*, he was banished with him.

Cease thy Breath from thy Bottles awhile to aspire on
 Me, the first of all Mortals, who sung thy GRIDIRON :
 So may long last thy Pots! so may all thy new Glafs,
 Running smooth, as my Lines, *Bristow* Bottles surpass! 30
 And

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him *Anno Mundi* and had this Island assigned him for the Place of his Exile. During the late Civil War he served in the Army, where he was dignified with the Title of Captain. But this was not a Service which agreed with his Constitution: For the Sight of a Sword, drawn in Anger, would make him sweat more than the Labour of forging it. He therefore sought an Employment, which might not subject him to the Fatigues and Accidents of a Soldier's Life; and having found means to insinuate himself into the Favour of the D. of O. then Viceroy of *Ireland*, he was appointed *Receiver General*, and Surintendant of the Royal Finances.

While he was in Possession of this lucrative Office, he counted the publick Money over a large *Gridiron*, and all the Pieces which fell through the Bars, he claimed as Perquisites, and laid them apart for his own Use. By this means he acquired immense Riches in a few Years. But at last being suspected, from the great Deficiencies in the Exchequer, he declared himself a Bankrupt, and, pretending to give up all his Effects, compounded his Peculation for Sixpence in the Pound. Then to conciliate the Affections of the Country, which he had so shamefully plundered, he undertook to enrich it, by introducing a new Manufacture, and teaching us the Art of making Glafs Bottles. Hence he was called *Volcanus Vitriarius*. He had likewise the Surname or Title of *Archi-Carbonarius*, because he first discovered Coal Mines in *Ireland*. But he was best known by the

Name of *Vol*, a Diminutive from *Volcan*, as we say *Will*, *Tom*, *Kit*, &c. Tho' I must not here omit, that some learned Criticks derive it from the *French Vol* or *Voleur*, a Thief or Robber, which is no unnatural Etymology.

The History of *Vol* and his *Gridiron* forms the Episode in the third Book.

Ver. 29. *So may long last thy Pots, &c.*

Ut hic Versus, poliat
 Vitrum; Olla nec frangatur;
 Nec sit molle lutum, vile,
 Damnum irreparabile;
 Superentque Dublinenses
 Istas alias Bristonenses
 Vol-ampullæ & crassitie,
 Et planitie, & duritie;
 Quas & cuncti cupiant Biliæ. }

Tir-Oen, who had frequently surveyed *Vol*'s Glafs-House, affirms, that all the Iron Instruments used by his Workmen, as Bars, Paddles, Rakes, Procers, Ladles, small Ladles, Strocals, Forks, Sleepers, Ferrets, Fascets, Pipes, Pontee Stakes, Shears, Sciffers, Crannies, Towers, &c. were excellently well made, being forged by himself, or under his Inspection. But his Pots or Pans, in which the Metal was contained, were wrought with such bad Clay, that they would not bear the Fire, but cracked after the first or second Trial.

Bristol is a rich and populous City in *Great Britain*. A Place of great Trade; and particularly famous for making Glafs Bottles,

And O thou! whether most thou delightest to hear
Co-lonel or chief Huntsman, or *Mars* Chevalier,

Leave

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Bottles, of which large Quantities were formerly imported into this Kingdom.

Bitia — *Bitias* was one of Queen *Dido's* Ministers, a good Bottle Companion.

*Tum Bitia dedit increpitans: ille impiger
hausit
Spumantem pateram.* Virgil.

Ver. 31. *And O thou! &c.*
Et tu Colonelle, five
Mavis Eques, O *Gradiue*,
Seu Venator jam vocari
Tu primarius: *pol par pari.*

Mars, the God of War, the great Hero of this Poem, was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*; or, as others say, of *Juno* alone. He is sometimes describ'd by the ancient Poets on Horseback, with a Whip and a Spear; but more generally riding in an high Chariot; *Discord* going before him; *Clamour* and *Anger* following him; and the Goddess *Fame* with her Trumpet leading the Procession. According to *Homer*, *Mars* was the most odious of all the Gods. He was not only perfidious, impious and unjust; but likewise an Assassin and a Murderer. He kill'd *Hallirothius* the Son of *Neptune*, for which he was try'd before a Tribunal of twelve Gods. The Power and Interest of his Relations so divided the Court that he was acquitted. But being afterwards tried for other high Crimes and Misdemeanors before *Jupiter*, he was convicted and banished to the Earth. As this Misfortune befel him at a time when all the Nations of *Europe* were engaged in Wars, he acquired some Reputation in his own Trade, and was advanced by the Favour of the D. of O. to a Post

of Honour and Profit in the *English* Army. He was likewise Knighted; and is therefore frequently called *Maver's Eques*, Sir *Mars*, in our Author's Works. But notwithstanding the high Appellations he assumed, both before and after his Fall, tho' he was acknowledged the God of War, and seemed to delight in Arms and Blood, 'tis certain he had but little military Skill, and less Courage. *Homer* says, *Pallas* held him in such Contempt at the Siege of *Troy*, that she opposed him with no other Weapon than a great Stone, with which she knocked him down; and at another time he was wounded by *Diomed*, a mere Mortal; when unable to bear the Smart, and frightned at the Sight of his Blood, he ran out of the Field roaring and bellowing so loud that he was remark'd by both Armies. 'Tis not therefore to be wonder'd at, if now being wholly stript of his Divinity, and subjected to human Infirmities, he should appear more pusillanimous than he did in his primitive State. However he so well dissembled his Want of Courage, that he obtained, as I said before, an handsome Command; and for some time possess'd a Character which he did not deserve. If his evil Genius had not brought him into this Country, he had probably been promoted to the Degree of a General in the *British* Troops. But attending here the Beginning of this Century on his Patron, who was then our Lord Lieutenant, he was upon some Occasion Caned or Cudgelled by a young Gentleman of the Family of *B — w*. Not resenting this Affront as he ought, agreeably to the Manners of the Age, and the Rules of Honour observed in the Army, he fell into such Contempt, that he found it necessary to quit his military Post. Indeed our Poet, who has made Choice of Sir

Mars.

Leave thy Doxies and Dogs, to attend to my Verse,
And protect me, while I thy own Battles rehearse.

So

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Mars for his chief Hero, gives an artful turn to this Action; and imputes his Disgrace to the Malice or Ignorance of his Operator *Prometheus*, who had formed his Body of such coarse matter, and had so ill proportioned the several Members, that scarce one of them was serviceable to him, or could be us'd in a Gentleman like manner. — After this Misfortune, by the Advice of his Brother *Vol*, he pretended to be an Adept in *Cynogeticks*, and propos'd to stock the Country with an excellent Breed of Hounds. Upon this, or some other Account, he was appointed chief Ranger or Huntsman General of *Ireland*; in which Quality Mr. *Scheffer* knew him, when he first began to write this Poem.

Mars was of a very hot Constitution; and various are his Amours recorded by the ancient Poets. His Intrigue with *Venus* is a Story well known to every School Boy. *Homer* and *Ovid* have informed us, that he was taken in the very Act, and expos'd to the Derision of all the Gods. Nor was he more successful after his Fall. His Affair with Mrs. *D.* is on Record in the *British* Courts of Law; where he was tried and mulct'd in the Sum of Five thousand Pounds. There are indeed some very ugly Circumstances which blacken this Action, and justify the Punishment inflict'd on our Hero, even in the Opinion of Men of the greatest Gallantry: For the Lady he debauch'd was the Wife of his be't Friend, by whom he was at that Time maintain'd, and in whose House he lived. He persuaded the unfortunate Woman to rob her Husband, that he might afterwards plunder her; which having done, he turn'd her into the Streets, and suffered her to perish for want of common Necessaries. *Tir-Oen*, who

has related the Particulars of this Affair, concludes his Story with the following Reflection, *Dubium est profecto mihi, an mulierem, an hospitium violando plus voluptatis cepit Mavors. Dubium quoque an improbo minus doluit amicam, cujus amor est perspectus, conficere, an virum, cui maxima debet Beneficia, perdere.*

I am really in doubt, whether *Mars* took more Pleasure in debauching his Friend's Wife, or in violating the Rights of Hospitality? Whether it concerned him less to starve an unhappy Woman, who had given him the greatest Proofs of her Affection, or to destroy the Peace of a Man to whom he owed the greatest Obligations?

Wetstein, in his *Critical Dissertation*, p. 23, has enumerated, in a sarcastical Manner, the Exploits which our Hero performed in the *Low Countries*; I mean his Engagements with the Ladies. *Madam de N.* among others, became his Prey. She was the Wife of a *Dutch* General, the Count *de N.* a Man of great Honour, and highly esteem'd by all who knew him. This Lady received from Sir *Mars* the same Marks of that singular Humanity, with which he had treated his *English* Mistress. The Intrigue was publicly known; *Madam de N.* was separated from the Count, and her Gallant, who was oblig'd to fly the Continent, to get out of the Reach of an incens'd Husband, retired into this Island. Here was the last Scene of his Action; and here he engag'd in that unfortunate Amour, which ended in his Marriage; a State that he always abhorred. In short, he was compelled to make a Wife of an old Mistress, with whom he had cohabited for fourteen or fifteen Years before. This was that famous *Myra* so well known throughout the *British* Islands.

Sir

So to read thy Memorial may Viceroy incline, 35
And a Pension bestow — or invite thee to dine!

SOL was now in the Ocean ; his Horses were drest;
And the Household of *Thetis* was order'd to rest.

When

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Sir *Mars* was her third Husband. Even during their Concubinage she esteemed him no otherwise than as one of her menial Servants: But after their Marriage she treated him with the greatest Insolence: She squandered away his whole Fortune, and reduced him to the lowest Circumstances. By repeated Provocations, our Hero was at length roused to Vengeance: He was seized with that Sort of Fury and Madness, which *Homer* ascribes to him; and which sometimes supplies the Want of true Courage: And on the very Day of *Myra's* Metamorphosis, when by that means she was become much more formidable in her Person, he attacked her in her own Castle. For some time the Battle was doubtful, and Sir *Mars* was often in great Peril. But at last he obtained a complete Victory, by suddenly darting a full-bottomed Peruke, powdered *a la moderne*, in her Face; with which he had purposely armed himself. A subtle Invention, says *Cuper*, worthy the Genius of the God of War, and the Imitation of all modern Knights, who may hereafter be engaged and unfortunately over-matched by a Bearded Virago. This famous Battle, which is the Argument of the fourth Book, was fought 5 *Iduum Martii*, the Year before Mr. *Scheffer* published his Poem.

All the Commentators justify my Version of this Word. *Domus Martis Canibus Venaticis Meretriculisque (in quas impetus continuo fiat) semper plena*, says *Tir-Oen*.

Ver. 35. *So to read thy Memorial*
&c.

Sic & inter bellos bellus
Fias senex ! Sic Libellus
Supplex tuus perlegatur !
Rex Salarium largiatur,
Cœnam saltim ! — Cui non
datur ?

Sir *Mars* presented a Memorial or Petition to every new Viceroy, setting forth the great Service and Honour he had done the Government — by his Buck-Hounds; and modestly praying an additional Pension not exceeding the Sum of 500 *l. per annum* to be settled on him for Life. His Memorial was seldom read — and never answered. But he was sometimes invited to dine at the Castle, which gave him full Satisfaction; as it furnished the Occasion of that famous Saying, which he had constantly in his Mouth, *J'ay l'honneur de vivre avec les grands !*

Ver. 33. *Leave thy Doxies and Dogs,*
&c.

Minus placeant jam catuli !
Neque cura sit peculi !

Peculi, i. e. Domesticarum Meretricium.

Ver. 37. *SOL was now in the Ocean*
&c.

Cum jam pridem in oceanum
se condidisset *Pœan*;
Curatque equis, qui tùm
Erant *Thetidos*, dormitum.

C

Sol

When his Godship, or curious to visit old Night,
 To see how we supply the Defect of his Light; 40
 Or perhaps to invent a new Subject for Mirth,
 Took a Fancy to strole for one Evening on Earth.
 But he doft all his Rays, and his Bow he laid down:
 For a God by his Ensigns of Honour is known;
 As an Idiot's distinguish'd by putting a Bib on, 45
 And a great Chevalier by a Crofs and a Ribbon.
 Tho' the *Magi* assure us, the *Sun* is not proud,
 Yet his Habit was made of the brightest blue Cloud
 Well embroider'd, and spangled: He seem'd a mere Beau;
 For he knew that fine Clothes are a Passport below. 50

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Sol or *Pæan* the *Sun*; who was also called *Apollo*, *Phæbus*, *Cynthius*, *Delius*, &c. He is described by the Poets and Mythologists as a beautiful Youth, his Hair long and flowing with the Wind; his Head crowned with Laurel, his Habit rich and embroidered with Gold. In one Hand he holds a Bow, and in the other his Harp. When he appears as the *Sun*, he rides in a magnificent Chariot drawn by four Horses, and ends his Stage in the Western Ocean. This God was the Patron and President of the Muses, and the Inventor of Music and Poetry. He was well skilled in Physic and Divination. For his peculiar Excellencies, he was the most honoured of all the Gods, and had the richest Temples. The *Persians* (whose Priests were called *Magi*), worshiped the *Sun* by the Name of *Mithra*, and the *Egyptians* by that of *Osiris*.

Ver. 45. *As an Idiot's distinguish'd &c.*

Ut cum fascias tu fa-tuis,
 Bona nutrix, tuis fuis:
 Ut cum phaleris Barones;
 Seu quos, O Rex bone, dones.
 Cave autem, Musa bona:
 Sic designas Regia dona?
 Phalere num Periscelis?
 Cave tibi, Juris telis.
 Siccin' ? utrum, Lector, velis. }

Our Author frequently interrupts himself by a short Address to his Muse, as in this Place. These Digressions, which are all in the *Gothick* Manner, sound well enough in the Original, but cannot be easily translated into *English*, so as to preserve the Dignity of the Poem. I have therefore generally omitted them.

Nor his Tresses neglected now flow in the Wind,
 But were furl'd, and with Art in a Silk Bag confin'd.
 Who of all the smart Toupees so graceful appears?
 Who can please the Nymphs more by producing his —
 Ears?

From the Head of the *Xiphias* he cut off a Sword, 55
 Fit to grace a new Mayor, tho' he's titled My Lord;
 For the Handle was Pearl, and the Scabbard Shagreen;
 And his Sword-Knot, unfully'd, had garter'd a Queen.
 From a Tortoise-Shell Trident he shap'd a neat Cane,
 With a Gold Head adorn'd, tho' the Work was but
 plain. 60

Shone his Shoes with Gold Buckles: Well lin'd were
 his Fobs

With a Watch of chas'd Gold, and a Purse of Gold Cobs.

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Ver. 55. *From the Head of the Xiphias &c.*

Occisoque Xiphi-â put-
 a præbere ensẽ caput;
 Quo vel novus Prætor gaudeat,
 Si Mi-lordus idem audiat.

Xiphias, a Fish larger than a *Dolphin*,
 by the Italians called *Pesce Spada*, by the
 French, *l'Empereur*; by the Germans,
Schwerdt Fisch, and by us the *Sword-Fish*.
 See a Description of it in *Pliny*, *Oppian*,
 and in *The Natural History of Johan.*
Johnston. In the last you have the Figure
 of the *Sword-Fish*, which is also to be found

in the History of the *Hottentots* lately published.

Xiphia are likewise a Sort of Stars or
 Comets which appear in the Form of a
 Sword, in *Mucronem fastigiatæ*, *Plin.*
Nat. Hist.

Ver. 62. — and a Purse of Gold
 Cobs.

Centum minæ *Philippeæ*,
Philippeæ, sed au-reæ,
 Infuerunt in marsupio.
O si hæc mî ! mî cupio.

A Gold Cob is a Spanish Coin value
 3 l. 14 s.

Nor pronounce the good Muse, who bedights him, too
bold :

For we know, when he pleases, the *Sun* can make Gold.
But he needs not to work, nor the Muse want a Plea; 65
For who doubts there is Plenty of Gold in the Sea?
Thus his Godship equipt sallies out from his Port,
And as swift, as a *Triton*, thro' *Mare del Nort*,
To thy Channel, O *George!* with a Spring-tide he flows;
And anon on *Ierne's* fair Island arose. 70

Still the Stairs may be seen, in the Deep far extended,
(Mighty Work of the Sea Gods!) by which he ascended,
Giants Causey — (For *Sol*, in his travelling Dress,
Hieroglyphical Giants are us'd to express.)

Over

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Ver. 72. (*Mighty Work of the Sea Gods!*) —

Giants Causey —

Mirum opus cœrule-i
Viam extruxere Dei,
Giganteam nuncupantes :
Quippe expriment *Gigantes*
Hieroglyphici, cursoris
Solis robur & labores.

I need not here give any Account of the *Giants Causey*, a Place so well known to the Inhabitants of this Country. Such however as are curious to see a particular Description of it may consult the *Philosophical Transactions*. But it will not be amiss to inform the unlearned Reader,

that the old *Egyptians*, who expressed the Meaning of whatever was sacred among them by mystical Characters, or the Pictures of various Creatures, used the Image and Figure of a Giant to signify the Sun. The *Greeks* and *Asiatics* (who derived their Learning and most of their Gods likewise from the *Egyptians*) wherever they built a Temple to the Sun, erected his Statue in the Form of a Giant : And the *Colossus* at *Rhodes*, one of the Wonders of the World, was a Statue of the Sun seventy Cubits high ; in which Island he was worshiped with the greatest Veneration. The *Jews*, after their Retreat from *Egypt*, tho' they were forbid by their Law to make Hieroglyphicks, or the Likeness of any Creatures, to express their

Over Mountains and Bogs, speeding hence in a Line, 75
 He arriv'd at Port *Eblane* exactly at nine.
 Here he travers'd the Streets, every Bridge and each
 Quay ;
 (For the Turnings he often had noted by Day.)
 First the Lamps he examin'd, concave and convex ;
 How the same were supply'd, with their various As-
 pects : 80
 But condemn'd the dull Glare, that would scarcely suffice
 To direct a Night-walker, who wanted good Eyes :
 He remark'd, that short Links serv'd to light home poor
 Wits ;
 That a Lanthorn mov'd slowly before the rich Cits :
 That the Traders become by their drinking more
 dull, 85
 And the Bards debonnair, when their Bellies are full.

To

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their Meaning and Devotion, yet introduced the same into all their Writings by Way of Similies and Comparisons. Thus, in the most excellent Poem now extant in the *Hebrew* Language, *Psalm* xix. the Sun is compared to a *Giant* rejoicing to run his Course.

Ver. 76. *He arriv'd at Port Eblane*
&c.

Hora nona jam sonuit ;
Ad Eblanum portum fuit.

Sed Eblana portus qui ? num
Idem portus, qui Dublinum ?
Eben idem : nomen binum.

Port *Eblane*, now called *Dublin*.

Ver. 85. *That the Traders &c.*

His ingenium asinum ;
Bacchus illis dat divinum ;
Risus, jocos. Quidni ita ?
Vinum Poetarum vita.

When this Poem was first published,
 some Bon Companions immediately cri-
 ticised

To the God were more grateful the well scented Flames
 Of the Flambeaux, conducting the Chairs of high Dames:
 How inviting the Belles! how diffusive the Blaze!
 How their Eyes — and the Glasses reflected the Rays! 90
 But astonish'd he look'd, where his *Excellence* shone
 In a Berlin, whose Guard was a counterfeit Moon:
 Such an Orb, as a Deluge of Rain had endur'd,
 Unextinguish'd by Winds, and by Clouds unobscur'd:
Phæbe views with much Envy a Rival so bright, 95
 Who assumes her own Form, and eclipses her Light!
 How the Streets were adorn'd, when his Godship had seen,
 He would know, how the Houses were lighted within:
 So to Court he repairs to make Observation;
 For at Court must needs be the grand Illumination. 100
 Here the Bougies and Tapers soon drew his Attention:
 Much the Form he admir'd, much he prais'd the In-
 vention.

Such a Radiance can Matter, thus moulded, display!
 Can a Night-Beam be made to resemble the Day!

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ticised this Passage, and raillied our Author as a Man unacquainted with the sociable Disposition and Custom of my Countrymen, since he represents the Poets and good Citizens of *Dublin* leaving their Bottle so early as nine o' Clock. — But

Tir-Oen, apologizing for his Friend *Scheffer*, says, it was the Eve of a Festival; that they had all dined at the Tavern that Day, and were then but coming from Dinner, with Intent to return about ten to their Evening's Computation.

As

As if this was his Noon-tide, his Sight was as clear; 105
 Nor himself could cause Objects more plainly appear.
 He distinguish'd Lord *John* by his noble *Greek* Mien;
 And observ'd all who circled the graceful Vice Queen:
 Haughty DAMES fet with Di'monds, and stiffen'd with
 Gold;

Whom to dress for one Day half a County is sold: 110
 Mitred PRIESTS, who besides a good Conscience and Wife,
 Here enjoy all the other good things of this Life:

Who

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 107. *He distinguish'd Lord John*
&c.

Eccum Regem Græcissantem,
 Stantem, dantem, adulantem;
 Dantem sed & expectantem:
 Dum se rebus suis aptat,
 Ac suffragia omnium captat.

The Reader may find an Account of
 this noble Person Book III.

Ver. 110. *Whom to dress for one Day*
&c.

Et nunc benè parta patrum
 Vendidit luxuria matrum:
 Fiunt mitra, aurea palla,
 Anadema, πάντα ταλλα.

Mr. *Scheffer* could not avoid observing,
 during his Residence in *Dublin*, the Luxu-
 ry and Extravagance of our Ladies, and
 the Richness of their Habits, Equipage,
 Furniture, &c. And it must have asto-
 nished him to see a Woman's Head-Dress,
 without any Ornament of Gold or Jewels,
 sold for more Money, than a King of
Ulster would formerly have demanded for

the Maintenance of himself and his Civil
 List; or, than at this Day would be suf-
 ficient to cloath a whole Nation of *Lap-*
landers.

Ver. 111. *Mitred Priests, who be-*
sides &c.

Prope Nymphas *Epi-scopi*,
 Aulæ munimenta, tropi:
 Queis altissima prudentia;
 Bona quoque conscientia:

(Quid prudentia? Ars vivendi:
 Conscientia? Transferendi:)

Ditat, ornat quos In-fula;

Capit fovet Uxor-cula;

Auget ingeniosa gula.

Hierarchias O quàm colunt!

Sed quas colunt, quàm mox
 nolunt!

Et quas nolunt, valde volunt.

Semi-jugi (scit *Hor*; fino;

Quod & chartis nunc illino)

Illis jure sunt divino.

Hor, according to *Tir-Oen*, is the Di-
 minutive of *Hortensius*, the Name of a
 certain great Prelate.

Mr.

Who refuse, what they ask, which to Lay-men sounds odd;
 And are forc'd to accept, tho' the Gifts are of God,
 Fair Revenues and Lordships: HORTENSIVS and I know
 That Episcopal Coaches are *Jure Divino*. 116
 Then he view'd the fair WARRIORS, the Pride of —
 All be-powder'd a top, and be-broider'd all over;
 Ever ready for Honour to hazard their Lives,
 To repel all our Foes, and to solace our Wives. 120
 And among 'em he noted a Wight of great Fame,
 Who resembled the Heroes in colour and Name;

Bully

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. *Scheffer* here expresses the greatest Respect for the Rt. Revd. Fathers of our Church. And indeed it ought to be acknowledged, even by those who are Enemies to that Order, that the exemplary Piety and profound Erudition of these most excellent Prelates, justly entitle them to the Esteem of all Mankind. Such at least, are my Sentiments. But I must own, that the *Latin* Commentators are of a different Opinion. They will not allow this Passage to be intended as a Compliment to our good Bishops. They explain it in a ludicrous and ironical Manner; and *Tir-Oen* particularly pretends to justify this Interpretation, by our Author's Address to B. H. in his third Book. But of that in its proper Place. In the mean time, I must desire the Reader to make large Allowances when he meets with any Heterodox Opinions in Mr. *Scheffer's* Commentators; and to consider them as prejudiced by Party and Education. *Tir-Oen* is a Papist, at least he is one in his Heart; and *Cuper* and *Wetstein* are rigid Calvinists.

Ver. 121. And among 'em he noted &c.

Hicce en! permistus (cui dem
 Vestem, vultum, robor idem,
 Titulumque, vanum, binum,
 Militarem & bovinum)
 Stat *Bipennifer* Satelles;
 Plenus vini, gloriæ, fellis:
 Cui lingua sine fine,
 Pectoreque corpus sine.
 Appelletur *Milo* — *mî ne*. }

Mî ne, i. e. *ne mihi noceat*, says *Tir-Oen*. This Captain *Milo* was a tall Military-Civil Officer, a great Enemy to our Author, and to all Men of Wit and Learning.

For their Novids and Blutarchs, and
 Omers and Stuff,
 He affirms they don't signify one Pinch
 of Snuff.

Hamilton's Bawn.

He was *Myra's* favourite Bully, and
 expected to be promoted to an higher
 Post

Book I. *The* T O A S T. 17

Bully *Milo* I wot, a huge B——x Chief,
Who derives both his Title and Prowess from Beef.
Then he mark'd the trim PAGES, well skill'd in In-
triguing ; 125

And the noble PATRICIANS Brib'd, Bribing and Briguing:
And the PATRIOTS, whose Speeches are honest and bold;
Who are not to be bought — but with Places or Gold.
Next to these in Disguise stood a Dozen young FRIERS;
And a Group of LONG ROBE-MEN, Knights, Sergeants
and Squires ; 130

Solemn Sages, deep read in the Magic of *Coke*,
Who confound eve'ry Sense by explaining his Book:

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of Honour by her Interest. I never saw him wave his Bonnet to the Sorcerers without calling to mind those Lines of *Cleveland*,

The Trees, like *Yeomen of the Guard*,
Serving more for Pomp than Ward, &c.

The Reader may find a further Account of this Gentleman in another Place, where the Poet calls him *Thrafo*.

Ver. 127. *And the Patriots, &c.*

Et qui nunquam nisi auro
Patriam vendunt ; digni lauro,
Purè cùm ratiocinentur ;
Cruce, cùm tergiverfentur.

Mr. *Scheffer* here expresses a just Abhorrence of all *Mock-Patriots* and Deserters.

Ver. 131. *Solemn Sages deep read in the Magic &c.*

Eccos nunc Præstigiatores,
Vel Præstitibus majores!
Qui obscurius explanando,
Ac deterius emendando,
Quicquid commentatur *Cokus*
Iste legum *Hocus-Pocus*,
Faciunt : audent, contra quæ fas,
Quæ corrigere est nefas,
Famæ ergô, seu euphoniæ,
Ut Rex iste *Tarraconia* :
Apagesis ! Textus hiat ;
Nec vox sufficit Dei, at
Emendandum magnum FIAT. }

The Poet in the last four Lines alludes to a Saying of ALPHONSO X. King of Arragon, which is reported by *Lipsius*, viz. That if God had advised with him in the Creation, he could have given him good Counsel.

D

In

In the Grant made to *Adam* would find out a Flaw,
And amend the great *Fiat* — according to Law.

Ev'ry Belle he survey'd, gave the God new Delight, 135
And inclin'd him to stay in the Castle all Night:
When, to others unseen, roguish *Cupid* he spies,
Shooting Arrows at random from *Clara's* bright Eyes:
Rigid Dame! whom his Youth, nor his Voice might
persuade,

By her Conquests unmov'd, or the Wounds she had
made. 140

Hard the Fate of a Lover! Winds temper the Heat;
And our Hunger is quickly appeas'd, if we eat:
Water quenches the Thirst: Wine our Cares will remove:
But, alas! Love is only extinguish'd by Love.
Well experienc'd, the God to secure his own Heart, 145
Left again he be *Daphne'd*, resolv'd to depart:
And in Night-Scenes intent to accumulate Knowledge,
He propos'd to examine each Room in the College:

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Ver. 145. — To secure his own
Heart,

Left again he be *Daphne'd* &c.

Metuit quippe, ne (quæ rara

Avis) casta, bella *Clara*,

Ne aliena hæc uxor

Violaret molle cor;

Ne, quæ illum sic sic af-

fecit, fiat altera *Daph*——.

Bella Clara. *Clara*, or *Clara Eugenia*,
was a Woman of Quality who lived in
Dublin when Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his
Poem. She was a beautiful Person, and
a Lady of great Wit and Virtue.

Altera Daph. *Daphne* was the Daugh-
ter of the River *Peneus*, who at her own
Desire was changed into a Laurel by her
Father, to avoid *Apollo's* Amours.

He had heard of hard Students destroy'd by Night-
Damps;

And had read many Authors, that smelt of the Lamps:
But retiring in haste, when they open'd the Ball, 151

In the Guard Room he jostled Sir *Mars* and old *Vol*:

And by Contact one God can discover another;

As a learned Free-Mason by Signs knows a Brother. 154

Now Sir *Mars* and old *Vol* (who had oft been forgiven)

For repeated Offences were exiled from Heaven;

On the Earth for some Ages condemn'd to abide,

And imbodied as Mortals, in Flesh to be try'd:

Casuistical Sages have offer'd great Odds,

That they ne'er will return to th' Assembly of Gods. 160

But Inquiries sublime, so far out of thy reach,

O! my Muse leave to Clerks, who are skilful to preach:

And proceed now to say, How polite was SOL's Greeting!

How rejoic'd the *Veiovites* at such a Chance-Meeting!

Mars

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Ver. 155. Now Sir Mars and old Vol &c. Ver. 163. — How polite was SOL's Greeting! &c.

Tandem, sæpius cum peccâssent,
Vol &c. *Mavors* exulâssent.

Mr. Scheffer does not any where mention the Crimes for which *Vol* and *Mars* were banished from Heaven. But in the following Lines he insinuates, tho' with great Modesty, that they have scarce any chance to return thither again.

Quàm benignè *Sol* salutat?
Re-*Veiovis* Proles. Putat
Rectè rem Venator fenex;
Brevem præbeat tibi *Phœnix*
Cœnam, *Phœbe*; vina, quæ nix. }

Re-*Veiovis* proles. i. e. Resalutat. Vina,
quæ nix. i. e. Vina, quæ nix temperet.
D 2 Thus

Mars invited the Stranger to sup in the Park. 165
 “ ’Tis too far, (quoth the *Collier*) too late and too dark:
 “ For the Purpose what Place is so fit as a Tavern?”
 And without a Word more he led on to the Cavern,
 Where so oft he vouchsafes with his *Trulla* to dine;
 And where, Nectar surpassing, he promis’d old Wine.
 Now the Supper bespoke, the *Trium-dei* fate; 171
Mars began to ask Questions concerning the State.

“ Who

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Thus it is in *Grierson’s* Edition. But in the *Amsterdam* Copy I find this Passage, as follows,

O quàm cultum xæge Solis!
Vejovis dum gaudet proles.
 Incipit Venator senex,
 Præbeat cœnam tibi *Phœnix*,
Phœbe, brevem; vina, quæ nix. }

Here Mr. *Scheffer* calls his two Heroes, *Mars* and *Vol*, *Vejovis Proles*, the Offspring of *Vejupiter* or *Bad Jupiter*, a God whom the ancient *Romans* worshipped, not out of Hopes of any Favour, but as the *American Indians* are said to worship the Devil, that he might not do them any Mischief. *Weystein* is of Opinion, that our Author, by this Appellation would insinuate the ill Qualities of his Heroes, and that they delighted in doing Injury to all Persons, who had the Misfortune to be within their reach.

Phœnix is the Name of the King’s Park near *Dublin*.

Ver. 167. — What Place is so fit as a Tavern? &c.

Jam migremus in tabernam,
 Dixit: duxit ad cavernam;

Sæpius ubi assumitque
 Vel convivam, inquitque
 Trullam suam; ubi hospes
 Vincet omnes (ut est mos) spes,
 Dans potatum purifimum,
 Vinum bimum, vel quadrimum,
 Nectarique similimum. }

There is a little obscure Tavern in *Dublin*, called *Vol’s Hole*. To this Place, while he was Surintendant of the Finances, he frequently used to retire, to relax his Mind, and solace with the *Mud-Nymphs of Liffy*.

Trulla, a famous *Mud-Nymy*, *Vol’s* favourite Mistress.

Ver. 172. *Mars* began to ask Questions &c.

Multa rogabat *Mavors*:
 An quid re in aliquâ fors?
 Quid *Zeus* Pater? An senescit?
 Juno in immensum crescit?
 An quis Regi canit votum?
 An Regina jam Fac-totum?
 Esto! sed quid Rex tūm? O tūm. }

Mars, after his Fall, set up for a Politician, and pretended to understand the Constitution and Interest of all Nations better than any Man.

I am

- “ Who has now the Ascendant in *Jupiter's* House?
 “ Does the Monarch grow old, and submit to his Spouse?
 “ Who is most in his Favour, young *Ganny* or
 Hebe?
 “ Has he found a fit Match for his Daughter Miss *Phæbe*?
 “ Are your Triple Alliances like to stand good?
 “ Are the *Titan* Pretenders yet wholly subdu'd?

175

“ Was

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I am surpris'd that the (*O tum*) in the last Verse should not be understood by the Latin Commentators, when the Sense of it appears so plain. *An Regina*, &c. Is Queen *Juno* now the Factotum? What then is King *Jupiter*? *O tum*. A mere Cypher.

Ver. 175. *Who is most in his Favour*
 &c.

Quis nunc Regis pocillator
 Οἷον ἐνέει? Ardet Pater
 Trois filium, five Heben?
 Stabili conjugio Phæben
 Adhuc junxit? — Pejeratum
 Triplex foedus? An firmatum?

Young *Ganny*.] *Ganymedes* the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Jupiter* having transformed himself into an Eagle, seized little *Ganymede* and carried him up into Heaven, where he made him his Cupbearer. His Daughter *Hebe* likewise served him in the same Quality, who was a Girl of extraordinary Beauty, and was worshipped by the Ancients as the Goddess of Youth. *Vol* had formerly been Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, but was removed to make room for *Ganymede*. The *Irish* Chronologists may from hence be able to fix the

time when our black Hero first began to play his Tricks, and lose the Favour of the Gods; for 'tis now more than 3000 Years since the Rape of *Ganymede*.

Phæbe, called also *Diana*, *Luna*, *Cynthia*, &c. the Daughter of *Jupiter*, and Sister of the Sun. Tho' she was demanded in Marriage by many of the greater Gods, yet she refused to change her Condition, and chose to live for ever in a State of Virginity. But see what is said of her by *Mars*, Book II.

Triplex Foedus. —

Our Author here means the Original League and Compact between *Jupiter*, *Neptune* and *Pluto*, which they entered into for the better ordering and directing the Affairs of this World.

Ver. 178. *Are the Titan Pretenders*
 &c.

An Titania pubes poscit
 Regna sua? an agnoscit
 Magni nunc imperium Jovis?
 Magni nunc O. O vis! O Vis!

Titan the Son of *Cælus* and *Terra*, was excluded from his Birthright by his younger

- * Was there not a new Star very lately call'd forth?
 " For methinks I espy a young Bear in the North. 180
 " Can you tell a new Tale of a *Jove*-Transformation?
 " Or intriguing that Way, is it grown out of Fashion?
 " Modern Spinsters, experienc'd in all Masquerade,
 " Will no more by a Bull or a Swan be betray'd;
 " But resistless the Pow'r, tho' the Figure be old, 185
 " Which addresses the Dame in a Shower of Gold."

He proceeds next enquiring, " What Gods are assign'd
 " To be Tutelars here, and to govern Mankind?

" Are

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younger Brother *Saturn*; he afterwards made an Attempt to recover his Kingdom; but was defeated by *Jupiter*; who upon his Victory, made all the Gods swear Fidelity to himself to confirm his Usurpation, and prevent any future Danger from the Race of the *Titans*.

Magni nunc O. *O* is here to be explained in the same Sense as *O tùm*. See before *Ver.* 172.

Ver. 180. *For methinks I espy a young Bear &c.*

Nam *Arctoi* *ursam* poli
 Tertiam vidi. Iſtam coli?
 Iſtam ſociari *Soli* !

There are two Constellations called the Greater and the Lesser Bear. Sir *Mars* pretended to have discovered a new Star, which he called the *Young Bear*. But I am inclined to think this Expression is to be understood literally, and that the Knight intends it as a Compliment to some great Prince or Princess in the North,

Ver. 181. *Can you tell a new Tale of a Jove &c.*

Quid de Jove fecit Amor?

Qui ad atria coeli clamor

Jam pervenit? anne bovis

Hem mugitus, bovis Jovis?

Aureus imber, raucus cygnus,

Rex & Pater joco dignus?

At at, quæ in his diebus

Meliùs cavent suis rebus,

Haud affueſcunt pati taurum

Nymphæ noſtræ; ſed vel Mau-

rum,

Senem Maurum, qui fert aurum.

Jupiter deceived *Europa* in the Shape of a Bull; *Læda* in that of a Swan, and dropt into *Danaë's* Bosom in a Shower of Gold. But I am not of Opinion with Sir *Mars*, ſays my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, that this laſt Stratagem will always ſucceed. Tho' I muſt allow, that the Knight forms his Judgment from his own Experience; for he always practiſed this Method, till

- “ Are our Kindred intent to preserve, and destroy
 “ Mighty Kings, and their Kingdoms, as whilom at
 Troy ? 190
 “ Who has ta'en from the *Persian* Ufurper his Trophies ?
 “ Who so kind to restore the old Race of the *Sophies* ?
 “ Who so wide has extended the *Austr'an* Domain ?
 “ Who instructed in King-craft the Donna of *Spain* ?
 “ Who permitted the *Romans* to Fawn and Deceive ? 195
 “ Who has fix'd the light *Gaul*, and has taught him to
 Weave ?
 “ Who bestow'd on *Britannia* so potent a Fleet ?
 “ Why so fearless her Sons — but unskilful to Treat ?
 “ Have the *Dutch* any Gods ? or — perhaps they don't
 want 'em, 199
 “ Since so faithful are found the good Pagods of *Bantam* ?
 “ Why are Men of *Ierne* depriv'd of all Trade ;
 “ Nor a Patron allow'd, but the Saint they have made ;

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till at length he had not enough left to purchase a little Irish Harlot — *Nec habet quod det Meretriculæ Hibernicæ obolo mercabili.*

Αναξ Ανδρων, dura, pura
 Per tot populos dat jura ?
 Tuas res, O Cæsar, cura. }

Ver. 193. *Who so wide has extended the Austr'an Domain.*

Quare Cæsar, qui *Austriacus*,
 (At si mentem spectes, qui acus,)

Our Author undoubtedly intends these Lines as a Compliment to the present Emperor of *Germany*. But the Case of that Monarch hath been much altered since Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his Poem.

“ Who.

“ Who is ever controul’d by the Speech of Vice-King ;
 “ Nor has yet obtain’d leave to restore his own Spring ?
 “ Ah! if thus ye reject your own People’s Complaints,
 “ And to Mortals subject the good *Lares* and Saints: 206
 “ Even Pro-Excellencies will rule us with Rods,
 “ And your Vice-Roys will fancy, that they are Vice-
 Gods.”

Unconcern’d, as unactive in War or in Peace,
 (So the Danger’s remote, and himself be at Ease,) 210
 Heavy *Vol*, looking wisely, then casting side-leer,
 Only ask’d a few Questions, and all with a Sneer.

“ Who

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Ver. 203. *Who is ever controul’d*
 &c.

Sede sua nunc excussus,
 In magistri verba jussus
 Divus pauper heu! jurare,
 Nescit fontem restaurare;
 Nequit suos revocare.

Spectans lumine obliquo
 Congerrones, & iniquo;
Ipsam, creditores qui, quo.

}

Vol had such a Command of the Muscles of his Face, that he could form his Countenance to express any Passion or Character he thought fit to assume. He could put on the Face of Business and Authority, of Indolence and Pleasure, as it suited his Design or Inclination. To the Companions of his idle Hours he appeared a *Buffoon*. Among the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*, or the Mountain-Nymphs of *Wicklow* he wore the Aspect of a *Satyr*. In his Glass-House or Colliery he always looked like a busy *Philosopher*. In the Presence of the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Justices he always looked like a *Fool*. I remember to have heard the following Epigram, when Sir *Mars*, (who was then a great Favourite at Court) first introduced *Vol* to the D. of O.

If

St. *Patrick's* Well in *Dublin* was famous for its excellent Water. And great Numbers of Pilgrims resorted thither every Year. But a little before Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his Poem, this Spring became dry, and has not yet been recovered. However, it cannot with any Colour of Reason be pretended, that this Misfortune was owing to the Tyranny and Oppression of the Government, as Sir *Mars* here insinuates.

Ver. 211. *Heavy Vol looking wisely*
 &c.

Philosophum ore, vultu
Vol mentitur, licet stultu;

" Who above are your Smiths? Are they Drunkards or
Fools,

" Who, usurping my Forges, have spoil'd all my Tools?

" How dishonour'd is *Jove* by their Bungling and
Blunders? 215

" For the Darts that fall here, are but second-rate
Thunders.

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*If your Grace it may please!
I present you a Smith, who was ten Years
at School,
He's a very wise Man, tho' he looks like
a Fool.
And (rejoin'd the rough Kern) all allow,
who have seen us,
It is this, my good Lord, makes the Dif-
ference between us.*

Tir-Oen says, that *Vol* had naturally a
grave, unmeaning Countenance. *Cuper*,
in his Dissertation *de Imagine Volcani Hi-
bernici*, asserts, that *Vol*'s natural Face
or Look was unmeaning; but insists that
his Gravity was affected.

Vol vult videri Gravis, & est Gravis.
Cup. Dissert. Crit.

But, however he looked, it is certain
that *Vol* was a shrewd, cunning Fellow.
The Repartee above mentioned, upon his
being presented to the D. of O. is a suffi-
cient Proof of his Wit ——— and how
could he want Understanding, who was
able to cheat a whole Nation?

Ver. 213. *Who above are your Smiths*
&c.

*Quinam fabri meas vices?
Annon ebrii? Opifices
Dî hoscine, rute dices?*

}

It must be allowed, that *Vol* was a
most excellent Mechanick, and finished
his Work with such Art and Dexterity,
as not to be equalled by any of his Suc-
cessors. It would be impossible to re-
count the various Instruments, Imple-
ments Utensils, Tools, Arms, Toys,
as Swords, Bucklers, Thunderbolts,
Thimbles, Bracelets, Crooks, Hooks,
Helmets, Spears, Kettles, Pots, Cups,
Tripods, Chains, Chariots, Crowns,
Rattles, Sceptres, &c. which *Vol* had
made for the Use of the other Gods, or
for Presents to such Heroes as he favoured.
But if the Reader is curious to be more
particularly informed, let him consult
Franciscus Junius de Pi&ctura Veterum,
and his Catalogue of Mechanicks, among
whom he will find *Vol* making a very
considerable Figure.

E

" When

“ When our Brother *Mars* bellows, more dreadful the
Voice!

“ Or when *Elrington* thunders, he makes as much Noise!

“ Proper Weapons can such Operators devise

“ For the Blue-ey'd Virago, so curious and nice? 220

“ I'm assur'd, that the *Ægis* is cover'd with Rust,

“ That the *Gorgon's* Head now only serves for a Bust.

“ *Vol* is gone, and there is not another has Skill

“ To restore the dire Look, or its Virtue to kill!

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Ver. 217. *When our Brother Mars bellows* &c.

Hem inertia tela tua,
O Ζεύς, cedunt tonitrua
Marti nostro reboanti;
Elringtono intonanti.

'Tis no wonder, that the Voice of Sir *Mars* should be more dreadful than Thunder, since we are assured by *Homer*, that when our Hero was wounded by *Diomed*, he roared so loud, that the Sound reached the Heavens, and made the stoutest Warriors tremble.

ὁ δ' ἐβράχυνε χαλκῆος Ἄρης
ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπ' ἰάχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι, &c.

*Mars bellows with the Pain,
Loud as the Roar encountring Armies yield,
When shooting Millions shake the thund'ring
Field:*

*Both Armies start, and trembling gaze
around,*

*And Earth and Heav'n rebellow to the
Sound.* Pope.

Elringtono intonanti. Mr. Thomas *Elrington* was a famous Actor, and for some time had the sole Management of the *Dublin* Theatre. 'Tis said, *Vol* was his Thunder-maker.

Ver. 219. *Proper Weapons* &c.

Frustrâ curiosa petit
Arma virgo: neque merit
Messēs suas. Isti fabri
Arma faciant? fabri glabri.
Anne cassidem γλαυκῶπιδος,
Quam nec ego, nec Steropes,
Induat aptè? Ferru-gine
Ægis certè tectæ, sine
Quæ nil valeant Divæ minæ. }

Glaucopis is a Name given to *Pallas* or *Minerva*. See the Note V. 112. Book II.

The *Ægis* was the Shield of *Pallas*, on which she carried the Head of *Medusa*, one of the *Gorgons*; which turned all who looked upon it into Stone.

*Ægidaque horripila turbatæ Palladis
arma* Virg.

“ But

" But for thee, my good *Phæbus*, is chiefly my Care: 225

" Who thy Axle can mend, when 'tis out of Repair?

" Much I fear, that the Work is but clumsily done:

" For I've lately remark'd many Spots in the Sun.

" For

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 226. *Who thy Axle can mend &c.*

Vestrum, vitium cum fece-rit,
Axem quis restitu-erit?

Vol made the Golden Chariot of the Sun, and kept it in repair to the Day of his Exile. The Axle and Wheels of this Glorious Vehicle are recorded as his Master-piece by the old Poets and Mythologists. But I have been informed by some intelligent Mechanicks, that he hath lately out-done himself, in an Axle and Pair of Wheels that he made for the Lord Viscount *A.* which move the greatest Weight without the Assistance of Men, Horses, Oxen, Asses, &c. and in all respects excel the former.

This wonderful Machine may not improperly be here produced to vindicate that famous Passage in the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* (for which the old Bard has been so severely raillied by the Criticks) where our *Vol* is said to have made for the Use of his own House twenty Tripods that would move of themselves from place to place, and go and come as they were ordered.

Τρίποδες γὰρ εἴκοσι πάνας ἔτευχεν
Ἑσάμηναι περὶ τοῖχον εὐσεβέος μεγάροιο·
Χρῆσα δὲ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλῳ ἐκαστα πολυμήν, θῆκεν,
Ὅφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῶν δισαΐατ' ἀγῶνα
Ἰδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοῖατο, θαῦμα ἰδιδάει.

Full twenty Tripods for his Hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living wheels of massy Gold,
(Wond'rous to tell!) instinct with Spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the Beck of Gods.

Pope.

Aristotle makes mention of these Tripods in his *Politics*, Book I. Chap. 4. and seems to give Credit to the Poet's Relati-

on. And I am confident no body will doubt the truth of it, who has seen Lord *A.*'s Carriage. For if *Vol* in his simple State of Humanity, can invent such an useful Machine, which has not only the Power of Self-moving, but will likewise carry or draw twenty or thirty Ton weight from one place to another, shall we doubt, when he was of the Number of the Gods, whether he could make a few Joint-stools run upon Wheels about his Hall? Which indeed is no more than any Jugler may undertake to do; and much less than *Harlequin Faustus* has frequently performed without any Toil or Labour, to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators.

— A little after this Account of the Tripods, *Homer* relates (and by the way 'tis a much more incredible Story, however it has escaped the Censure of the Criticks) that *Vol* in a Visit he made to *Thebes*, was supported by two Female Statues of Gold, which were likewise *automatous*, and, moreover, endued with Speech and Understanding. As he has constantly affected since his Fall to approve himself as great an Artist as he appeared above; so, to resemble his *Homeric* Supporters, he made half a dozen Statues of the same Metal, while he was Treasurer of *Ireland*, which, to his great Comfort, are still in his Custody; but he prudently forbore to give them Speech or Motion, lest they should tell Tales, or run away.

Ver. 228. *For I've lately remark'd &c.*

Corpus tuum gloriosum, }
Modo vidi maculosum, }
Opacumque: clarior quo sum. }

E. 2.

Moderni

“ For the rest — If you mind our Affairs here below,

“ Or to chance leave the World, I’m not curious to
know. 230

“ This I know, as *Mars* hinted, all Nations complain,

“ That ye seldom are present, where Lieutenants reign.

“ Little differs their Rule in the East or the West :

“ Whether Bashaw or Viceroy — the Subject’s oppress’d :

“ And the Gods in their Wrath never yet made two
Things, 235

“ That are so much alike as two Deputy —.”

Thus the *Collier*. But *Phæbus*, unapt to disclose
The *Arcana* of Heaven, or enlighten *Jove’s* Foes,

Here

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Modern Astronomers have observed certain opaque Masses, which sometimes appear sticking to the Sun’s Body. Their various Figures and Motions may be discerned by a Telescope. *Vol’s* Remark therefore is certainly just. But whether this Defect in the Sun is to be imputed to the Unskilfulness of *Vol’s* Successors, I will not take upon me to determine.

Omnis Prorex ? Veniam O Rex. }
Pasha fiat, aut Sancho Rex, }
Minus placeat si to Prorex. }
Minor similis majori,
Veniens similis priori :
Regnet alter — ac per fidem
Alter erit semper idem.

Ver. 229. — If you mind our Affairs &c.

Terras, Superi, curatis,
An mortalia cuncta fatis
Permisisistis ; ædepol
Inter-est parum scire *Vol*.
Scio tamen, sit Britannus,
Hispanusve, est Tyrannus
Quisque Prorex. Nam vicarius
Omnis Prorex est numarius ;
Et numarius est nefarius. }

It cannot pass unobserved with what Disrespect both Sir *Mars* and *Vol* speak of the Government and the Administration of Viceroys. But their Invectives must be ascribed to their Spleen for want of Power, and the several Repulses which they received in the Reign of Lord C*** who disregarded the Ranger’s Memorial, and detected *Vol’s* Peculation. Mr. *Scheffer* always makes honourable mention of this Viceroy, as may be remarked Ver. 107 of this Book, but more particularly hereafter in the Episode of the *Gridiron*.
He

Here observ'd the wise Rule of Political Men,
 And reply'd to their Questions, by asking agen; 240
 " How they far'd in flesh-clothing, and how at such
 distance,
 " By the Gods unassisted, they got a Subsistence?
 " Are the Dons of *Ierne* averse to a Stranger?
 " Is the Warrior disarm'd, and but only a Ranger?
 " Still Unpension'd is *Vol* forc'd to drudge in a
 Hole, 245
 " Or to melt down old Bottles, or mete out bad Coal?
 " I surmise things go ill, if 'tis lawful to guess
 " By the Plight of your Bodies, Attendants and Dress.
 " And a dear-bought Experience has taught me to know,
 " Tho' Divine are our Talents, they're useless below. 250
 " We are only rais'd high, that our Fall may be greater:
 " And a God in Disgrace is a very poor Creature.

" For

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

He was a Person of great Sagacity and Application, had a perfect Knowledge of the World, and was an excellent judge of Men.

Ver. 251. — that our Fall may be greater :

And a God in Disgrace &c.

Lapsu graviore ruit

Hic, qui modo Deus fuit.

Tolluntur in altum

Ut lapsu graviore ruant.

Claudian.

Such is frequently the fate of Tyrants and Great Ministers, who aspire to Sovereign Power. The Loss of their Authority, Wealth and Honours is a sufficient Punishment, tho' their Fall be attended with no worse Circumstances. Devils need no other Torment than their own Reflections. Vol was a fallen Spirit, and a disgraced Minister. Thus Wetstein. But my Countryman Tir-Oen, who was better acquainted with Vol's Circumstances and the Frame of his Mind, makes a different Remark, Spoliatorem istum nihil Infamia terret : Salvus

“ For my Wisdom so fam’d, and so tuneful a Bard,
 “ Was not I once reduc’d to a simple Cow-herd ?
 “ Nor my Temples or Priests might a Refuge afford ; 255
 “ For my Living I work’d, where I then was ador’d.”

Vol, observing the Knight eat his Nails, and grow pale,
 (Ugly Omen! Prefage of a long winded Tale !)

Sudden answer’d: “ Tho’ now my good Brother looks
 mean,

“ Pray review him to-morrow array’d in his Green ; 260

“ When

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Salvis nummis fruitur carcere. “ That
 “ Plunderer (meaning *Vol*) contemns his
 “ Infamy, keeps his Money and enjoys his
 “ Prison.

Ver. 254. *Was not I &c.*

Ille ego scientiarum
 Omnium doctus, poetarum
 Princeps, Deus (pudet fari)
 Olim vel bubulcitari &c.

Apollo destroyed the *Cyclopes* to revenge the Death of his Son *Æsculapius*: for which he was banished from Heaven, deprived of his Divinity, and exposed to the Calamities of this World. Thus distressed, he hired himself to *Admetus* King of *Theffaly* in the Quality of a Cowherd; where his Conduct and Behaviour was so pleasing to the Gods, that after nine Years Exile, *Jupiter* recalled him to Heaven, and restored him to all his former Offices and Honours. *Happy had it been for Vol and Sir Mars*, says *Wetstein*, if they had followed this great Example.

Ver. 257. *Vol* observing the Knight eat &c.

Pallidus, nec huic applodens,
 (Dirum omen!) unguis rodens,
 Dum sermonem meditatur
 Longum *Mavors*, raptim fatur
 Senex *Vol*; & fatur fatur. }

Mars, as *Wetstein* observes on this Place, was the most noisy and ignorant of all the Gods. When *Pallas* speaks to him in *Homer*, she calls him *Μαινόμενε, φρένας ἡλὲ*, Fool and Madman. And thro’ the whole *Iliad* the Poet never mentions his Name without an Epithet denoting his Impetuosity and Want of Sense. Before his Fall, tho’ he spoke very loud, he spoke but little. But after, he became insufferably talkative. If he was asked a common Question, he would always preface his Answer with a long Story full of Invectives, Egotisms, unmeaning Parentheses and French Proverbs. *Vol*, who was sensible of his Brother’s Infirmities, kindly endeavours to conceal them by replying

“ When he mounts his Pad-Nag, and assumes a new Grace;

“ When he rides (how undaunted!) directing the Chace:

“ Thus acquiring at sixty more Honour unfought,

“ Than he got by his Battles,—tho’ furious he fought.

“ He has now slung his Arms — and his Pension is scant: 265

“ Yet so wide his Domain, that he never can want.

“ To his Office appendant are delicate Fees;

“ And he sits, the Chief *Umbra*, at Feasts of Grandees.—

“ As

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plying for him, just as he saw him ready to break out. However we shall find, that the Warrior had his Share in the Conversation, before they parted.

Ver. 261. *When he mounts his Pad-Nag &c.*

Cum ascendat mox equulum,
Te videre vel Iulum
Putes adolescen-tulum.
Suspendisse arma gaudet:
At inermis quanta audet?
Dum venantem vulgus plaudat.

Equulus is what the Spaniards call *Pequenno Cavallo*, and the Italians, *Cavalino*. *Tir-Oen* says, *That he had frequently hunted with Sir Mars, who for his own Security was always mounted on a little Pad*. I do not see how this is to be reconciled with the following Verse, where he is commended for riding boldly, unless we suppose that *Vol* speaks ironically of his Brother's Courage.

I

Suspendisse arma gaudet.

He rejoices that he has hung up his Arms.

When the Romans were past their Labour, and had left the military Service, they hung up their Arms in the Temples.

Vejanius armis

Herculis ad postem fixis.

Hor. Ep. I. L. I.

So likewise, when they left off any other Trade or Art which they had professed, they consecrated the Instruments of the same to some God.

Ver. 268. *And he sits, the Chief Umbra, &c.*

*Semper Mars, Umbrarum unus,
Sitiens venit, & jejuius.*

It was customary for the Roman Gentlemen, when they were invited to a Dinner or Supper, to carry with them one or two Persons,

- “ As for me — had *Apollo* consulted his Books ;
 “ Would he judge an old Smith by his Habit and
 Looks ? 270
 “ Ought a Wight who is banish’d to make a fine Shew ?
 “ Who above would contain to see *Volcan* a Beau ?
 “ Yet allow to my Labours the Honour that’s due :
 “ If I melt down old Bottles, I likewise make new.
 “ Be the Metal despis’d, yet I cause it to pass ; 275
 “ And for Silver and Gold I can barter my Glafs.
 “ If the Fuel be bad, which my Coal-Mine produces,
 “ It is sold at low Rates, and it serves for all Uses.
 “ Lo ! the great Legislators encourage my Trade ;
 “ And remember no more the Mifreck’nings I made. 280
 “ While

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Persons, who were called their *Umbræ* or Shadows. And there was always room allowed at every great Table for such Guests. Thus *Horace*, when he invites *Torquatus* to sup with him, having named the rest of the Company, adds,

Locus est & pluribus Umbris.

The Followers of great Families in *Ireland*, are a Species of Men not unlike the *Roman Umbræ*.

Ver. 272. *Who above would contain*
 &c.

*Vol si compium videatis,
 Rifum, Dei, teneatis ?*

Vol was remarkably dirty and negligent in his Dress ; and even at Court he always appeared the same. So that at first Sight you would conclude he wrought at the Anvil, or lived in a Glafs-House.

Ver. 279. *Lo ! the great Legislators*
 &c.

*Legum-inclyti-latores
 Nostros adjuvant labores :
 Oblitusque nunc Senatus
 Bonus nostri peculatûs.*

The House of Commons have frequently given large Sums of Money for the Encouragement of the *Irish* Colliery, of which *Vol* had the chief Direction. And tho’

“ While the Holyday Youths my *Volcanos* admire,
 “ And, unknowing, confess me the Father of Fire.
 “ Thus among the *Sicilians*, when first I appear’d;
 “ Ere the Mountain had flam’d, or my Thunder was
 heard;
 “ Twas in vain to point upwards, and boast of my Race;
 “ For they laugh’d me to Scorn, when they look’d in
 my Face :

286

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tho’ some Members have now and then threatened to call him to account for his Embezzlement of the Publick Treasure, yet he has always had the Cunning to divert a Parliamentary Enquiry.

Ver. 281. — my *Volcanos* admire &c.

Ignis emirantur domum;
 Me agnoscunt ignipromum,
 Patrem omnes igni-vomum.

}

Wetstein will have *Ignivomum* to signify a Fire-eater. *Qui candentes carbones comedit, & Ignes evomit Præstigiatoris sub doli more.* *Wetstein. Dissertat.*

But with Submission to this learned Critic, I cannot comprehend how the Character of a Fire-eater would heighten *Vol’s* Reputation, as seems to be the Intention of the Poet. I make no Question, but that *Vol*, who had liv’d in Fire and Smoke all his Life, could eat, and digest it too much better than any of his Contemporaries :

Tho’ I am well assured, he thought this beneath the Dignity of his Profession, and not to be practis’d but on extraordinary Occasions; as at some great Entertainment when he acted the Part of a Buffoon, &c. I therefore retain my own Version, *The Father of Fire*, which I think is evidently *Mr. Scheffer’s* Meaning. *Cuper*, in his Epistle, *de Adibus Volcani juxta portum Eblanæ conditis*, makes use of this Epithet to commend *Vol’s* Glass-House.

Sistunt, turba audax, populis infensa
 * *Kevanni*

Mirati Artifices, ignivomamque domum.

Jupiter ipse novas nescit compellere nubes;
Nec Sol Volcani clarior igne micat.

Here stop the saucy *Kevan* Crowds;
Vol and his Burning-House admire.
Jove knows not to compel such Clouds,
 Nor can the Sun surpass this Fire.

* *Kevanni* were a Mob who call’d themselves the *Kevan* Bail, and committed many Outrages in the Streets of Dublin.

F

“ Yet

“ Yet, my Speech tho’ ungraceful, and Figure so odd,
 “ When I open’d my Shop, they confess’d me a God.
 “ But a serious Discourse, now we’re met to carouse,
 “ Will defeat our Design, and dishonour the
 House: 290
 “ Nor ought I, in the Presence of *Phœbus*, to boast.”
 So he fill’d up his Glass, and demanded a T O A S T.

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Ver. 289. *But a serious Discourse*
 &c.

*Seria, cùm plus nacti oti. —
 Probè nunc, si probè poti.
 Convenienter conven-imus:
 Piget dicere, Fu-imus.
 Pudet quoque me jactare:
 Præstat Nymphas memorare,
 Et Supernas, & Infernas,
 Et Iernas — sed secernas.*

I quote these Lines for no other Purpose, but to rectify a gross Error of *Tir-Oen*, who makes *Infernas* to signify the *Furies*, or *Female Devils*, called *Succuba’s*, with whom, according to the same Commentator, *Vol* used to solace, in the form of *Mud-Nymphs*. Whereas it plainly appears, by the Account given of the Toasts in the Beginning of the next Book, that *Infernas* is used only in Opposition to *Supernas*, and signifies the Terrestrial Goddesses, or the Beauties of the Earth.

THE
T O A S T.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Credo ædepol SOLEM appotum probe.

MIRA — Sed invitavit sese in Cænâ plusculum.
Plaut. Amph.

THE
T O A S T
BOOK THE SECOND

Given to the
Library of the
City of New York
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City of New York
Library

T H E T O A S T.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HAD I Mouths a whole Hundred, an Hundred
loud Tongues,
Or the Voice of the *Warrior*, or *Vol's* Iron Lungs;
Yet I could not unerring the Beauties recite,
Who in Bumpers were crown'd — happy Toasts of
this Night.

To my Aid learned *Ottor* ! thy Eloquence bring, 5
To support a weak *Goth*, and assist him to sing.

Long

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Had I Mouths &c.*

Non si mihi centum ora,
Linguae centum, vox sonora
Martis, *Volcanique* ferrea;
Haud jam loca, quae Di, per ea,
Nec, quae *SUAVIA* Di, *Scheffer*, ea
Peragraré, memorare,
Aut cantare, aut amare,
Nedum queas tu potare.

Non mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea Vox. Virg.

2

Ferrea is a very proper Epithet here;
for *Vol's* Lungs must have been as hard as
Iron to endure the Smoak of Sea-coal
Fires for so many Ages. The sonorous
Voice of the Warrior (*Sir Mars*) is de-
scrib'd before; *Ver. 217* of the first Book.

Ver. 5. *To my Aid learned Ottor*
&c.

Aures da, O *Afinarie*,
Opem, Ora, *Tolutarie*
O *Vicarie* !

Long ago thy great Talents from far I discerned :
Let it profit me something to say, Thou art learned.

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O Vicarie! Innotescunt
Nobis procul, indies crescunt
Docta tibi, cui tot, quot or-
a poetis, docte *Ottor*.
Profit doctum te dixisse,
Et mi bardum me fecisse!
At, ne pereant carmina, quæ
Dixit *Scheffer* potor aquæ;
Fas sit verba mutare,
Atque rhythmis terminare,
Quæ cum suavis in convictu,
Dicis mirabilia dictu!
Ac facundia mi sit, quâ tu
Semper vales in Senatu;
Adversarios quâ sinapis
Pol ad instar tuos capis;
Quâ amicos molli-culi
Pol ad instar coa-guli!

The *Latin* Commentators are greatly divided about this Address to *Ottor*. *Cuper* and *Weisstein* take it for a serious Compliment. But *Tir-Oen* insists, that the whole Passage is ironical. He informs us, that *Ottor* had early declared himself an Enemy to Mr. *Scheffer*, and had greatly injured him in his private affairs. And to justify his Interpretation he pretends, that our Author would not have used such an opprobrious Term as *Afinarie* in speaking to a Man for whom he had the least respect. I am indeed of my Countryman's Opinion, but not for the same Reason. For *Afinarius* is not such an injurious Appellation as he takes it to be. This Word properly signifies a Leader or Driver of Asses; and as it must be here understood in a metaphorical Sense, we cannot surely infer, that the Man is a Fool, because he makes Asses of other People.

Profit doctum te dixisse,

This seems to be an Imitation of these Lines of *Juvenal*, Book 4.

— Narrate Puellæ
Pierides: Profit mihi vos dixisse Puellas.

Dixit *Scheffer* Potor aquæ;

Tir-Oen tells us, That Mr. *Scheffer* during the latter Part of his Residence in *Dublin*, and after his Return to his own Country, drank nothing but Water. On what Account he refrained from Wine and all strong Liquors I am ignorant; but I am inclined to think, 'twas only to give us a Proof that Poetry and Sobriety are not altogether incompatible, as some old Poets have thought them.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus* — Hor.

Adversarios quâ &c.

These four Verses are such a low image of the Doctor's Eloquence, that I have not given them a Place in the Translation. But if the Omission be thought material, the following Epigram by my Friend *Oneil* will supply my Defect, and gratify the Reader's Curiosity.

*Ottor's Notes are sharp and strong,
When he would subdue a Foe;
But if Friends demand a Song,
Soft and sweet his Accents flow:*

*Thus the Wight who feeds on Beef,
Oft is caught by force of Mustard;
While the gentle City Chief,
Is converted by a Custard.*

Let

Let me change into Rhyme thy mellifluous Prose,
Which thou usest in Senates to silence thy Foes : 10
Which thy Table supplies with new Quirks and old Jests,
To instruct or divert thy good Clients and Guests.
Yet alas ! who, that saw me in *illis diebus*,
At a Banquet with *Clio* and *Bacchus* and *Phæbus*,
And beheld thee in Brogues at the Feet of thy Sire, 15
With a Bowl of Skim-milk, by a smoaky Turf fire,
Could without some horoscopal Knowledge divine,
That the Bard should drink Water, when thou should'st
 drink Wine ?

That the Fates should chip out, not regarding the Stock,
Both a Doctor and Judge from a Carpenter's Block ? 20

And

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Ver. 19. *That the Fates should chip out &c.*

Ut misellus (certè mirum !)
Procreet Faber tantum virum ;
Et ex vili ligno hoc tor-
natus fiat LL. Doctor.

I do not think it any reproach to a Man of Merit to be descended from a Race of Mechanicks. But if a worthless Son of a Carpenter or Shoemaker, should by a turn of Fortune be raised to the Magistracy, and behave himself with Pride and Insolence in his Office, it cannot be amiss now and then to put him in mind of his Pedigree. *Ottor* was a Carpenter's Son, and is the same Person who is numbered among our Author's Enemies in the Epistle to *Cade-*

nus. He is there said to be descended from a Shoe-maker. *Tir-Oen* informs us, *That his Mother's Father was a Shoemaker, or rather a Cobler ; but his Father, tho' he was only a poor Carpenter, had more learning than the Son. Maternus avus inferioris ordinis Sutor ; pater autem, Rusticus licet ac Lignarius Faber, docto Doctore doctior.* The following Epigram quoted by *Tir-Oen* was addressed to the younger *Ottor*, when the *Doctorate* was conferred upon him, and is a handsome Compliment to the Father, for giving his Son a liberal Education.

Doctorem incertus Genitor faceretne Scabellum,

Doctorem Gnatum maluit esse Faber.

Ottor ave ! qui te Doctorem fecerat, idem Ex quovis ligno Mercurium faceret.

And, O thou, great *Iocco*, whose Logic I dread,
 Who canst make an Ass speak, or perplex a God's Head,
 Since alas! by thy Counsel I'm plunder'd and **Dusted**,
 Be pleas'd; and insult me no more in the *Frow's* stead.
 Nor my Incense disdain, while I'm bowing so low; 25
 Nor refuse a good **Fee**, tho' Sir *Piercy's* my Foe.

Nor

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Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius, is an old Proverb to signify, that good Work cannot be made out of bad Materials, or as the Scots say, *It is ill to make a Blower of a Tod's Tail*. This Epigram has been thus translated or rather paraphrased by Oneil.

Goodman Ottor full of Care,
 Doubtful how to form his Heir,
 Whether to adorn his Stock,
 He should doctorate the Block;
 Or should neither hew nor round it,
 But just leave it as he found it,
 Thought at length without a Fess,
 That the Doctor sounded best.
 Master Doctor now rejoice;
 Praise thy Sire's judicious Choice;
 While we all conclude, that he
 Who has made a Man of thee,
 Crossing ancient Proverbs cou'd
 Make a God of rotten Wood.

Ver. 21. And, O thou, great *Iocco*,
 &c.

Iocco A — nate late,
 Cate sed inflate, vah! te:
Malcio qui *Mallencis* *Mallas*
Hadas, *Hagas*, *Haias*, *Hallas*,
Meum *rus* es, *sagæ* *pus* es,
 Ac, quæ *Frow*, *nequissimus* es;
 Si non *malacissim*-dus es.

Iocco, or (according to *Wetstein*) *I. Occo* is the same Person whom our Author calls *Melesinus* in his Epistle to *Cadenus*. A — nate late, i. e. qui maximus es A — *Malcio* is the same as *Homo insulsus*, a Man, who has no Wit. *Mallencis* signifies, a Pleader, and *Mallo*, as, to implead; *Hadas*, Lands, *Hagas*, Hedges or Inclosures, *Haias*, Tenements, *Hallas*, Mansion Houses. These are all barbarous Words, or Common-Law Latin. — *Meum Rus* es, i. e. comedis.

By all this Jargon, Mr. *Scheffer* means nothing more, than that he was dispossessed of his Estate by the Advice of this Lawyer, and the importunate Sollicitations of *Myra's Frow*. See a particular Account of this Affair in the Epistle to *Cadenus*, and in the Note on our Author's Address to Sir *Piercy*, the Beginning of Book III. as likewise what is said in the Appendix.

Of *Myra's Frow* hereafter.

Ver. 26. Nor refuse a good *Fee*, &c.
Quamvis Perseus tibi Con —
Minam auri si; annon?

Which *Tir-Oen* explains thus, *Si minam auri tibi obtulerim, annon tu accipias, quamvis Perseus tibi sit Contubernalis* — By the Way, *Con* for *Contubernalis*, is a bold Figure.

The

Nor **demur** to my Song, or **declare** me unjust,
Or **aver** that I've taken my Tale upon **Trust**;
Nor **implead** an old Bard, whom a King has respected;
Nor **defend** an old Toast, whom the Gods have re-
jected. 30

So *Ierne's* rich Suitors shall ever supply thee;
And allow thee those Talents, which *Britain's* deny thee.
Till embarrass'd no more by the Length of a **Brief**,
Thou impurpled sit high, and be titled a **CHIEF**:

Or

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

The same Commentator informs us, that Mr. *Scheffer*, on his first Arrival in *Ireland*, employed this Lawyer in all his Business, and from time to time gave him large Fees: Yet when the Sorcerers and Sir *Piercy* attacked our Author, *I. Occo* deserted him and went over to his Adversaries. To excuse this Proceeding, he alledged, that Sir *Piercy* was his Friend, and *Myra* his Patroness.

See the Character of *Perseus* or Sir *Piercy* in the Epistle to *Cadenus*, in the Beginning of the third Book, and in the Appendix.

Ver. 27. *Nor demur &c.*

Neque tu grandævum *Scheffer*,
Mentem, carmen, nomen defer.
Nec jus, nec me dic injust-
um, Orator: an opu't,
Ut hic sit, *Cestui que Trust.* }
Eccum vatem, quem Rex quidam:
Eccum sagam hanc per-fidam,
Quam nunc damnant omnes }
Di; si
Hos excipias, inimici
Qui mî; quippe læsi, risi. }

I fear, that I have not fully expressed my Author's Meaning in the Translation of these Lines. By *Cestui que Trust* he probably alludes to a pretended *Trust*, which his Adversaries had set up against him, and by which they attempted to deprive him of all his Estate in this Country. — The Reader will find a particular Relation of this Affair in another Place.

Eccum vatem, quem Rex quidam:

I do not comprehend the Sense of this Verse. *Tir-Oen* indeed so far explains it, as to tell us, that *laudat*, *amat*, or some synonymous Verb is to be understood. But what does *Rex* here signify? A King, or a Vice-King, or a Pro-Vice-King? I never heard, that Mr. *Scheffer* was a Courtier either in his own Country, or ours.

Eccum sagam. scil. *Miram.*

Ver. 34. *Thou impurpled sit high, &c.*

Purpuratus, qualis qualis,
Sis *Justiciar. Capitalis*:
Flocci seu, cum dives dones,
Pendens nunc *appellationes*,
G Prælatulque

Or increas'g in Wealth, and unaw'd by Appeals, 35
 Be prefer'd to the PRIME, and succeed to the Seals.
 Then the *Donnybrook Naiads* thy Temples shall grace;
 And shall lengthen thy Wig, and thy Words, and thy
 Face :

While the Birds of *Minerva* resound thy Success;
 And, to please thee, ev'n I INTERLINE an Address. 40
 Now the Glasses were match'd to the Breadth of an
 Hair,

That the Gods might be just to themselves and the Fair;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

*Prælatuſque huic, quinimo
 Ambidextro iſti Primo,
 (Olli, Rex, ſigillum ne da
 Nunc vel olim; qui ex TREDAGH)
 Togâ ſplendidâ veſtitus,
 Comâ longâ redimitus,
 Queis & faciem, corpus fuſcans,
 Sis perhonorificus Canc'.*

Here Mr. Scheffer inſinuates, or rather prophesies, (ſays Tir-Oen) that the Merit and Learning of this Gentleman will exalt him above all his Brethren, and at length raiſe him to the Dignity of Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Chief Juſtice at leaſt.

Ambidextro (according to the ſame Commentator) is here uſed in a good Senſe, to denote the Eminency of the Perſon to whom it is applied: viz. That he has ſo much Buſineſs, as to be obliged to receive Fees with both Hands. — Wetſtein underſtands this Word, as intended to expreſs the gracefulness of the Lawyer's Action in pleading.

Ver. 37. Then the *Donnybrook Naiads* &c.

Comâ — *Naiades vicinæ*
 Coment quam pec-tine ſine.
 Vultum, verba, gratiam Dî
 Addant. *Qui? qui, quam tu,
 tam Dî.*

It is Tir-Oen, who pretends to know, that by *Vicinæ Naiades* are meant the *Naiads* of *Donnybrook*.

Ver. 39. While the Birds of *Minerva* &c.

*Tunc & viri laudes Bu-
 bones dicant. Muſa tu,
 Hæc deberi mihi ipſi;
 Illius ergo INTERSCRIPSI.*

The Bird of *Minerva* is the Owl, Comes *Inculcata Minervæ*, the Emblem of Wiſdom.

See the Reason in the Appendix, why Mr. Scheffer inſerted (or interlined) this Address to *Iocco* in the ſecond Edition of his Poem.

Book II. *The* T O A S T. 43

They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household of *Jove*;
With the Goddesses all, and Court Ladies above.

But they hail'd the great Queen, who gives Charms to
the rest, 45

Still Herself of all Beings the Fairest confest.

Then to *Thetis* they fill'd, and the Nymphs of her Train,
Who inchant with their Voices, and smoothe the rough
Main;

Merry *Nereids*, by *Venus* well fashion'd to please:

For the Goddess remembers she sprung from the Seas. 50

Next are toasted the *Naiads*, who murmuring glide,

Or in Rivers roll rapid, where Urn Gods reside.

Then the tall *Hamadryads*, who sport in the Groves:

Nor the Eyes of the Sun can discover their Loves.

Then the little bright *Donnas*, who flit thro' the Air: 55

Not a *Silph* was forgot, who was deem'd to be fair.

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Ver. 43. *They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household &c.*

Ducunt Dī ab Jovis domo,

Ut fas est, principium. *Quo modo rescivi hæc, qui homo?*

Homo certè, sed & vates;

Et mi Phœbus (sic in fatis)

Insufurrans dixit gratis.

The Poet here enumerates the various

Orders of their Toasts. The greater Goddesses are named first; among whom *Venus* is particularly distinguished: *Thetis* and her *Nereids* or Sea-nymphs form the second Class: To these succeed the *Naiads* or River-nymphs: Then the *Hamadryads* or Wood-nymphs: Next the *Silphs*, or the little Spirits of the Air: Then the *Muses* and *Graces*; and their Maids of Honour, who were young, handsome and well-shap'd.

G 2

Then

Then in order they drink all the *Muses* and *Graces*,
And the Dames of their Court, who had Shapes and
young Faces.

A Dispute here arose, if they should not pass by
Both the Virgins of *Vesta*, and Damsels of *Dy*; 60
Of a Converse too chaste to allow a small hint;
And wou'd kill a poor Man for but looking askint.
But the Doubt was soon clear'd. *Mars* swore they were
Prudes;

Nor so squeamish were found, when alone in the Woods:
That

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Ver. 60. *Both the Virgins of Vesta*
and &c.

Vestam, Virginesque *Vestæ*,
Dianæque Nymphas, quæ steriles,
quippe nimis castæ:
Quin robustæ, bene pastæ.
Sed fusurros lenes, jocos
Malè audiunt: fugiunt Procos.
Ut *Actæon*, occidetur,
Si transversa quis tuetur.

Vesta was the Daughter of *Saturn* by his Wife *Rhea*. This Goddess was a Virgin, and so great an Admirer of that Title, that when her Brother *Jupiter* promised to grant her whatever she would ask, she requested that she might for ever preserve her Virginity.

Diana, the Sister of *Phæbus*, also called *Luna* and *Hecate*. She was reputed the Goddess of Chastity, and shun'd the Conversation of Men.

Actæon, the Son of *Aristeus*, for im-

prudently looking on *Diana* when she was bathing, was immediately chang'd into a Stag, and torn in pieces by his own Dogs.

Ver. 63. — *Mars swore they were Prudes* &c.

Ah! Mehercle, ait *Mars*,
Semper hæc Fœminea 'st ars
Pudicitiam simulare.

An erubuit amare,
Quæ sylvarum est incola,
Nympha, Si cum solo sola?
Phæbi pallidæ Sororis
Castæ, cautæ, quis amores
Nescit varios, (vitat cur nos?)
Nescit nostrum quis nocturnos?
Quoties vidi hanc furtivam
Se in gremium tuum Divam
O! Endymion, rejicientem;
More Veneris furentem.

The Sister of *Phæbus*, notwithstanding

Book II. *The* T O A S T. 45

That he knew, the pale Goddess, so modest, and nice, 65
Ev'ry Night to *Endymion* stole down in Disguise.

Thus the merry Gods quaff'd, much commending
the Wine;

And debating with Freedom of Females divine.

Till at length having number'd high Dames of this sort all,
They vouchsaf'd to descend unto Toasts that were
Mortal. 70

For (as *Ovid* records) they are often so good,

To impress their own Image on plain Flesh and Blood.

O'er the Earth they range wide, ev'ry Country and Town,

All Assemblies and Temples, and Baths of Renown;

Great Seraglios, ungallant, impervious Abodes, 75

For a Tyrant reserv'd — or invisible Gods;

Where the Flowers of Beauty ungather'd decay,

And the fairest of Mortals are kill'd by delay;

Or alas! with one Man Joys indelicate prove,

Unexperienc'd in Friendship, unpractis'd in Love. 80

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

ing her pretended Chastity, had a Gallant, whose Name was *Endymion*; of whom she was so passionately fond, that she descended every Night and met him on Mount *Latmos* in *Caria*.

*Nudus & Endymion Phœbi cepisse Sororem
Dicitur, & nudæ concubuisse Deæ.*

But *Wetstein* assures us, This was a Calumny invented by *Mars*, who had a natural Antipathy to a virtuous Woman or a learned Man: And what gave occasion for the Scandal was, That *Endymion*, who was a famous Astronomer, and had his Observatory on Mount *Latmos*, was the first who found out the Course of the Moon, and the Planetary Motions.

But.

But the Toppers dwell long in the Courts of the West ;
 Which are sacred to *Venus*, by *Venus* are blest.
 Here her Younger his Train of Artillery brings,
 To demolish the Pride of uncircumcis'd Kings :
 Nor is Youth unemploy'd, nor of Beauty is waste, 85
 Nor are here Great Sultanas compell'd to be Chaste.

Thus enquiring, they toasted all Names they could
 hit on,

From remotest *Japan* to the Isles of *Great Britain*.
 And as dignify'd thus were the Daughters of Earth,
 So the Gods they inspir'd, and enliven'd their Mirth. 90

But unjustly left proud Hypercriticks accuse,
 Or untruths indecorous impute to the Muse;
 (For so much cou'd three Gods; or for Gods was it fitting,
 Thus to drink all the Toasts of two Worlds at a Sitting?)
 Be my Patrons absolv'd; yet my Song be unfeign'd, 95
 While *Calliope* tells, how their Choice was restrain'd.

With unanimous Voice they establish'd this Rule,
 To allow of no Beauty, which cover'd a Fool :

Yet

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Ver. 86. *Nor are here great Sultanas &c.*

Nec Eunuchi Res nostrarum
 Obserare SULTANARUM.

Minus sapiat si Regium ;
 Fas tentare Patri-cium,
 Fascinumque vel Plebeium.

}
 These five Verses I have comprised in
 one Line. I could not express the Sense
 of

Yet so carnal were minded no Dame to admit, 99
 Who was only adorn'd with the Charms of her Wit.
 They excepted all Blacks, as offending the Sight;
 And no Wonder, since Females Divine are all White:
 All with *Austrian*-made Lips, Shapes and Udders *Teu-*
tonic,
 Noses Flat, or high-*Roman*, Chins Downy or Conic,
Danish Legs, and *Dutch* Feet; (such howe'er wou'd not
 please, 105.
 As are moulded by Nurse for the noble *Chinese* :)
 All above *Venus*' Standard, and all under Size:
 All who wore yellow Locks, or who wanted black Eyes.
 Hence infer, ye old Bards, that your Strokes are too bold,
 Which have drawn the fair *Paphian* with Tresses of
 Gold. 110.
 Nor

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

of my Author more fully than I have done, for a Reason which is obvious to every Reader, who understands the Original.

Ver. 106. *As are moulded by Nurse*
 &c.

Pedes haud Mandarinorum

Seu Filiarum seu Uxorum,

Dîs placere. — si, ut starent,

Opus esse; quæ amarent,

In officio claudicarent.

The Wives and Daughters of the *Chinese* Mandarins have such small Legs and Feet, that they are not sufficient to sup-

port the Weight of their Bodies. This is an essential Mark of their Nobility. For which Reason they are kept swathed all the time they are growing; so that when a Woman of Quality is married, those Parts are but little bigger than they were when she was born. The curious Reader may see a *Chinese* Slipper in the College Library, the *Oxford Musæum*, or in the Cabinet of Sir *Hans Sloan*, and other great Virtuoses.

Ver. 110. — *the fair Paphian*
with Tresses &c.

Reginamque

Nor is *Homer's* Report of *Minerva* more true,
That her Eyes, which contended for Beauty were Blue.

They rejected the *Jilt*, the *Coquet*, and the *Prude*;
And the Nymphs, who took Money, or who were too
lewd :

Pretty *Cloe* had sold herself twice to the *Jews*, 115
And *Corinna* had often been seen in the Stews.

They excepted more justly all Nations of *Picts*,
Who supply by Machin'ry their various Defects.
Not a Counterfeit Belle cou'd their prying escape,
Who had made a new Face, or had mended her
Shape. 120

One was censur'd for combing her Eye-brows with Lead,
And another for spreading a Grain of *French* Red.

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Reginamque Paphi, Cnidi
Flavam, auri-comam qui di-
cis, ut isti *Homeristæ* :
Nunquam Deam pol vidisti.

Paphos was a City of *Cyprus*, now cal-
led *Baffo*, where *Venus* had a famous
Temple, and from whence she took this
Title.

Ver. 111. *Nor is Homer's Report*
&c.

Annon tum irridet Deos,
Palladi cum cærule-os

Dat ocellos, Mæonides !
Ne sit vati ulla fides !

Γλαυκῶπις (*cæruleos habens oculos*) the
Homerian Name of *Pallas* or *Minerva* has
generally been translated *Blue-ey'd*, and I
have rendered it so above, *Ver. 220. B. I.*
as well as in this Place. But Γλαυκῶπις
properly signifies one who has Grey or
Greenish Eyes : Therefore, I would ra-
ther, that my Version of this Passage
should run thus.

Nor believe him, what'er Father Homer
may say,
That the Eyes of Bright Pallas were
Greenish or Grey.

Little

Little *Ali*, whom erst I invok'd for my Goddess,
Now alas! was untoasted for wearing steel Bodice.

Yet the Dames, who pollute their own Sex, they lik'd
worse, 125

And the *Tribads* were all set aside with a Curse :
Nor a *Sappho*, says *Phæbus*, shall please with her Songs ;
Nor *Homassa*, cries *Vol*, would I touch with my Tongs :

By Exceptions so nice, such severe Regulation,
Scarce suffic'd the whole Globe for one Night's Com-
potation. 130

Tho' so cautious, their Godships, as Beauties grew scant,
Often laps'd — but were never ashamed to recant.

Thus it happen'd, that *Phæbus* was so much put to it,
He attempted to borrow a Toast from a Poet.

“ Have

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Ver. 123. *Little Ali*, whom erst &c. *Mihi olim Ali illa*
Χαρίτων ἴα, & *melilla*,
Eheu! nunc repudiata ;
Quippe ferro thorocata.

I am persuaded when our Author wrote
these Lines, he had a View to this Verse
of *Lucretius* :

Parvola, Pumilio, Χαρίτων ἴα, tota merum sal.

Where the Poet taking Notice of the
wayward Fancies of some Men, who fell
in Love with Women that were deform-
ed, tells us, they justify their Passi-
on by extenuating the Faults of their Mi-
stresses. For Instance, says he, suppose a

*Man in Love with a Dwarf, he will as-
sure you, that his Mistress is smart and
witty, and that he likes her the better for
the smallness of her Stature, because the
Graces were all very little Women.*

Little Ali was not only crooked, and
a *Piæ*, but she was likewise a famous
Tribad, as will be seen hereafter.

Ver. 127. *Nor a Sappho, &c.*

Carmen Sapphūs haud arridet ;
Mille suavia Tribas si det :
An supersint, quæ mihi det ?
At Vol: nullam lassam, quassam,
Mæcham tango mæcham pas-
sam ;

Ne vel forcipe Homassam.

H

See

“ Have we so long neglected a Nymph of great Fame,
 “ Or is MYRA forgot! *Be immortal the Name!* 136

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See the Character of *Sappho* in the third Book.

The Reader will please to observe the Art of the Poet in making his Gods always speak as well as act in Character. *Sappho*, says *Phœbus*, *would displease me, when she is playing the Tribad, though at the same time she were singing one of her own Odes: And, says Vol, I would not touch Homaffa (a Tribad) with a Pair of Tongs.* This saying, of which *Vol* was the original Author, has been since introduced into all polite Conversation.

Ver. 135. *Have we so long neglected &c.*

Calescentes sic potamus?
 Neque Nympham memoramus,
 Tuâ quæ sonatur lyrâ,
 Tua, O Granville, MIRA,
 Immortale nomen! Ita.
Si vitali vivam Vitâ;
Si quid in me est Ingenii,
Immortale sit nomen ei!

A Nymh of spotless Worth and Fame,
MYRA shall be th' immortal Name.

I.d. L.'s Poems.

Our Author here acknowledges to have borrowed the Name of *Myra* from *Ld. Lanfdown*, who compos'd some amorous Verses towards the latter End of the last Century in Praise of this Lady. The lively Turns, the delicate Sentiments, and all the Beauty and Elegance of the old Elegiac Poets shine in the little Pieces of this noble Author: And his *Myra* would have been rank'd with the *Corinnas*, *Lesbias*, *Neæras* &c. if Mr *Scheffer* had not detected her Sorceries, and unveil'd the Matron in her old Age. I must not here omit to inform the English Reader of the Dispute among

the Commentators concerning the Etymology of the Name of *Myra*. *Tir-Oen* will have it to be the same Name with *Myrrha* the Daughter of *Cynaras* King of *Cyprus*, a Woman of such an inordinate Appetite, that she lay with her Father, and had a Son by him. *Wetstein* derives it from *Μύραινα Muræna*, i. e. *Salax & in Venerem pronus.* Ὡ ποδοῖν ἢ ἀσέγγυον ἢ μύραινα σὺ. O thou Traytor and Impostor, and O thou who art full of Lust. In another Place the same Commentator conjectures, that *Myra* is a Corruption of *Myrrhina* a famous Courtesan of *Athens*, who first practis'd and taught in that City *Sappho's* Manner and the *Lesbian* Gambols. *Cuper* assures us, that *Myra* or *Mura* is an old *Teutonic* Word (deriv'd from the *Latin Murus*) signifying a Wall, a Name or Title, which the People of *Franconia* in the Reign of the famous *Pharamond* bestow'd on every tall masculine Woman among their Nobility, those especially of the *Messalina-kind*. *Si siu Mura, Wirche Wir Uphe ihie Silverine were.* If she be a *Mura* (or *Wall*) let us work or build upon her &c. *Westerhami Par.* This figurative Expression was used by the *Jews*, and is to be found in the Works of the best *Hebrew* Authors; from whom we may suppose the old *Germans* borrowed it. But, if I may be allowed to differ from these learned Men, I am of Opinion that *Myra* ought to be wrote with an (*i*) instead of a (*y*), and that it is either a Contraction of *μυῖα*, which signifies *Impure* or *Wicked*, or else is the *Fœminine* of *Mirus*, *Wonderful* or *Monstrous*. Both these Epithets are applicable to the Character of Mr. *Scheffer's* Heroine; and well express the Qualities of a Sorceress or an *Hermaphrodite*.

“ Let the Glaffes refound it!” Tho’ ferious he fpoke,
You’d have thought *Vol* and *Mars* never heard fuch a
Joke.

Follow’d fuch a loud Laugh, fuch a Hoop, and a Hollow,
That it fhook the whole Houfe, and confounded

Apollo:

140

So *astounding* the Roar, and their Sides were fo try’d;
’Tis agreed, if they had not been Gods, they had dy’d.—

“ Pray excuse us, quoth *Mars*: for by *Venus*’ bright
Eyes,

“ By the Horrors of *Styx*, you had caus’d lefs Surprife,
“ Had

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Ver. 141. — and their Sides
were fo try’d;

’Tis agreed &c.

Et fi mori potuiffent,
Ilia rifu diffolviffent.

Tho’ *Vol* and *Mars* could not die; yet they always difappeared after they had lived in one Country about fixty or feventy Years, then removing to fome Part of the World where they were not known. About the Time Mr. *Scheffer* publifhed the firft Volume of his Works, Sir *Mars* departed, and can never return into this Ifland: But his Behaviour during his Abode here was fo very notorious and remarkable, that I believe he will hardly be ever forgotten.

Ver. 143. Pray excuse us, quoth
Mars, &c.

Pace veftrâ hæc! fed meæ
Per ocellos Cithereæ,
Vel per Styga dic, quid agis?
(*Non invideo; miror magis.*)
Sic fic bibis? Sagam colis,
Quæ jam pridem inter-polis;
Vetula, & male fana,
Et edentula & cana?
Minus nostros tu nympharum
Dedeco-res delectaræ
Choros, fi quæ inferatur
Vel inferna; fi bibatur
Vel Alecto ter aut quater.

}

Here Sir *Mars* begins the History of his Misfortunes upon Earth, which *Apollo* had the Politenefs and Patience to liften to, tho’ he well knew every Circumftance before. In the firft Book, Ver. 257. *Vol* prevented the Warrior from entering into a Detail of his own Actions,
H 2 which

" Had your Godship propos'd one of *Pluto's* Hag-
Ghosts: 145

" Nor *Alecto* wou'd thus have dishonour'd our Toasts.

" Tho' so famous is *Myra* in quaint Roundelay,

" Twenty Winters have seen her deep Wrinkled and
Grey.

" When afraid of a Man — if she e'er was afraid;

" When she bloom'd a young Maid — if she e'er was
a Maid; 150

" Even then, if I guess *Phæbus'* manner of thinking,

" Tho' so dull my own Fancy, she was not worth
drinking.

" Did you mark a huge Matron, ybent like a Bow,

" In the Circle o'erhad'wing a little *Dutch* Frow,

" Ogling

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

which he knew must tire the Company, and do his Brother no Honour. But when the Knight heard the Name of *Myra* mentioned with so much Respect, he cou'd no longer contain. — The Reader will observe how he ushers in his Narration with a Volley of Oaths; a sort of Expletives with which he constantly embellished his Discourse.

Alecto was one of the three *Furies*.

Ver. 149. *When afraid of a Man* &c.

Tunc, cum nostra viros vi-
tasset, unquam viros si.

Virgun-cula cum blan-dula;

Si fuisset virgun-cula.

Myra adhuc *Infans* libidine accensa :
vulgaris ejus circumfertur exclamatio.

Je veux que le grand Dieu *Priape* me punisse, si je me souviens d'avoir jamais eu mon Pucelage! *Tir-Oen.*

" *Myra*, when but an Infant, was
" very wanton. It was a common Say-
" ing with the old Matron — May the
" Great God *Priapus* punish me, if I re-
" member that I ever was a Virgin.

The same Thing is said by *Quartilla*
Priestess of *Priapus* in *Petronius*.

Ver. 153. *Did you mark a huge Ma-
tron, &c.*

Tunc, cum stetur in coronâ,
Nonne visa est matrona

Sicut

“ Ogling all Men of Might, and of Appetites keen, 155
 “ Talking loud, and unseemly directing *Vice-Queen*?
 “ But has *Momus* not told you, that this is the Dame,
 “ Who has ruin’d my Fortune, and injur’d my Fame;
 “ Who has caus’d all my Projects on Earth to miscarry;
 “ Whom the Caitif young *Hymen* entic’d me to
 marry? 160
 “ ’Tis

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Sicut arcus incurvata,
 Ingens, humerisque lata;
 Oculis salaces, forteis
 Mœchos notans irretortis?
 Cujus lateri hærebat
Æroto pusilla; dum monebat
 Hæc Reginam, turpe ridens,
 Obscœnèque loquax, cui dens
 Hic, & hic, & alter-tridens.

Hæc mordaci descriptione Castellum Regium jam primum intranti *Andromache* Mavortis mihi innotuit.

Æroto pusilla — cujusdam *Trauli* uxore pumila, *Judæa*, ex *Bataavorum* gente oriunda. Hæc Muliercula supra omnes amatores amicasque *Miræ* placuit, & *Primariæ* *Tribadum* seu *Lesbiadum* nomine insignita est.

In Lib. 3. *Dæmonium* *Miræ* appellatur, ubi mores & facinora ejus depinguntur. *Tir-Oen*.

The first Time I went to the Castle (says *Tir-Oen*) I immediately distinguished the huge Wife of Sir Mars by this sarcastical Description.

Æroto pusilla, or the little Dutch *Æroto* is the Wife of one *Traulus*. She is a Jewess and a Dwarf. However, this little Woman gave *Myra* more Pleasure than all the rest of her Lovers and Mistresses. She was

therefore dignified with the Title of Chief of the *Tribades* or *Lesbians*.

In the third Book she is called the Imp of *Myra*, and there her Manners and Actions are particularly described.

This is the same Person who before, Ver. 123. is called Little *Ali*.

Ver. 157. But has *Momus* not told &c.

Annon *Momus* omnia dixit
 De hæc planè, ut quæ (sic fit)
 Cornua capiti affixit?
 Nempè hæc est illa *Mira*,
Mæcha-Mira, saga dira;
 Hæc, quam *Hymenæus* *Hymen*,
 Iste carnifex (molimen
 Malum certè) eheu! dabat
 Nuptam mi; quæ spoliabat
 Nummis, terris; inquinabat
 Famam meam, & amplexus:
 Nec sunt hi solvendi nexus.
 Tantane in Deum hæc sus?

Momus was the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*. He observed the Actions of the other Gods, and censured them with Freedom. *Momus* signifies a Jester or Scoffer.

Hymenæus the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus Urania*, was the God of Marriage, and

" 'Tis the same, whom before me two Mortals had wedded;

" And (if Fame does her Justice) two hundred had bedded.

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and Protector of Virgins. To him the new-married Women offered Sacrifice. But this Ceremony was omitted by *Myra*, who never prayed to the Gods for Benefits; or invoked any Deities except *Hecate* and her *Furies*. This is sufficient to invalidate the Charge, which *Sir Mars* hath here brought against *Hymen*; who had indeed long ago spied his Concubinage, but knew nothing of his Marriage, till *Momus* acquainted him with it; and even long after that, it was a Secret here on Earth. What Motive induced the Knight to engage himself thus far to his old Mistress, is an Enquiry, which has exercised the Pens of several learned Mythologists, as well as the Commentators on our Author. For 'tis well known that *Mars* before his Fall, and for many Years after, was a professed Marriage-hater; and though so fond of other Men's Wives, yet he could not endure the Thoughts of being tied to one of his own. The Opinion most commonly received is, that *Myra* administered a Philtre to him in a Dish of Chocolate, which she compounded with such Skill, and which operated so powerfully, that the amorous Fit lasted three Lunar Months. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Cum jam anus, Mira cujuspiam amore flagraret, variis Incantationibus succos Herbarum & Radicum immiscens, & Hippomanem adhibens, Philtrum seu Poculum Amoris parabat; ac Potionem Vini aut Cibis infusam nihil suspicanti Amato dabat Venefica. Hac arte obstinationem Martis, cum nuptiis averfaretur, pervicit; & jam ex Schœniculâ fit Bellatoris Conjux.* Whenever *Myra* happened to fall in Love in her old Age, she had Recourse to Incantations and Philtres.

The latter she prepared by mixing the Juices of divers Roots and Herbs, and then adding the Hippomanes. This Potion the Sorceress took an Opportunity of giving to the Person she loved in a Glass of Wine, in Soup, &c. By this means she conquered the Aversion which Sir Mars had to Marriage, and prevailed on him to make her his Wife, though she was then a very disagreeable old Woman.

Wetstein rejecting this Story of the Philtre as a Fable, is of Opinion, that the Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra* was inflicted on them by the Gods as a Punishment for their former Adulteries, *Alienarum uxorum olim nimium appetens Mavors, sua jam diu nimium contentus. Sir Mars who formerly coveted every Man's Wife he saw, had now too much of his own.* And then adds the same Commentator, *Mira, quæ Mavortem Adulterum deperibat, connubio sibi junctum odio habuit. Myra, though so fond of Mars, while he was her Gallant, could not endure him after he became her Husband.*

Cuper, without enquiring into the Particulars of this famous Conjunction, or by what Means it was effected, contents himself with saying of *Myra*, *Nupsit Marti, non ut Bellatore ipso, qui tum senuit, sed ut Bellatoris equis, terris & argento potiretur.* *Myra* married the Warrior, not for the sake of his Person, (for he was then grown old) but to possess herself of his Horses, Lands, Money, &c.

These are the Opinions of the three Commentators, and for my part I am inclined to think, they are all just and true: At least, I am sure they may be all easily reconciled.

" But

- “ But her various Amours never gave me great Pain ;
 “ Things unpractis’d perhaps in old *Saturn’s* cold Reign.
 “ Well I wot, modern Wives are refin’d in their
 Taste : 165
 “ Who pretends, since th’ Accession of *Jove*, to be
 chaste ?
 “ But the Matter, which made the poor Husband repent,
 “ Was the State she assum’d, and the Money she spent.
 “ For she now would be worship’d (a Goddess by Mar-
 riage !)
 “ Rich, as *Juno’s* her Drefs, and as haughty her Car-
 riage ; 170
 “ With Contempt looking down on simple Mortality,
 “ What an Havock she made to support her new Quality !
 “ All my Jewels, and Plate, all my Goods, and my
 Chattels,
 “ All the Pay, and the Presents I got by my Battles ;

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Ver. 164. *Things unpractis’d perhaps*
 &c.

Haud Saturni forsan vidit
 Regnum mœchos. Sed uxores
 Imperante politiores
 Nostro Jove : jam Amicæ
 Cunctæ fiunt impudicæ.

Tir-Oen here remarks, that *Sir Mars*
 had three general Topics of Conversation,
 viz. *De Diis & Superioribus semper malè*
loqui, Matronam nullam esse pudicam jure
jurando affirmare, se ac facinora sua longo
sermone jactitare. To blaspheme the Gods
 and calumniate his Betters ; To swear that
 no married Woman is chaste ; To boast im-
 moderately of himself and his Exploits.

“ All

- “ All I gain'd by exporting War-Horſes to *Gallia*, 175'
 “ She accounted *Para*- (what d'ye call 'em?) -*phernalia*.
 “ Nor my Jewels, or Chattels, or Pay would ſuffice:
 “ Ev'ry Banker was wheedled to furniſh Supplies.
 “ As my Debts thus encreas'd, ſhe enlarg'd her De-
 mands;
 “ Till I ſold my fine Stud; and then mortgag'd my
 Lands. 180
 “ Nor the Piſtoles ſhe ſpar'd, when I beg'd for the
 Few,
 “ Which remain'd — My dear *Mars*, there are more
 in *Peru*:
 “ Canſt not thou here import 'em by Magic Divine?
 “ Or elſe open on *Bellewſtown Hills* a Gold Mine?
 “ But

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Ver. 176. *She accounted Para- (what
 d'ye call 'em?) -phernalia.*
Nec luxuriæ modum fixit:
Omnia mea, ſua dixit
Para-- para-- (hem!) phernalia.
Haud in Cælis uxor talia.

Paraphernalia, or *Paraphanalia*, or
Parapherna, are thoſe Goods which a
 Woman brings her Husband over and a-
 bove her Dower.

Ver. 180. *Till I ſold my fine Stud &c.*
Terras, equos, ac pulchrarum
Pullos vendidi equarum.

The Knight had once a very fine Stud,
 and was growing famous for his Breed of
 Horſes. He had already exported ſome
 into *France*, and had great Returns. But
 this laudable Project of enriching himſelf,
 was defeated by the Extravagance of *My-
 ra*: For he was obliged to ſell at one time a
 hundred of his choice Mares to pay her
 Play Debts, &c.

Ver. 183. *Canſt not thou here import
 &c.*

Heic Philippos importato:
Sive noſtra perforato
Bellewſtoni juga: verte;
Aurum intus; plumbum certè.

When

“ With his own loving Wife Money Matters disput-
ing: 195

“ Is the Genius of *Mars* thus unskill'd in Recruiting?

“ For Subsistence, to whom need a Soldier owe Thanks,

“ Where a King has Exchequers, and Subjects have Banks?

“ Could I wear your bold Front, and your Breeches,
would I go

“ Into *Flanders*, and plunder, as you did at *Vigo*. 200

“ Modern Knighthood, I ween, much Relief may afford,

“ If, instead of a Muff, you would wield a Broad Sword.

“ Is

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Mars hæc ? Tecum mi simultas,

Quod numaria difficultas ?

Verbis fide, quæ ego do :

Aliquid, a-liquo modo,

Alicundè, ab a-liqui,

Aliqua spes est. Ubique

Reges enim, Regii Fisci,

Argentariæ. Miles hîc

Te immisce ! Audi quur !

Aurifer, qui Aurifur.

Manner privy to this Affair, or of having
ever received the least Benefit by it.

Ver. 200. — and plunder, as you
did at *Vigo*.

Quæ opima spolia Vigo

Tibi olim, miles, mî go-

bio, detrahas Bel-gicis

Inimicis, seu amicis ;

Si ex meâ enatare

Conchâ calles — ac pugnare.

Tir-Oen remarks, That in a little time
after the Sorcerers had given this Advice
to her Husband, the *English* Exchequer
was robbed of a great Sum of Money :
And our Commentator is of Opinion, that
Myra was Principal in the Action ; since
'tis now more than probable that it was
effected by Inchantment : Otherwise,
some of the Persons who were concerned
in the Robbery, must have been dis-
covered, considering the Industry used,
and the great Reward offered for that
Purpose. However, my Country-man
acquits the poor Knight of being in any

Sir *Mars* was Quarter Master General
at the *Vigo* Expedition, and by that means
had many Opportunities of enriching him-
self by Plunder. But (if I am rightly in-
formed) he brought nothing home more
than he carried out, except a Jar of Snuff
and a Silver Crucifix. He took away the
latter, not so much for the Value of the
Metal, as for the sake of committing a
piece of Sacrilege, which must be allowed
a meritorious Action in a *Pagan* Divinity.

Ver. 202. *If instead of a Muff, &c.*

Grandes cogas jam divitias,

Manticatam si abjicias

Pellem

“ Is not he a mere Rec’rant, whose Wife is unfed,
 “ When by storming a Windmill he’s sure to get Bread?
 “ Thus reproaching she fir’d me. I sold my Debentures;
 “ And equipt, like *St. George*, went in quest of Adventures:
 “ Having first swore by *Styx* not to Borrow, or Pay;
 “ Or to bow at the Castle, or sweat on the *Quay*;
 “ Till that I, by my Prowess, a Kingdom had won;
 “ Or had forc’d from great Chymists Philosopher’s
 Stone.

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“ While

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Pellem istam; si te fingas
 Esse eras qui; & stringas
 Ensem *Martis*. Namque sic *χωρ-
 ῖπος* nobis, ipse *QUIXOT*.
 Qui vel mola panem dare;
 Molam si tu expugnare.

The Knight seldom appeared abroad
 without a large Muff hanging at his Girdle.
 See (in the 4th Book) the great Benefit
 he received by wearing his Muff, when
 he fought with *Myra*.

205: Thus reproaching she fir’d me, &c.

Probris suis me prolecat;

Et majori sic affectat

Damno sagæ. Arma induo,

Quæ haud istæ Georgius; quin duo

Ægre ferant Georgii Divi;

At concutere quæ quivi.

Tunc, ut mea vincant, sivi.

See an Account of *St. George* in the 4th
 Book.

Ver. 207. Having first swore by *Styx*,
 &c.

Abjuravi nunc castellum,

Et juravi ingens bellum;

Quod per *Styga* iteravi,

Uti fieret via vi;

Ut nec tempus sit solvendi,

Neque mutuum petendi,

Nec sudandi, ubi, *Usher*,

Tuus Cothon: ubi pus *Her-*

maphroditus ac venenum

Miscæ, quando dat — Quid? The
 num?

Styx is a River of Hell, and so sacred
 to the Gods, that when any of them
 swore by it, and broke their Oath, they
 were deprived of their Divinity and ban-
 nished. Why this particular Honour was
 granted to *Styx*, see *Hesiod’s Theogonia*.

Cuper is of Opinion, That the frequent
 Perjuries of Mars were the real Cause of
 his Exile.

“ While I thus form the Hero of future Romances ;
 “ Lo! a dire Disaster ruins all my gay Fancies.
 “ For *Minerva*, that Prude, on a silly Pretence,
 “ That my Actions on Earth gave her Highness Offence,
 “ Here incites a young Squire, by my Presence un-
 aw’d,

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“ To revile me in Publick — and Cudgel a God!
 “ Nor so great the Affront, so malicious the Trick,
 “ Which she serv’d me at *Troy* in defending the *Greek*;

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*Cothon seu Caia Usseri vel Uscheri locus
 ubi habitabat Uxor Martis. Tir-Oen.
 Ussher's Quay (in Dublin) is that Part of
 the City where Myra then lived.
 Sudare, i. e. Permolere Myram.*

Ver. 215. Here incites a young Squire,
 &c.

Dum juvenculo adfuit,
 Vultus Martis haud terru-it.
 Nam opprobria hic *Gafneus*
 Dixit — Vapulatque Deus !

John Bellew of Gafny, Esq; was the Person who cudgelled Sir *Mars*. The Knight had done this Gentleman some very ill Offices ; and had secretly endeavoured to hurt him in his private Fortune. Of this Mr. *Bellew* being well informed, demanded Satisfaction ; and sent a Challenge to our Hero by a Person of Honour, one of his near Relations ; To which the cautious Knight returned for Answer, “ That he then was extremely indisposed,

“ and therefore obliged to decline the
 “ Compliment : But would take all imagi-
 “ nable Care to recover as fast as he could ;
 “ and that as soon as he found himself
 “ in a fighting Condition, he would ap-
 “ point the Weapons and place of Meet-
 “ ing.” — Thus the Matter rested for
 about three Weeks ; during which Time,
 the Knight went every Day abroad, and
 appeared at Court, in the Ring, and in
 all publick Places, without any visible
 Mark of Sickness, except sometimes be-
 ing wrapt up in a Cloak. Mr. *Bellew*
 conceiving himself now doubly injured,
 and that such a Slight and Insult demand-
 ed another Sort of Satisfaction than what
 he before intended, took the first Opportu-
 nity, he could conveniently to approach our
 most noble Colonel, to give him without
 Ceremony, the Correction of the Cudgel.
 This memorable Action happened at
Dick's Coffee-house in *Skinner-Row* ;
 where the old Woman still shews the
 Place and Posture in which Sir *Mars*
 stood, and the Manner in which Mr. *Bel-
 lew* attacked him.

“ For

" When I fell from *Olympus* (unjust was my Doom!)

" For my Safety compel'd human Form to assume; 230

" Well compacted, and nervous, becoming a God, I

" To *Prometheus* gave Orders to make me a Body.

" But my Grinders excepted, a little fine Blood,

" And a favourite Member, that whilom was good;

" He has work'd up my Carcase with very coarse
Paste; 235

" Or 'tis else some old Stuff, which the Knave has new
cast.

" As you see, I'm Wrong-headed: Too thick is my Scull,

" With a deep *Pia Mater*, that is not half full.

" I've within a white Liver, o'erflow'd with black Gall,

" And a hollow false Heart, very hard, and too Small. 240

" Pray

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afterwards fighting his Adversary. *Wetstein* in his Note on this Place seems desirous to be informed, whether the Stick which *Mr. Bellew* used, was Cane, Oak, or Crab-Tree; and is of Opinion that the Value of the Wood alters the Nature of the Affront. But I think our military Courts, as well as the Courts of Honour established in *France*, make no Difference in this Case.

Ver. 232. To *Prometheus* gave Orders &c.

Et præcepi Prome-theo,
Ut ex luto Herculeo
Faciât corpus aptum Deo.

Prometheus the Son of *Iapetus* and the Father of *Deucalion*, was the first we find in History, who formed a Man out of Clay, which he performed with so much Art and Skill, that *Minerva* offered him any Thing in her Power to make it complete; and by her Assistance he afterwards stole Fire from Heaven to animate his Work — It was probably owing to the Insinuations and Artifice of this Goddess, and the Influence she had over *Prometheus*, that the Body of our Hero was so ill made.

Ver. 238. With a deep *Pia Mater*,
that is not half full.

Laxa

“ Pray observe my soft Look, and how supple my Face;
 “ (Tho’ the Rascal pretends there’s a Mixture of Brass)
 “ How my Ears are the same, you bestow’d on the King;
 “ Him I mean, who deny’d, that *Apollo* could sing.
 “ That, my Breath, and my Features are vastly too
 strong; 245
 “ Full of Evil my Tongue, and three Inches too long.

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Laxa neque femiplena
Pia Mater. Sed per Ζῆνα.
 Rabie plena; nam innata,
 Non a Prometheo data.

The *Pia Mater* is a thin fine Membrane, which incloses the Brain and *Cerebellum*.

Ver. 242. *Tho’ the Rascal pretends &c.*
 Si ex nebulone quæris;
 Aut si fronti credide-ris,
 Pondo admiscetur Æris.

Messieurs *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, who had both frequently seen *Sir Mars* in *Holland*, are of Opinion, that *Prometheus* truly used a whole Pound of Brass in the Composition of the Warrior’s Front; tho’ they allow the Accusation in all other respects to be just. Certainly, says *Tir-Oen*, if our Hero wanted Brass, it was his own Fault. Si non Abenea caperat Frons Herois nostri, sibimet ipsi imputetur. Namque ad Trojam, &c. For before his Fall he was usually adorned with so great a Quantity of that Metal, that at the Siege of *Troy* he was commonly called Χαλκῆος ἄρσς, or Colonel *Brazen*; and when *Homer* speaks of him with most respect, he distinguishes him by this Title.

Ver. 243. *How my Ears the same &c.*
 Aures mihi imposu-
 it, quas asininas tu
 Regi, cujus mens infana
 Tibi prætulisset Pana.

Pan the God of Shepherds had the Vanity to contend with *Apollo* for the Mastery in Singing; and *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, who was one of the Judges, gave the Preference to *Pan*, for which *Apollo* clapt a Pair of Asses Ears on his Head. Hence arose the Proverb,

Auriculas Asini Midas Rex habet.

Intimating, such as are incapable to judge rightly of what they hear, yet can hear at a great Distance. Asses Ears are very inconvenient to a private Person; but to be dreaded when they appear on the Head of a King. — *Cuper* imagines, that the several Misfortunes which befel *Sir Mars* here on Earth, are to be ascribed to the Gravitation of his Head, and the Length of his Ears and Tongue; and not to the want of Elasticity in his Hands and Arms, as pretended by the Knight in the following Verses.

“ But

- “ But behold these curs’d Members, the Source of my
Harms,
“ Inoffensive weak Hands, and unmuscular Arms ;
“ Vilest Parts, unendu’d with a Power elastic,
“ That insensible suffer the Pressures of a Stick! 250
“ Yet the Cudgel unseen, and the Foe at a Distance ;
“ How they brandish a Weapon, and feign a Resistance!
“ Better form’d was Sir *Hudi*— and eke his low Squire ;
“ More robust in their Limbs (tho’ they wanted my Fire)
“ Which undaunted have oft a dry Basting withstood; 255
“ Tho’ afraid of cold Iron, durst rise against Wood.

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Ver. 247. *But behold these &c.*
Sed ignavam hanc cunctorum
Causam aspice malorum
Dextram ; hosce nec torosos,
Nec lacertos bellicosos !

I am very unwilling to differ from the three Learned Gentlemen, to whom I am obliged for the best Part of my Notes on this Author. But I must maintain, that Sir *Mars*’s Accusation of *Prometheus* is not altogether so just as they allow it to be. If we examine his Character by the *Iliad*, which is the Touchstone to prove him by, we shall find, that, even in his State of Glory, he had a Wrong Head, an Hard Heart, and a Bad Tongue. I refer to his several Titles, and Actions, as related by *Homer*, for the Truth of this Assertion. As to the Weakness of his Hands and Arms, and the want of Muscles and Elasticity, of which the Knight complains, ’tis a mere Jest ; and urged by him, only to cover his Poltroonery. The Truth is, that he would not, either before or since

his Fall, engage where he was likely to meet with any strong Opposition : And it cannot be instanced from History, that this mighty Hero ever struck again, after he had been once wounded, or had received two or three Blows. The *Romans* had a much greater Veneration for him, than the *Greeks*, yet they could not conceal the ill Qualities of their God. For, to omit at present all the hard Words which *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Claudian*, and many other of the old *Latin* Poets have given him, *Juvenal* directly charges him with want of Courage ; or an Inability to defend either his Goods or Person, when he was attacked in his own Temple.

*Ex quo Mars Ultor Galeam quoque perdidit, & res
Non potuit servare suas.* Juv. Sat. 14.

Since Mars, whom we the Great Reven-
ger call,
Lost his own He!met, and was stript of all.
Dryd.

“ Now

" Now so weak in the Flesh, yet, by *Jupiter*, I am
 " In my Spirit, as brave, as when we fought for *Priam*.
 " *Vol*, who knows all my Thoughts, if he pleases, can
 tell you,
 " Many times, in my Mind, I have kill'd that *Jack*
Bellew.

260

" *Vol*

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Ver. 257. *Now so weak in the Flesh,*
 &c.

Quantus, qualis *οπιλδς* " *Agēs*
 Cum pro *Trojā* stare, staret.
 Vescum corpus si; equidem
 Acer spiritus est idem.
Verba faciunt mentis fidem.

At the Siege of *Troy* *Apollo* and *Mars*
 were both on the *Trojans* Side; but their
 Behaviour was very different; for *Apollo*
 always acted like a God; but *Mars* like
 a Madman.

Ver. 259. *Vol, who knows all my*
Thoughts, &c.

Tibi dicat, bone *Sol*,
 (Dicere si lubeat *Vol*,
 Ubi ego, *Vol* est domi,
 Ac mi melior, quam ego mi;
 Meam inspicitque mentem)
 Quoties incium ac absentem
 Provocavi ad Duellu';
 Et occidi JACCUM BELLEW.

It was a Custom inviolably observed by
 Sir *Mars*, after he had been cudgelled by
 Mr. *Bellew*, to kill that Gentleman
 MENTALLY, once at least, every Day.
 This gallant Action was performed in the
 following manner. The Knight, after a

plentiful Dinner, being well heated with
 Wine, his Guests departed, and Servants
 dismissed, carefully locked his Parlour
 Door: Then supposing his Adversary to
 stand before him in the Form of his great
 Chair, he devoted him *Diis inferis*, and
 drawing a *Toledo*, which he kept for this
 Purpose, he advanced with a seeming In-
 trepidity; and pushed with such Skill and
 Violence, that generally, by the first or
 second Thrust, the Chair was run quite
 through the Body. He then wiped his
 Blade, and sheathed it with great Com-
 placency; sung an *Io Triumphe* sitting
 upon his Enemy, whom he had thus mor-
 tally wounded, and fell fast asleep. *Tir-*
Oen, who had frequently seen this Chair,
 declares, it was ragged and tattered, and
 that he had observed the Sun to shine
 through it in several Places. And a skil-
 ful Operator of my Acquaintance assures
 me, that upon a certain Occasion he had
 probed and examined these Holes or
 Wounds; and plainly discovered, that
 they could not have been made by any
 other Weapon than a *Spanish* Rapier. But
 alas! this was not the Fate of poor Mr.
Bellew only. For in like manner our
 Hero revenged himself on all other his re-
 puted Enemies; and on all Persons in
 high Stations, who did not pay him
 what he thought a proper Respect, or
 whose Opinions or Principles were not
 conformable

Vol attested the Fact, swearing hard, " That he knew,
 " All his Brother had urg'd, to a tittle was true.—

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conformable to his own. Some he killed by overturning his Table; others by flitting a Pannel of the Wainscot. And those, who were most hateful to him, he destroyed by running his Head with a true martial Fury through the Sash Windows.

In these last Encounters he was sometimes desperately wounded: Particularly, once in attempting to slay a perverse *Englishman*, with whom he had some Law Disputes, the noble Knight was in Danger of losing both his Ears.

For the Reader's Satisfaction, I have here added an Alphabetical List of the Persons, who have been MENTALLY killed by Sir *Mars*, from the Year 1708 to the Year 1728; faithfully extracted from the *Encomium Martis*, or *Killing no Murder*.

Aldermen	6—0	Judges	4—0
Apple Women Old	3—0	Keepers of the Phoenix Park	23—0
Attorneys	16— $\frac{1}{2}$	Kings	9— $\frac{1}{2}$
Bakers	3—0	Knights	2—0
Bankers	4—0	Lords, Lords Lieutenants, and	} 17—0
Baronefs	1—0	Lords Justices	
Barriers	5—0	Milliners-Women	3—0
Butchers	4—0	Parliament-Men	59—0
Butter Women	7—0	Pawn-Brokers	6—0
Captain Half Pay	1—0	Pimps	18—0
Catch Poles	23— $\frac{1}{2}$	Poets	2—0
Commissioners	4—0	Popes	4—0
Corn-cutters	1—0	Priests	365—0
Countesses	2—0	Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs	6—0
Devils	40—0	Surgeons	2—0
Doctors of Law	1—0	Viscountess	1—0
Drapers	1—0	Vintners	2—0
Esquires	10—0	Wine Merchants	4—0
Farriers	5—0		
Grooms	10—0	In all — Males	667
Generals	5—0	Females	14
Grenadier-Centinel	1—0		
Jaylors	1—0	Total of the Slain	681

N. B. Several Persons in the above List were killed by Mistake, others after they were dead: And some few, who found the means of being reconciled to the old Knight, were suffered to live again, and pass the rest of their Days unmolested. Particularly a tall Keeper called *Halpen*, or *Halfpenny*, after he had been killed or mortally wounded a hundred and ten Times, grew into such Favour with our Hero, that he preferred him to a Place of Trust and Profit within his Jurisdiction.

N. B. In this List are not reckoned the Knight's Domestick Servants, who were slain for every trifling Offence, without regard to Sex, or Age.

Quære. Whether the Doctor of Law, and the two Poets should not be included in the Article of Devils!

(If the Knight's at a Loss, *Vol* unfolds the Affair,
 Ever ready, when Seconds are wanting, to SWEAR.)
 And he added, — “ Hard Fate ! that so gallant a
 Mind 265
 “ Should be thus to a vile Habitation confin'd.
 “ How Heroic his Thoughts, tho' his Figure is mean !
 “ How his Spirit would shine, if it could but be seen !

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Ver. 263. *If the Knight's at a Loss,*
Vol &c.

Res nodosæ explicare
Vol paratus, ac jurare
 Vera, falsa, quot & quæ sint,
 Testes si famosi desint.

Qualis splendor, gratia qualis,
 Si *Martialis*, immortalis
 Spiritus jam compareret !
 Qualis vis, si quid a-geret !
 Si quid agat, quis videret !

Among all the Inhabitants of this Island, no one was more unjust in his Dealings than the Knight. He never paid his Debts or performed his Contracts but by Compulsion. He never acknowledged the Receipt of Monies, but even denied his own Signature, if produced against him. When he sold or mortgaged his Lands or Houses, he would endeavour afterwards to make void the Deeds signed, by affirming they were only in Trust for himself; or that he had been imposed on and cheated, for he never would remember what he had signed and sealed. In all these infamous Retractions *Vol* was his faithful Confederate, and never scrupled to invent Circumstances, and attest them publicly, if by such a Method he could be serviceable to his Brother's Cause. This is what the Poet insinuates here: But I shall have Occasion to enlarge on this Subject in another Place.

Ver. 268. *How his Spirit would shine,*
 &c.

Our Author seems to have taken this Hint from an Epistle to Sir *Mars*, written in the Name of *Vol*, and in the old *Irish* Language, by *Benedict Mulhollan* a Druid of *Wicklow*, which was published a little before Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem. I have here translated the Beginning of that Epistle, to give the *English* Reader a Specimen of *Mulhollan's* Manner. I intend shortly to translate the whole; as also some other Pieces of this eminent *Druid*, to do farther Honour to Mr. *Scheffer's* Heroes.

Vol to the Chevalier *Mars* S. D.

Knight, here are saucy Gypsies, who divine,
Our Wealth and Passions by a single Line ;
Thus they foretel your Courage by your Mien,
And counsel Mars to combat Harlequin.
Me, undiscerning, too the Jades uncase,
And swear my Soul is blacker than my Face.
But well I ken, your Mind, Æthereal Spark,
Like heart of Oak's inclos'd in wrinkled
Bark.

As you perceive my inward Man to shine :
Foul Bottles thus contain the brightest Wine

“ His Affassins thus hide in dark Lanterns their Light :

“ Thus his Scabbard, tho’ rusty ; his Sword, it is
bright. 270

“ But be just, O ye Gods ! Let his Talents be known ;

“ And the Conquests he makes, when the Chieftain’s
alone !

“ Let his MENTAL Atchievements, which *Quixot*’s surpass,

“ Or be writ in Gold Letters, or graven on Brass !

“ Or to me lend thy Pipe, and Poetical Power ; 275

“ And an *Iliad* I’ll frame ——— with the Acts of one
Hour.

“ While my Works in full Brightness his SPIRIT pro-
duce ;

“ Tho’ you fancy at present ’tis fit for no Use :

“ As you see me extract a bright Flame from a Flint,

“ When perhaps not a Spark to your thinking is in’t. 280

“ Well, O *Vol*, hast thou spoke, said *Apollo*, and smil’d :

“ Yet be not by false Fire, or thy Genius beguil’d !

“ Nor can I tune thy Voice, or instruct thee to play :

“ For attempting to chaunt, I’m afraid, thou would’st
bray.

“ If an *Iliad* you want, and are truly inclin’d 285

“ To extol the bold Knight, and to image his Mind ;

" Go address the great Bard, whom I've chosen to sing ;
 " To exalt Men of Merit, but flatter no King.
 " *Lilliputians* who feign'd, pretty Pygmy Dwarf
 People ;
 " And the *Brob-dig-nag* Giants built high as a
 Steeple. 290

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Ver. 287. *Go address the great Bard,*
 &c.

Hunc orate (juvent te Di)
 Artem carminis cui dedi ;
 Bonos solers qui cantare,
 Nescit Reges adulare.
Lilliputiæ fingit bellum
 Qui *pigmaeulum* popellum :
 Condit *Brob-dignag-giantes*
Gigantissimos gigantes
 Turrium instar. *Haud nefarii*
Terrent minæ Justiciarii
Nec quid verba, quæ Rex dedit ;
Et Salmonei fulmen cedit
 Tuo Vates : Suum te sens-
 it hæc Urbs præsidium præsens.
 O quàm dignè, sed jocosè,
 Res non gestas, animosè,
 Dicas, quas excogitavit,
 Et, quàm fortiter pugnavit
 Mens *Mavortis* ; qui sit, quâ fit. }

The Poet here alludes to an Attempt that was made about the Year 1723, by one *Wood* and his Accomplices, to impose an unlimited Coinage of base Halfpence upon this Kingdom ; by which means they would in a little Time have infallibly drawn all the Gold and Silver Species out of the Country. This iniquitous Project was defeated chiefly by some excellent Papers called *The Drapier's Letters*, which were wrote by Dr. S——t.

Dean of St. P——'s ; than whom no Country can boast a truer Patriot, nor any Age a greater Genius.

Et Salmonei fulmen cedit.

Salmoneus was King of *Elis*, a Province in the *Peloponnesus*, now called *Belvidere*. He was so presumptuous that he affected to be thought a God ; and to this End he built a Brazen Bridge over his Capital City, upon which he used to drive his Chariot, that he might imitate the Thunderer by the Sound and Noise. *Jupiter*, provoked at his Impiety, struck him dead with a real Thunderbolt. This Allusion our Author has borrowed from the following Epigram quoted by *Tir. Oen.*

Mentiturque Jovem & fingit Salmoneus arma :

Sic quoque Woodus inops intonat Æresuo.
Ecce ruit Moles ! Quid non facundia vincit !
Juppiter hoc potuit fulmine, voce Maro.

1.

Salmon for a Jove would pass ;
Forg'd his Arms and feign'd his Voice.
Silly Wood thus strikes his Brass,
And alarms us with the Noise.

2

Lo the Fabrick falls asunder !
Who would Eloquence provoke ?
Jove was forc'd to use his Thunder :-
But our Maro only spoke.

" Who

“ Who repell’d the Brafs Thunder, by darting his own ;

“ And, destroying *Salmonæus*, preserv’d the poor Town.

“ How facetious he’ll tell the great Deeds, you have
thought ; To Mars.

“ And the Battles record, which your Fancy has
fought !”

Ceas’d the God. — When, in Accents uncouth, Che-
valier 295

Thus proceeds — and *Apollo* has Patience to hear. —

“ This Mishap being past, I retreat to my House

“ Much abash’d, and sore dreading the Taunts of my
Spouse :

“ But how great my Surprise, when I mark’d the
Alarm,

“ And the Footmen, and Women preparing to arm ! 300

“ When the Dame thus begun, looking piteous and
fighing,

“ (Nor she seem’d to grieve more, when her Monkey
was dying)

“ How uncertain is War, and how vain are our Cares !

“ How the Fates have inverted all human Affairs !

“ Since a saucy raw Squire may insult a good Knight ; 305

“ And a Col’nel be cudgel’d, and Jockeys dare fight.

“ Yet

“ Yet ’tis some Consolation, and lessens my Pain,
 “ That you only were drubb’d — For you might have
 been slain. —
 “ Then be cheary, my *Mars*! Be assur’d, at my suit
 “ That their *High Excellencies* shall end the Dispute; 310
 “ If you look not too fierce, or unaptly inter-
 “ Mix a martial long Speech — and refuse to REFER.
 “ But as Cudgels are wont to change mortal Condition;
 “ I advise, ’tis expedient to sell your Commission.
 “ Go, and feign a Disgust, well dissembling your
 Fears, 315
 “ That *Cadogan* and *Temple* are made Brigadeers.
 “ Quit

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 311. *If you look not too fierce, &c.*
 Torvus vultum si exu-as;
 Si REFERRE non abnu-as;
 Vanos misceas nec sermones
 Tuo more, nec persones
 Aures nostras. ^{sum}NON DON es.

Myra here alludes to a remarkable Speech made by her Husband when he was a Member of the House of Commons; where, on a Motion for a *Conference* with the Lords, he rose up and with great Warmth inveighed against all *References*; declaring, That he never knew any Good proceed from a *Reference*; and that all great Bodies, as well as private Persons, ought to determine their Differences in a more Gentleman like manner. *Tir-Oen* excuses this Blunder or *Lapsus* (as he terms it)

and thinks, it should not have expos’d our Hero to so much Ridicule, considering the Analogy between a *Reference* and *Conference*; and that every *Reference* necessarily implies one *Conference* at least.

It will be proper in this Place to observe, that *Myra*, by her Address and Application, prevailed with the Lords Justices to order Mr. *Bellew* into Custody, till he had given his Honour not to drub the Knight any more.

Ver. 316. *That Cadogan and Temple*
 &c.

Annon tibi verba data,
 Templi virtus cum prælata
 Tuæ? Tuis *Cadogan*ni,
 Junior qui fit, ars & anni?

Our Author means the late Lord *Cadogan*.

“ Quit the Army in Ire, where you have not your Right:

“ As *Achilles* be stout, and resolve — not to fight.—

“ Thus she guileful bespoke me.— Again I believ’d,

“ Tho’ so oft by a Semblance of Kindness deceiv’d. 320

“ Then the Staff of my Age and my Office I fold ;

“ And resign’d my last Stake, but my Wife seiz’d the
Gold ;

“ Which one Winter consum’d, scarce supplying her
Wants,

“ To retain learned *Pandars*, and purchase Gallants ;

“ To adorn her for Birth-Nights, and furnish for
Play ; 325

“ While I could not obtain her own Grenadier’s Pay.

“ Now

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dogan and the present Lord *Cobham*, two great and gallant Officers, who were in every Action during the last War in *Flanders*, while our Hero was fighting at the Feet of *Myra*, or fighting Battles in his own Parlour.

Ver. 321. Now the Staff &c.
Splendidoque nunc Bacillo
Viduus Prætoriano illo.

The Silver Staff, which a Colonel of the Guards carries when he is in waiting at Court.

Ver. 326. While I could not obtain
&c.
Nec stipendium mihi tantul’,
Ipse meruisti quantul’.

O Pileate, O nervose
Miles, tu libidinosæ
Amor & deliciæ Anūs :
An ex illâ abis sanus ?

Mr. Scheffer here alludes to our Heroine’s well known Amour with a common Soldier ; as thus related by *Tir-Oen*. *Myra*, as she went into the Castle one Evening, fell in Love with a tall Grenadier, who stood Centinel at the Gate. The force of this new Passion was so sudden and violent, that having dismissed her Attendants, she made no Scruple of stepping into the Centry Box for immediate Relief ; Ne tentigine rumpatur. She afterwards allowed the good Soldier a weekly Pension ; till his Strength failing him, he became unfit for her Ladyship’s Service : Or according

“ Now forlorn and despis’d, when I had not a Friend,
 “ Who my Signet would trust, or a Moidore would lend;
 “ Brother *Vol*, (who has Skill to diversify Shapes,
 “ Nor so wily is *Proteus*, or boasts such Escapes, 330
 “ Who

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ing to *Wetstein*, *Cum libidine Miræ fatigatus recefferit stipendio militari contentus*. This is the same Person, who in the third Book is called *Bombardomachides*. The History of this Adventure is carefully preserved in the Archives of the *Dublin Barracks*: And the Centry Box, now called the Temple of *Myra*, is shewn to all Strangers.

Ver. 327. *Now forlorn and despis’d*
 &c.

Pannos meos jam comedi :
Nec quis mi auxilio ; ne Di.
Nè vel assem mutuum dedit,
Nec per Syngrapham quis credit.
Ab ! infelix Scheffer, isti
Tute malè credidisti.

That is, *How unhappy wast thou, O Scheffer, to trust this Knight, when no body else would trust him.* I could not well translate this Soliloquy without interrupting *Sir Mars* in his Speech. But I must desire the Reader to remark it: For, as *Tir-Oen* assures us, *it serves to explain a great Part of the secret History contained in this Poem.*

Ver. 329. *Brother Vol, &c.*
Vol Fraterrimus, qui catus
Cunctos fallere ; mutatus
Nunc in novas formas ; nunc
Hunc mentitus, atque hunc :
Hoc mentitus, atque hoc ;
Et istunce, & istoc.

Modo Vol Constabularius,
Capitaneus, Thesaurarius,
Omnia magna elo-quitur ;
Coenam regibus largitur.
Jam Cuniculus carbones
Vol effodit : jam baronis
Tument buccæ Vitriarii.
Jam impurior os nefarii
Testis pejerat impunè :
Proteu, sic impunè tunc ?
An effugias vinc’la Deus,
Quæ callidior iste reus ?

Proteus the Son of *Neptune* was the Keeper or Constable of the Sea. He could transform himself into any Shape he pleased ; by which means he escaped his Pursuers. See *Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.* Some Mythologists make *Proteus* a cunning Politician, who deceived the People, and enriched himself with the Plunder of his Country.

Horace bestows this Name on a crafty knavish Debtor, who could not be bound by any Obligations, or secured by the Hand of Justice.

Scribe decem a Nerio : non est satis : adde
Cicutæ
Nodostabulas centum ; mille adde catenas :
Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Pro-
teus.
Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,
Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, & cum
volet, arbor.

L

Bind

" Who a Constable, Captain, or Treasurer shines,
 " Or descends to blow Glas, or to delve in Coal Mines)
 " Thus Uncol'nell'd, instructs me, to act a new Part,
 " To pretend, I had learnt Cynogetical Art.
 " And behold my Success! where so gross an Affront 335
 " I had whilom receiv'd, I commenc'd the Chief Hunt.
 " Well I wot, that above ye are most of Opinion,
 " That we ought, who have over all Beasts the Dominion,
 " Or to hunt the wild Boar, or to rouse the fierce Lion;
 " But to leave fearful Bucks to the Handmaids of
 Dian.

340

" Yet the Youth of *Ierne* the Ranger revere,
 " Who alone is intrusted to kill Royal Deer;
 " Ever praising my Hounds: Nor a Pack of more speed
 " Or thy *Gratius* has sung, or *Britannia* can breed.

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*Bind him in Bonds: Or let the Knave
confess*

*A Judgment: Yet the Debt shall ne'er be less.
Send him to Jail: the next Day he escapes,
And sneers his Creditors in various Shapes.
Now he's a Boar, a Crab Tree, or a Clod,
Anon a Collier, Captain, or a God.*

I forgot to mention before, that *Vol*
was some time Constable of *Dublin Castle*.

Ver. 344. Or thy *Gratius* has sung,
&c.

*Tuus Gratius quos cantavit,
Seu Britannia generavit.*

Gratius was an excellent Poet of the
Augustan Age, and contemporary with
Virgil and *Ovid*. He wrote a Poem upon
Hunting called *Cynogeticon*. *Ovid* in the
last Elegy of his fourth Book *de Ponto*,
where he registers the Wits of his Age,
ranks this Author with *Virgil*.

*Tytirus antiquas & erat qui pasceret herbas;
Aptaque Venanti Gratius arma daret.*

" Dogs

"Dogs, you know, in my Glory were sacred to *Mars*; 345
 "And are now the good Creatures, I chuse for Converse.
 "Be recorded my Pets, all ye Nations Canine!
 "Be your Manners, and Genius' the Emblems of mine!"
 Here the Ranger concluded, and seem'd to wax wroth;
 Mutter'd something, and trembling, turn'd white as
 the Cloth. 350
 When *Apollo* rejoin'd.—(But the God first knock'd under;
 And the Table resounded, as if it were Thunder.)

"Lo!

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Ver. 345. *Dogs, you know, &c.*

Nonne populos caninos,
 Usque coluere qui nos,
 Cum coeliculus fuisset,
 Nostri gregis tum scripsisset?
 Exulantis idem Dei
 Socii, *Petti* audiant mei;
 Quis ingenium, mens *Martialis*,
 Feri mores, mihi quales.

It was usual for the *Pagan* Gods to select and consecrate to themselves some particular Beasts and Birds (whose Qualities and Manners (as they conceived) nearly resembled their own; which were therefore judged to be proper Symbols and Hieroglyphicks of the Divinity, by whose Favour they were thus distinguished. *Dogs* and *Wolves* were sacred to *Mars*, and are generally honoured by the old Poets with the Title of *Martii* and *Martiales*. We need only consult *Homer* to be informed what Analogy and Similitude of Manners there was between the Warrior and his Beasts.

Petti, Pets, a Word used in this Country to signify any Creatures that are our Favourites; such as *Monkeys, Dogs, Par-*

rots. 'Tis probably derived from the *French Petit.*

Ver. 349. *Here the Ranger &c.*

Jam finierat Venator:
 Cum, ut solet, irascatur.
 Quidpiam mussat; ex sanguis que
 Olli facies, similisque,
 Mensæ quæis instratæ, mappis;
 Aut (nè rhythmus desit) pappis.

Pallidus irâ; (says *Tir-Oen*,) *He was pale with Anger.* For *Sir Mars* always spoke in a Passion, although the Subject Matter of Conversation was jocular and trifling, and did not in the least relate to himself.

Pappis. The Down or Flower of a Thistle.

— *Papposque volantes.* *Lucret.*

Ver. 351. — *But the God first knock'd under.*

Subternaque, ter pulsante
Phæbo, quasi fulminante,
 Mensa sonuit quassata:
 Turpi *Mirâ* recantata.

When a controverted Point was yielded
 L 2 up

“ Lo! I give up my ToAST; and enough has been said,

“ To convince me, your Consort’s unworthy your Bed:

“ I confess, I was dup’d by *George G—n—lle’s* Report;
355

“ Yet the Dame you describe, made a Figure at Court:

“ In the Circle no Belle was so Gorgeous, and Gay;

“ And, by Wax Light, she seem’d neither Wrinkled, nor Grey.

“ Long ago we had heard your unmartial Exploit:

“ But the Cause was unknown, why you’re thus unadroit.
360

“ I’m amaz’d the good Maid, rather apt to cares,

“ Than insult an old Friend — or a Foe in Distress,

“ Should a Stripling incite (horrid Deed!) to cudg-el you:

“ If he is not a *Greek*, how could she know *Jack Bellew*?

“ But hereafter be safe; eat and drink, live at Ease; 365

“ And in spite of *Minerva*, act just as you please:

“ While

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up to the Knight, which was frequently done, in order to put a Stop to his Noise and Clamour, he obliged his Opponent to knock under the Table in Token of Submission and Recantation. Hence it became a Proverb in the Provinces of *Leinster* and *Ulster*, — *I knock under*; that is, I give up the Argument.

Ver. 361. *I’m amaz’d, the good Maid,*
&c.

*Virginemque benevo lam
Miror adversari solam.*

By the *good Maid* he means *Pallas*, whom he seems to justify, insinuating the great Improbability of her assisting Mr. *Bellew*, since he was not a *Greek*, and consequently unknown to her.

Ver. 365. *But hereafter be safe!* &c.
4 Post-

“ While the Man-making Knave I reward for his Pains ;
 “ For I’ll send him a Vulture, and lay him in Chains.
 “ As for hunting the Buck, which you so much delight in,
 “ Tho’ I think it low Game — yet ’tis better than
 fighting. 370

“ But to make more important your Office of Ranger ;
 “ And so bold since you ride, that you mayn’t ride in
 Danger ;

“ I’ll prevail on Lord *John* to salute you at Court,
 “ And I’ll order my Sister to favour your Sport.”

The Debate was thus ended : New TOASTS went
 about, 375

Till the Wine tasted flat, and their Wit was all out.

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Posthæc gratior eat Dies :
 Benè pastus, potus fies ;
 Dum Minervâ inco-lumis
 Vel invitâ facies, fumes,
 Quicquid vis tu, quicquid quis tu ;
 Et hic sis tu, quicquid vis tu.

This is a double *Entendre*. And *Phæ-*
bus sneers the Knight, while he seems to
 comfort him. To act in Opposition to
Minerva was a Proverb among the *Ro-*
mans, alluding to those who undertook a
 Business, which they were neither form-
 ed by Nature, or qualified by their Edu-
 cation to perform.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.
 Hor.

Ver. 368. For I’ll send him a Vul-
 ture, &c.

Nebulonem hunc conjiciam
 In vin-cula rursus : bis iam
 Pectus pascat Prometheus
 Jovis ales. Sic in Deum
 Malè audet ? Quis non Reum ! }

The Poets feign, that *Jupiter* resenting
 the Actions of *Prometheus* ordered *Mercury*
 to chain him to Mount *Caucasus*, where
 a *Vulture* or *Eagle* came every Day and
 eat up his Liver, which grew again every
 Night. He was at last delivered by *Her-*
cules, who shot the Eagle with one of his
 Arrows.

Quis non reum ? i. e. quis non istum.
Prometheum reum coarguit ?

Mars

Mars began an old Tale of a little *Welch* Queen;
 Of a Battle and Siege, which he never had seen :
 Like a *Tully* he'd speech it!— like *Phœbus* he'd sing!—
 And the World shall be mended ——— when he is a
 King! ———

380

Vol, who likewise was tipsy, talk'd out of his Trade ;
 Of the Vows, and the Cures, and the Horns he had made:
 He'd

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 377. *Mars began an old &c.*
Nunc anilem Mars fabellam
Garrit ; Regis Ap fœmellam
Laudat ; clamat ; modo mingit ;
Obsidiones, bella fingit ;
Marcum superat dicendo ;
Phœbum superat canendo ;
Orbem moribus ornaret,
Regnum liquis sibi daret.

Sir *Mars* was a great Braggadocio, even when sober ; as remarked above, Ver. 183. But when a little mellow, which happened generally once a Day, he was outrageous in his Conversation ; and would exalt himself far above all other Gods or Men. At such times, he was fully persuaded, that he excelled, not only in Arms, but in all Arts and Sciences. *Tir-Oen* says, that he had perused a large Folio written by our Hero, entituled, *The Commentaries of Sir Mars, or the History of his own Times*, which afforded him no small Diversion. And since I began this Translation, I have seen the First Book of a Poem compos'd by our Knight in praise of himself, which he calls the *Martiad*. I remember the first six Verses, as follow.

I will praise the great God Mars, for of all
Gods he's most worthy to be prais'd.
And I'll sing Deeds so mighty, as shall cause
ev'ry Reader to stand amaz'd.
I'll relate, how he was much flouter than
Horsa, who first landed in Kent ;
And how he made better Speeches than any
Member of Parliament.
How that he cou'd have a Countess or twain,
when his Honour inclin'd to kiss :
And that he cou'd write better Verses than
Homer : for he himself wrote This.

It plainly appears from this *Exordium* of the *Martiad*, that our Hero despis'd *Apollo's* Advice, and that he thought no Person so capable of writing his own Panegyrick as himself.

Ver. 381. *Vol, who likewise was tipsy, &c.*

Incudemque jam Volcanus
Ultra sapit, Bacchi Anus :
Quæ effutit, omnia, vovit ;
Mœchus, medicus quæ novit :
Mox martello crySTALLINA
Faciet, pocula divina !
Dum fœcundant (olim feges
Erit) asinarum greges

Newton

He'd invent a new Crystal! and hammer his Glaffes!
And his Mountains improve by a Stock of She Affes!—

Phæbus here, looking out, feign'd a sudden Sur-
prise.— 385

“ Oh! my Friends, see the *Phosphor* juſt ready to riſe:
“ Tho’

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

*Newton montem, prata P—t.
Hoccin' illi nomen? Bat.*

While *Vol* was ſober, he was ſecret and ſilent. But when tipſy, he would blab out every thing he knew. He then made Vows of Vengeance; preſcribed Cures for the Gout; bragg'd of his Intrigues with Women of Quality; and projected a thouſand extraordinary Whims. In one of theſe Fits he publiſhed that pompous Advertiſement recited by *Tir-Oen*; in which our Bottle-maker undertakes to produce a Sort of Glaſs, that ſhould be equal to Cryſtal; and declares, that he had recovered the Art of making it malleable. *Vitrea Vaſa faciurus tenacitatis tantæ, ut ſi in Pavimentum maximo impetu projiciantur, collifa forent, at non fracta*, ſays *Tir-Oen*. That he would make Glaſs Veſſels of ſuch Solidity, that although they ſhould be thrown upon a Stone Pavement with the greateſt Force, they would be only bruifed, but not broken. This extravagant Boalt raiſed the Expectation of all People; and we hoped to ſee Rivers of Gold flow into our Country, in conſequence of ſuch an uſeful Invention: When ſome malevolent Dæmon viſited poor *Vol's* Glaſs-Houſe, and in one Night extinguiſhed his Fires, broke his Pots, Pans, &c. and diſperſed his whole Train of Workmen and Confederates. It is an Opinion commonly received in the Provinces of *Munſter* and *Connaght*, that this Deſtruction of the Glaſs-Houſe was

wrought by the Incantations of *Myra*, who imagined the *Volcanos* of *Vol* to reſemble *Purgatory*; the Thoughts of which always made the Sorcerers tremble. But this I take to be a Monkish Fable. The moſt probable Account is the following, which I have lately received from my worthy Friend the learned Dr. *Lewis Anthony Oneil*;— *Civibus quibuſdam facta Dublinenſis Volcani propius explorantibus facile innotuit Veteratorem iſtum omnia moliri & magna loqui ad captandum Populum. Quapropter extinctis ſubito ignibus, occluſiſque fornacibus Cyclopa omnes vitriarios expellere ſtatuerunt.* Some of our Citizens, who more nearly inſpected *Vol's* Conduct, diſcovered all his Tricks; and plainly perceived, that he had no other Intention than to amuſe and deceive the People. Wherefore, they immediately reſolved to ſhut up the Glaſs-Houſe, and drive away all the Bottle-Makers.

Aſinarum Gregeſ. *Vol* had a Mountain Farm called *Newtown P.* which he ſtocked with She Affes; and was the firſt who taught that Method of improving Lands in *Ireland*.

Ver. 386. Oh! my Friends, ſee the *Phosphor*, &c.

Sic, amici, ſi potemus,
Tango-menas faciemus.
Ecce (ſigna novi) *Phosphor*-
us jam ortus erit noſter.

Prodromus.

“ Tho’ I’m tipling with you so remote in the West,
 “ I must set out exactly at Six from the East :
 “ And besides — I have promis’d to call by the Way,
 “ With the Muses to chat, ere I open the Day. 390
 So the God took his Leave, flying strait to *Parnassus*;
 To the Lodge drove Sir *Mars*, and *Vol* trudg’d to his
 Glafs-House.

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Prodromus quid me absente ?
 Ego quid in occidente,
 Cùm ad sextam ab oriente ?

Phosphorus is the Morning Star, which
 rises just before the Sun. *Phosphore redde*
diem. Martial.

Tangomenas facere, is to make a Debauch,
 or to drink till Day Light. Pet. Arb.

Ver. 391. So the God took his Leave,
 &c.

Deus vale dicens desit ;
 Fugit, ac Parnassum petiit :
 Ædes suas *Mars* Equester,
 Fornacemque *Vol* Pedester.

Ædes suas. — To his Lodge in the
Phœnix Park near *Dublin*, where Sir
Mars then lived.

Vol Pedester. — *Vol* after his Bank-
 ruptcy affected great Humility, and all out-

ward Marks of Poverty : He appeared
 meanly clad ; he pretended to feed on
 Roots and other Vegetables ; and generally
 walked the Streets, even in the midst of
 Winter. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Claudicat licet*
Vol, pedibus tamen se portat suis, pluvia-
rum incurfus & brumalis frigoris patiens. —
 And then he quotes the following Lines
 out of that famous Ode said to be writ-
 ten by *Trulla*, the Mud-Nymph, in
 Praise of *Vol*, with which my Country-
 man concludes the second Chapter of his
 Commentary.

Sexagesimum agens, atque opulentior
Crasso, nunc Vitreus se patitur vaser
Uri, nunc Luteus sub Jove frigido
Eblancæ peragrat loca.

Crafty Vol, tho’ waxen old,
And as rich as Consul Crassus,
Foots it now in Wet and cold,
Now is frying in a Glafs-House.

T H E
T O A S T.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Indicio SOLIS — Quis SOLEM fallere possit ? Ovid.

Γυνή μετὰ γυναῖκες ὡς Ἀνὴρ ἀνδρογύνες ἔρωτας ἐσχημονοῦσα. Lucian.

Apollo subveni mihi atque adjuva ;
Confige sagittis Fures Thesaurarios. Plaut. Aulular.

THE
T O A S T.

BOOK THE THIRD.

T H E
T O A S T.
BOOK THE THIRD.

MIGHTY Goddess, who whilom thro' *Hudibras*
spoke,
You, who taught Frier *Ihon*, and *Pança* to joke;
To

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Mighty Goddess, &c.*

Quæ formasti *Hudibras*,
Magna Dea ; tu, quæ das
Risus, Atticosque sales,
Habet *Ihon*, *Pança* quales,
(*Armiger Armigerorum*,
Monachusque Monachorum)
Eja age, versus unde-
libet jocularis funde.
Nec in te sit ulla mora ;
Nec exorsa longiora ;
Nec nos, Dea per ambages,
Ut ut opus majus magis,
Ficto carmine teneto :
Vestro vati O faveto !
Monti-colæ mi favete
Musæ omnes ! exhibete
Phœbi turpem — *tissam anum*,
Et *Vol* Thesaurarium planum.

The chief Action of the Poem begins

with this third Book, the first and second
being little more than an Introduction.

Phœbi turpem — *tissam anum*.

The Commentators are at a loss how
to explain this Verse. They all imagine
that *tissam* is an Error of the Press. *Tir-*
Oen therefore reads it *missam*, and under-
stands it, as it is used by *Suetonius* in this
Phrase, *missam facere uxorem*, that is, the
old Toast, whom *Phæbus* repudiated or
recanted. Mr. *Cuper* thinks it ought to
be *scissam anum*, the old Woman, who is
rent and torn, or as we commonly say,
pulled to Pieces — by *Scheffer's* Satire. Or
by *scissam anum*, says the same Commen-
tator, may be understood the Wrinkles
and Furrows in old *Myra's* Face, in the
same Sense as we use *scindere humum*.
Mr. *Wetstein*, who does not approve
these Interpretations, will have it to be
fissam anum; and is of Opinion, that it

To my Cottage repair, and my Carol renew :
 Let the Prelude be short, and the Story be true:
 Let me borrow your Spirit to dight the old TOAST, 5
 And advance a foul Kern to a Treasurer's Post.
 Half remains yet unsung, and I grieve 'twas delay'd:
 'Tis a Tribute I owe, and the Debt must be paid.
 O! do thou, most redoubtable *Piercy*, attend,
 Whilst a Column I raise to thy Mistress and Friend. 10
 Nor

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was the Fault of the Compositor or of the Transcriber of the Manuscript, who not understanding *Latin*, read a (*t*) for an (*f*), which was a very easy Mistake. *Wetstein* explains *fissam anum*, by these Lines of *Horace*;

*Hietque turpis inter aridas nates
 Podex, velut crudæ Bovis.*

But with Submission to my learned Brethren they are all wide of the Mark. If they had sufficiently observed the Manner in which — *tissam* is written, with a Dash before it, they had perceived, that it is only half a Word. I supply the Vacancy with *Comi*— and this makes the Sense very plain.

Ver. 7. *Half remains yet unsung*, &c.
*Carmen, rectè cùm moratum,
 Cur moratum, dimidiatum?*

That is, why was this Poem, in which the Characters are so aptly represented and expressed, divided into two Parts, and the Publication of the second Volume so long delayed? *Carmen rectè moratum* in the first Line is synonymous to *Fabula rectè morata* in *Horace*. The Reader will here

observe a *lusus verborum*, which, as I have said before, we frequently meet with in this Work. I do not know whether I need add as a farther Explanation of this Passage, that the two last Books of *Scheffer* were not published till a Year after the first Volume appeared, for which our Author makes an Apology in this expository Address to his Muse.

Ver. 9. *O do thou most redoubtable
 Piercy &c.*

*Et tu funge, ferox Perseu,
 Haud ut olim ægrè fer, seu
 Binas statuo tuæ col-
 umnas vetulæ & Vol;
 Seu in te exemplum, HOL.* }

Mr. *Scheffer* here addresses himself to a certain tall Captain, who in the Reign of the D. of D. was Surveyor General, and was knighted by that Grace. This Man was *Myra's* chief Agent, and a great Enemy to our Author, whose Works he pretended to criticise; though he did not understand a Word of *Latin*, and had so little Skill in Poetry, that in order to judge of the Goodness and Propriety of Verses, he measured them with a Mason's Rule.
 He

Nor impatient, as whilom, my Merit deny :
 Such a Builder as thou ; such a Poet am I.
 Tho' a *Goth*, and unbred, and unfashion'd by *Vol*;
 In our Manners I trow, the Resemblance is small.
 To the Great I ne'er cring'd ; nor am dubb'd by his
 Grace ;

15

Nor betray'd my old Friend to succeed to his Place ;
 Nor the Stranger's Possessions unjustly I fought ;
 Nor my Verse is the Work of another Man's Thought.

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He asserted, that there could not possibly be any Wit in a Poem, where the Verses were all too long or too short.

HOL. i. e. *O Holophanta*, a Word used by *Plautus* to signify a Knight of the Post.

Ver. 16. *Nor betray'd my old Friend*
 &c.

Me ingratum dixit quis ? quis
 Me prædonem ? ex meis quis
 Arte meâ proditur, cum
 Prodidisses bonum *Burkum* ?

The base Manner in which Sir *Piercy* used his Friend and Predecessor Mr. *Bourke*, is a Story so well known in *Dublin*, that I need not enlarge on it in this Place. I shall only take leave to say, that although our Knight were a Person of Interest in the Vice-roy's Court, yet he was never held in any great Reputation among Men of Honour. But after he had perjured himself in the Face of the whole Town (as is related in the following Note) he was despised and detested by his own Friends and Relations.

Ver. 17. *Nor the Stranger's Possessions*
 &c.

An quis vates, O *Per-seu*,
 Fuit, fecit, nunc quod tu ?
 Eccas falsas lites creas !
 Ut cum ædes *Scheffereas*
 Violâsset, expugnâsset,
 Litigâsset, pejerâsset.

Our Author here alludes to Sir *Piercy's* famous Expedition, when at the Head of a Troop of Banditti, armed with Carbines, Pistols, Hatchets, &c. he forced the Possession of Mr. *Scheffer's* House: And when afterwards this Violence was complained of to the Court of Chancery, our Knight made an Affidavit, that he used no Force, but on the contrary, that quiet Possession was delivered to him by Mr. *Scheffer's* Servants. And to corroborate this Oath, and obviate all Difficulties, he swore further, that Mr. *Scheffer* himself had assured him, that he *did not* desire the Possession of his own House.

On occasion of this heroic Exploit, a young Lad of the College addressed a congratulatory Ode, in Imitation of *Horace*, Book I. Ode 6. *To the Chevalier Piercy*, which the Reader will find in the Appendix.

And

And do thou, O Lord *Pam*, thy Anathemas spare,
 And to second Sir *Piercy's* rude Insults forbear : 20
 Nor be mov'd, if I stand at thy Elbow next Winter ;
 Nor endeavour to bribe, or to frighten my Printer :
 Nor pronounce me prophane, and my Poem a Libel ;
 Since Hermaphrodites no where are found in the Bible.
 For, unseemly if thus on a Tribad you fawn, 25
 And unhallow the fair Hierarchical Lawn ;

Or

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Ver. 19. *And do thou, O Lord Pam,*
 &c.

Et quid censeas, velim, nolim,
Pamme, papa, pastor olim,
 Reverende modo quodam,
 Reverende nunc admòdum,
 Parcius dic : ten' adversari ?
 Tene *Perseum* imitari ?

The Person here intended was a famous
 B. known through the whole Kingdom
 by the Name of Lord *Pam*. He was a
 great Enemy to our Author, and indeed
 to all Men of Wit and Learning, being
 himself the most ignorant as well as the
 most vitious P. of all who had ever been
 honoured with that Title from the Days
 of the Apostles to this present Year of the
 Christian *Æra*. He was promoted, says
Tir-Oen, by the Iniquity of the Times,
Non tam providentiâ divinâ, quàm tempo-
rum iniquitate **** *E—scopus*.

Ver. 21. *Nor be mov'd* &c.

Nec te moveas, quòd impurus
Scheffer jamjam rediturus ?
 Nec tu nostro dic, *nè da fo-*
ras hæc scripta Typo-grapho.

When the second Edition of Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem was advertised, Lord *Pam* sent
 for several Publishers and Printers, and
 endeavoured to prevail on them by Bribes
 or Threats, not to publish or sell it, be-
 stowing on our Author at the same Time,
 all those scurrilous Appellations, with
 which his low Education had furnished him.

Ver. 25. *For, unseemly if thus* &c.

Nam, si sagæ fautor tu sis,
 Comes ire nec recuses
Al nequissimæ Tribadi ;
(Tibi talia curanda Dî ?)
 Si dum linteatus, lacer ;
 Si lacertus facer, facer ;
 Si ridendo æstu effe-
 vescis, latras, rodís *Scheffer*.
 [Rodis — latras — an latrare
 E—scopus? Patriſſare.]
 Nostri si nunc vim car-minis
 Verbis rusticis, caninis,
 Convitiisque redar-guis ;
 Tuo capiti hæc suis.
 Quid quòd Arch' E—scopatum
 Tu obtineas, vel Primatum ?
 Me canente Histrioniam
 Facies, dignè facies, quoniam

Con-

Or defame the good Bard, to exalt the black Frow,
In the Language thou learn'ft from thy Father at Plow ;
I'll record thee in Farce: Tho' again thou'rt * translated,
And again, and fo oft, till your *Pamship's* Primated ; 30
I'll translate thee once more, left thy Works should
escape us,

And create thee High-priest of our *Irish Priapus*.

HERE, by changing the Scene, now my Fancy grows
strong,

O affift me, my Muse, to embellish my Song !
As a *Sibyl* pronounce, but without Agitation 35
Of your Body or Mind, SCHEFFER'S Vaticination.

For,

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Confecrafti asininum
Miræ diræ Priapinum.

Many Persons have expreffed their Sur-
prize, that a B. should fo warmly interest
himself in the Cause of two fuch infamous
Creatures, as *Myra* and her Imp. *Quidni*
autem pergat, quò cæpit (fays *Tir-Oen*)
nempè *servire Veneficæ, cujus incantamen-*
tis dignitatem adeptus est? Why should
not he go on, as he had begun, to serve the
Sorceress, by whose Incantations he obtained
his Preferment? The same Commenta-
tor tells us, that *Myra* had gained to her
Party some others of the Clergy, by flat-
tering their Ambition, and pretending by
the Power, which was given her, that she
was at all times able to reward her Fa-
vourite with a Mitre. Did not these
Men believe what a great and witty Au-
thor said on another occasion, *That there*
is some Analogy between cloven Tongues,
and cloven Feet?

Histrioniam facies. This alludes to a
Farce, which Mr. *Scheffer* had then be-
gun, and which he has since finished. It
is written in *Latin*. Lord *Pam* is a prin-
cipal Person of the *Drama*. See Part of
the first Act in the Notes on the Epistle
to *Cadenus*.

* Lord PAM hath been twice translat-
ed since the first Edition of this Poem.

Ver. † 33. Here, by changing, &c.

Musa, tanquam ipsa illa
Sis Cumæa tu Sibylla,
Rhythmos ede: digrediare. }
Fas sit mî vaticinari:
Opus queam quî ornare. }
Faciâs, fingas versus, modos,
Epos magnum, seu epodos;
Carmen laudis habeat fatis,
Si, cui scripsit, verè 'st vates:

* M

Id

For, of Epode or Epic higher rais'd is the Merit,
 In the Bard if there breathe a prophetic Spirit.
 Nor obscure be my Numbers: no Censure I fear:
 'Tis *Apollo*, who whispers these Truths in my Ear. 40
 When the P——y shall lose all its Splendor and Power,
 And a brutal *Beotian* command in the *Tower*;
 When the Lords of the Mountains their Forces assemble,
 And *Britannia*, as shook by an Earthquake, shall tremble;
 When the Drums ecclesiastic, unheard in this Age, 45
 Beat to Arms in all Pulpits, and kindle our Rage;

While

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Id si gravius, doctius, pressius,
 Is futuri si non nescius.

The old Poets valued themselves much on the Spirit of Prophecy, with which they pretended to be inspired:

Est Deus in nobis; sunt et commercia cæli.
 Ovid.

Hence they assumed a Name (*Vates*) which signifies both a Poet and a Prophet.

Ver. † 42. *And a brutal Beotian &c.*
Ex Bæotiâ custos is? At
Sanè pol Hibernicissat.

Ver. † 43. *When the Lords &c.*
Tempus erit, cùm monticolæ
(Hos honore tu om-ni cole)
Cogant suos, gaudeant castris,
Ducibusque novis astris.
Horum motus quantus! quotus
Enim quisque horum motus
Non formidet, herclè quales
Terræ motus exitiales?

When I translated this Poem, which I finished and published in the year 1736,

I rejected this Part of it called the Prophecy, which I considered as an impertinent Rhapsody, and foreign to my Author's Subject. But, what I then despised I now admire, and begin to think, Mr. *Scheffer* was really inspired; since I have lived to see (in April 1746, when I am writing this Note) every Part of this wonderful Prediction fulfilled. I have therefore, after so many Years, made it *English*, and, in this second Edition, I have inserted the Text and my Version in its proper Place.

Ver. † 45. *When the Drums &c.*

Hos, et illos sacerdotes,
Parvos, magnos tibi notes.
Cavillantur, criminantur.
Scitè pol sycophantantur.
Preces, iras, diras fundunt,
Tympanaque sua tundunt.
Fundunt, tundunt: quare? quò? he-
fariâ ducti ambitione.

In one of our Author's MSS. the two last Verses run thus,

Fundunt, tundunt quur, vir bone?
Malâ

While the Warrior A——p his Province alarms,
 And instructs Saints and Sinners to handle their Arms,
 And impels Knights and Squires, whether sober or Sots,
 To renounce the Fox-chace, and to hunt down the *Scots*;
 When unmilitant PEERS by a warlike Cockade, 51
 Or, allur'd by the Gain, sudden Heroes are made;

When

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Malâ ducti ambitione.

But the various Readings do not alter the Sense. I shall here observe, that the Zeal, which the Clergy have manifested at this Time, and at all Times, in Defence of the Church of *England*, is very commendable. But, when I meet with any of their Sermons (and I believe there have been lately more than an hundred published, all in the same Strain) filled with Calumnies or low scurrilous Invectives, or, what is more nauseous, stuffed with the most fulsome Praise and grossest Flatteries; I cannot persuade myself, that the Authors of such Discourses are the Ministers of God: I am sure their Language is not the Language of the Gospel of *Christ*.

Ver. † 47. *While the Warrior &c.*

Tu es, *Archi*, ô quàm bellus
 Concinator, *Colonellus*!
 Peditesque convo-cas,
 Equitesque hero-as,
 Qualis erat *Hudibras*;
 Quibus nullæ hærent maculæ,
 Sed tres militares caculæ,
 Sui cuique. Vulpes (puto,
 Brevis mora 'st) sint in tuto.
 Laudem hi venentur, notos
 Hostes pol venando *Scotos*.

Tu es, *Archi*, o quàm bellus
 Concinator, *Colonellus*!

These Lines are a just Panegyric on the present A——p of *Y.* who first raised that Spirit against Popery, which hath since spread itself over all *England*. By his Influence the famous Troop of *Yorkshire* Fox-hunters was formed; who were invincible Champions all, both Knights and Esquires; three Esquires attending on every Knight, as well armed and mounted, as their Masters. For a full Account of their magnanimous Resolutions, their perilous Expeditions, Battles, Sieges, Pursuits and Retreats, and all their notable Feats in Chivalry, by which they acquired the Appellation of the *British* Worthies, I must refer the Reader to our *English* Annals.

Ver. † 51. *When unmilitant Peers &c.*

Hic tribunus, et centurio,
 Marti aptus, nec Mercurio,
 Quo repentè fortis, furio-
 sus sit, dic, quo, Musa, modo
 Sit militiæ gnarus. Prodo:
 En, hóc militari nodo.
 Hôccin' ? Hic, si Pallas necat,
 Tantùm pueros delectat.
 Is ad lucrum solum spectat,
 Seu tribunus, seu centurio,

* M 2

Seu

When a Group of young TEMPLARS shall act a grave
Farce,

And bedight Father *Coke* with the Armour of *Mars*;
And the stout LEATHER SELLERS no Perils shall shun, ‡ 55.
Since *Bellona* has taught 'em to shoot in a Gun;

When

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Seu vir fiet, seu longurio:
Sic, si Marti non, Mercurio.

I. e. *Mercurio aptus*. Our Author here foretels the Creation of a Number of Heroes at once in a new and extraordinary Manner; not, as the Fox-hunters, by an A——p's Blessing, but by a Charm consisting in a Knot of black Ribands, neatly fixed to the Button-hole of the Hat. It hath been found by frequent Experience, that this Charm, in a Quarter of an Hour, hath inspired as much Courage and military Skill, as could have been acquired in twenty Campaigns. However, it is not at present in such high Reputation, as not being so efficacious, as it was formerly, by reason of a Counter-charm, lately invented by a *Scotch* Wizard, of the same Matter, Shape and Size, but of a different Colour. For the Ribands, which compose the Counter-charm, are white: a Colour, which is more esteemed, and will generally prevail over black. White is the Colour of Mirth, the other of Mourning. White is an Emblem of Virtue and Innocence; the other of Malice and Wickedness; and we cannot describe a bad Man in stronger Terms, than by saying, he has a black Heart, or a black Soul. *Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto*. Yet, after all, I have been assured by an old Officer, that a Charm hath sometimes been used, which was an artificial Mix-

ture of three Colours, which hath overpowered the white. And this Charm was practised by the Ancients; as we may learn from the *Pharmaceutria* of *Virgil*;

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores.

Ver. ‡ 53. *When a Group &c.*

Quum armorum malas artes
Discit pater *Cokus*: partes
Ita sanè aget *Martis*,
Uti suo cum fasciculo,
Bombardâque, gladio, spiculo,
Omnibus sit deridiculo.

This Part of our Author's Prediction hath been literally fulfilled. In the Months of *January* and *February*, in 1745, I saw a valiant Set of Lawyers play the Soldiers, every Morning, in the *Middle-Temple* Hall. They were at last so perfect in their Parts; that they acted by Beat of Drum, without the Assistance of any other Prompter.

Ver. ‡ 55. *And the stout Leather-sellers &c.*

Hos pellarios timidiore
Leporeque fugaciores
Spectans, dixi, En qui jactant;
Qui virilia arma tractant!
Tu, *Mars*, cave, tormen-ta cui des:
Si quis tamen *Bombomachides*

Forſan

When the City is govern'd by Time-serving *H*—,
And the Nation is farm'd by a *G*—*n* and *G*—;

When

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Forſan fiat, ac *Bellona*

Viro adſit, ei dona.

I. e. *Bombardam ſive tormentum dona*, furniſh him with a Gun. The Volunteers, our Author here ſpeaks of, were called *Milites pellarii*, *Leather-fellers*; becauſe their chief Place of Parade was in Leather-fellers Hall. They were of all Orders and Ranks of Citizens; and, although formerly they could not bear the Sight of a Gun, they were now as-adroit, and as well trained in the Exerciſe of the Firelock, as the Lawyers; over whom they had this Advantage, that they always appeared in an uniform, military Habit, and in the moſt conspicuous Places, inviting their Fellow-Citizens to ſee their Performance. Whereas the Lawyers, who were always dreſſed in their ordinary Habits, like new-raiſed Recruits, locked themſelves in, while they were performing, as if they had been aſhamed of their new Profeſſion.

Ver. † 57. *When the City &c.*

Hic, qui magnæ urbi præeſt,

Sibi hercle nunquam deeſt,

Numularius ille *H*—.

Numularius ille *G*—

Mihi, tibi, cuique quid id?

Aurum aufert? Auri *G*—*n*

Pacſto quantum vult nefario

Doli architectus pari, ô

Dî, decuſſit ex ærario.

Vaſer doli architectus

O ſi eſſet dierectus!

The Reader may learn from a famous Debate in the H. of C. which happened

the Beginning of *March* 1745-6, that this Part of *Scheffer's* Prediction hath alſo been fulfilled. Or, for a more particular Information, let him conſult the Marble Statue, erected in Honour of Sir *John Barnard*.

In the laſt Lines our Author wiſhes a Punishment to the Money-monger, which I think he does not deſerve half ſo much, as thoſe who employed him.

Ver. † 59. *When the Patriots are Placemen &c.*

Magnus ille quum ſenator,

Clarus ille quum orator

Nauci, nihili pendantur,

Quòd et emant et emanantur,

Quòd corrumpant, corrumpantur.

At, at, nos ingenuatos

Videas nunc collutulatos.

Si queramur; inforamur,

Elinguamur, exculcamur.

Adverſamur? ſuſpendamur.

Is there an honeſt Man in *England*, who is not moſt heartily grieved, when he conſiders, that by a Deſection of ſuch a Number of Patriots, that honourable Appellation is now become a Word of Reproach and Contempt? In Truth theſe Gentlemen have done more Hurt to the Cauſe of Liberty, than Sir *R. W—pole's* long and corrupt Adminiſtration: Since they have convinced us, that (in their Opinion) Virtue is only a Name, and, by the Love of their Country, they never meant any thing but the Love of Money.

Ver.

When the Patriots are Placemen, the People are Slaves ;
 When the P—s are Kings, and the —s are Knaves ; ‡ 60
 When a Youth (this I add, lest ye fancy, I rage,
 As the Prophets, who always dire Evils presage)
 Crown'd with Laurel appears, who, the Destinies tell us,
 If his Thread they shall lengthen, will be a *Marcellus* ;
 Then expect, in the Senate, where *LÆLIUS* shall sit, ‡ 65
 For his Virtues rever'd, and renown'd for his Wit,

On

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Ver. ‡ 60. *When the P——s are King* ;
 Quum potestas penes miros
 Siet omnis Duumviros,
 Potentissimos P——s ;
 Regi qui injiciunt camos.

I am something puzzled how to explain these Verses. Have we ever seen a Duumvirate in England?

Ver. ‡ 60. — and the —s are
Knaves.

En, qui nobis olim cultus,
 Fit repente turpis, stultus !
 Dumque vocem, vultum mutat, }
 Suos prodit, grave nutat, }
 Πολύπλοκα se putat. }
 Quin bovinum fratrem, ellum, }
 Cui deest cerebellum, }
 Dic—Pol dic utrumque *Schelm.* }

Schelm is a Dutch Word, a Term of the greatest Reproach and Ignominy. It has always been applied to those, who have lost their Honour by betraying their Trust, their Friends, or their Country ; or to such as have deserted their Colours, and have been guilty of notorious Cowardice in the Day of Battle. Thus Co-

lonel *Appius*, and the other Dutch Officers, who ran away at the Battle of *Fourtenoy*, were declared *Schelm* ; and this was Part of the Sentence of the Court-Martial. Our Author does not here give us the least Hint, against whom this Part of his satirical Prediction is pointed. He only insinuates, by the *bovinum fratrem*, that they were two Brothers, who looked like a Pair of huge Oxen. But their *Bovinities* may be well satisfied, while they are not distinguished by any other Mark.

Ver. ‡ 61. *When a Youth &c.*

En, *Marcellus* ! annos ol-
 li candidius fatum si det.
 Quo nil majus, melius Sol
 Oriens occidenſve videt :
 En, *Mavortis* gladio cinctus,
 Lauro triumphali vinctus !

Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris : Virgil. L. 6.

Ver. ‡ 65. *Where LÆLIUS shall sit.*

Ubi *Lælius* meus fedit,
 Ubi sæpius verba dedit
 Suis, nobis, rex *Atrides* ;
 Aptum doctis scamnum vides.

LÆLIUS

On the Bench, for rare Merit design'd, shall be seen
Other PAMS, puff'd in Lawn, but ignoble their Mien;
Who disdaining, like *H—t*, old Apostolic Marks,
Are become sacred Bishops, yet never were Clerks. ‡ 70
How the Goddess, who rules the vast *Dunciad*, will smile,
When she robes with bright Ermin her *M—*, and
L—!

When, around the old *K—* while her Bat-wings are
spread,
She adorns with a Mitre a Bust of Lead!

Judge,

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LÆLIUS is the Name, by which our Author, in all his *Latin Works*, has designed the present Earl of ORRERY. See his Lordship's Character in the *Scamnum*, and in the first and second Book of the *Templum Libertatis*. But more particularly in a Presentation Speech, delivered in the Convocation House in *Oxford*, when this learned Nobleman was admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

Ver. ‡ 68. *Other PAMS &c.*

Eccos alios *Pammos* putres!

Ex his, Musa, jube tu tres

Prodeant, tumeant tanquam u-

tres.

Perge, Musa, porrò dic,

Hic, et hic, et alter hic

Non (hoc subolfacio). quo mo-

do jam caudex sit, non homo;

Sed cur (voce omnium uter)

Sit episcopus, non futor.

Quem si forsàn quis catholicum,

Nemo sentiet apostolicum.

I have been assisted in my Version of these Lines, as well as of those which follow in the next Note, by my worthy Kinsman Mr. *Andrew McDonald*, a Native of the Isle of *Skye*, who is generally esteemed to be a gifted or second-sighted Man.

Ver. ‡ 71. *How the Goddess &c.*

Ride, gaude, O-Moria!

Rideam, gaudeam quare? Quia

Tuum *Johan-nulum Daff*,

Tuum *Johan-nulum Saph*,

Et atque, atque *Gilbertinos*

Plumbeos omnes (nósti, qui nos)

Pallâ, mitrà ornes tali!

Ornem quali? matronali?

Bombax! Pol episcopali.

My Kinsman Mr. *McDonald* assures me, that *Daff*, *Saph* and *Mat* are the Gothic Names of three leaden Statues, which will be honoured here as Peers of the Realm, before the Beginning of the next Century..

Judge, my Friends, of the rest by the Men I here name,
And believe ev'ry PAM-Priest in Britain the same: ‡ 76
Nor an *Argus* can spy in that Cast any Odds,
Who submit to all Kings, and who worship all Gods.
Is a *Hengist* our Ruler? the Cross they abhor,
And begin a *Te Deum* to *Woden* and *Thor*. ‡ 80
Or suppose a young *Bacchus* (observe, 'tis a Thing,
Which I only suppose) here receiv'd as a King;
They attend on his Car with *Evokes* and *Hollas*.
Or, is *Mahomet* come? they are *Mufties* and *Mollas*.

Be

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Century. At the same Time many other wonderful Things may be expected to happen in this Island. How far my Scotch Kinsman may see into Futurity, or whether his Divinations be just, will be proved by many Persons, who are now born. In the mean time, I think myself much obliged to him, by whose Help I have made the most obscure Part of *Scheffer's* Prediction intelligible to an English Reader.

Ver. ‡ 76. *And believe &c.*

Præful, presbyterve qui sit,	}
Ex <i>Pammorum</i> fæce si sit,	
Studia sprebit, sacra risit.	
Hujus fasciæ omnes quidem	}
Faciunt, garriunt, sentiunt idem	
Deque Deo, deque te, Rex,	
Deque (me immisceam) me, Rex;	
Volunt sed, tu velis quæ, Rex.	}

Hujus fasciæ, of this Bundle, or Bench,
or Bunch, or Cast, or Tribe. *Petron.*

Ver. ‡ 79. *Is a Hengist our &c.*
Nobis si Hengista dux sit;
Pammis odio Christi crux sit:
Rhythmicam incipiunt oden,
Celebrantque Thor, et Woden.

Hengist and *Horfa* were the first Saxons, who settled in England. *Woden* and *Thor* were two of their principal Deities; who still retain so much Honour among us, that two Days of the Week are consecrated to their Names.

Ver. ‡ 81. *Or suppose &c.*

Adsit <i>Bacchus</i> : Regem puta.	}
Putat: Est oratio tuta.	
Regem quem cognoscunt, amant,	
Eum Deum <i>Pammi</i> clamant.	
Evohe! titubantque pedes:	
Evohe! Gaudia quæ, <i>Bacche</i> , des!	
Quid si veniat <i>Mahumedes</i> ?	
Thyrso ponunt & corollas:	}
<i>Pammi</i> fiunt <i>Muftis</i> , <i>Mollas</i> .	

Evohe!

Book III. *The* T O A S T. * 95

Be a *Pharaoh* the Lord of the *British* Dominions: † 85

Lo! the PAMS offer Incense to Oxen and Onions.

Or, imagine a *Tartar* possess'd of the Throne;

See 'em croud to a Pagod, and worship a Stone!

Nor accuse, ye great Priests, my oracular Rhymes:

Nor alledge, that all Craftsmen conform to the Times: † 90

Nor insist, thro' all Changes this Merit you've gain'd;

When your Gods have been false, all your Prayers have
been feign'd.

I contend, (and I borrow my Logic from *Paul*)

If ye honour one Idol, ye honour 'em all.

And

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Evohé! Evan! Acclamations, which were often repeated by the Priests of *Bacchus*, when they celebrated his Festival.

Musties, Mollahs, or Moullas, are the dignified Clergy, as also the Judges and Magistrates, among the *Mahometans*.

Ver. † 85. *Be a Pharaoh* &c.

Pharaoh, seu quis *Ptolemeus*
Angliæ rex sit; quis tum Deus?
Qui ex agris arcessatur,
Aut in hortis qui nascatur.
Bos, aut cepe en! colatur.

The *Ægyptians* worshipped *Apis* (who is also called *Serapis*, and *Osiris*) in the Shape of an Ox. They even placed in the Number of their Deities the Leeks and Onions, which grew in their Gardens.

O sanctas gentes! quibus hæc nascantur in hortis

Numina. Juvenal.

Ver. † 87. Or, imagine a *Tartar* &c.

Furiæ nos donârint rege,
Qui ex *Tartarorum* grege;
Quò se vertent nostri *Pammi*?
Christo infestiores, quàm mi,
Saxeum adorabunt signum,
Saxeum numen, aut ilignum.

The several Nations of *Great Tartary* are Pagans, and worship Stocks and Stones.

Ver. † 90. Nor alledge, that all Craftsmen &c.

Quis antiquis vivit moribus?
Quis non servit nunc temporibus?

* N

Quis

And there is (nor it moves you, that two or three *Jews*,
Or the wild *Cameronians* Obedience refuse) ‡ 96

What your PAMSHIPS approach with Rev'ence and
Pleasure :

'Tis the Image set up by King *Nebucadnezzar*.

Whether *English* or *Irish*, young PAM-Priests and old,
Ever worship in Truth, if the God be of Gold. ‡ 100

“ Future Acts, through thy Favour, while thus I relate;

“ Is it lawful to ask, What will be my own Fate ?

“ Shall

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Quis non, artifex si probus,
(Reges duò sint) duobus ?

The learned Reader will observe, not only in this Place, but in many others, I have not been able to express the Strength and Beauty of the Original.

Ver. ‡ 95. *And there is &c.*
Hunc et *Angli* et *Ierni*,
Quem a ceteris secerni,
Posuit quem *Nabuchadonosor*,
(Quid? quòd reicit *Idolòn* osor
Sbadrach, *Mesach*, *Abednego*,
Scotus ille, planè ego)
Uno ore *Pammi* volunt ;
Ac non ficto ore colunt.
Quid sit vivere, ne-sciat ;
Eum si quis repu-diat,
Qui ex auro Deus fiat.

I should be extremely concerned, if this prophetic Digression were misun-

derstood ; or, that any Men of Sense should suspect, my Author here intended to cast a general Reflection on the *English* Clergy. This was far from Mr. *Scheffer's* Thoughts, who in all his Writings, as well as in his whole Conversation, hath ever expressed the greatest Respect and Reverence for pious and learned Clergymen ; and with some of that Order he hath cultivated a strict Friendship and Correspondence. This Part of our Poet's Invective is plainly levelled against bad Priests, who by the Iniquity of the Times have attained to the highest Dignities in the Church. Is any Person so properly an Object of Satire, as a proud, illiterate Prelate ; who treats his poor Brethren with the greatest Insolence and Contempt, when at the same Time he is a most abject Flatterer of all in Power, Men and Women too of all Denominations ? I have seen B. G. make a lower Bow to Miss *Skerret*, than he ever made at the Name of *Jesus*.

Ver.

" Shall my Eyes, sacred *Pæan*, these Wonders behold?
 " Will thy Kindness still last, if I live to be old?
 " My Predictions, I fear, will be hardly believ'd, ‡ 105
 " Or in Jest, as a Star-gazing Knave's, be receiv'd;
 " If so knowing I seem, to myself yet unknown;
 " If I tell others Fortunes, unskill'd in my own.
 Thus, unless 'twas a Vision, his Godship I tried;
 Thus, methought, from his Tripod *Apollo* replied, ‡ 100
 " In thy Days will all happen, which here is foretold;
 " Nor my Favour shall fail thee, when thou art grown
 " old.
 " Where the Muses and I oft have chosen our Seat,
 " I'll provide thee ('twas always thy Wish) a Retreat.

" Unambi-

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. ‡ 106. *Or in Jest, &c.*

*Similisque iis videar,
 (Videar hercle, et irridear)
 Qui, per astra docti, doceant
 Me, quæ mihi profint, nocent;
 Bona, quæ a Diis donentur.
 Sibi astra quæ minentur,
 Planè nesciunt; nisi quæ sciunt,
 Viri callidi hæc nesciunt.*

*Tu pol, si sapias, quod scis nescis neque
 ille Eunuchus &c. TERENT. EUNUCH.*

The Tricks of pretended Astrologers
 are so well known, that I need not say
 any thing of them here.

Ver. ‡ 113. *Where the Muses and
 I &c.*

*Tu a puero quàm rectè!
 Sedes meæ sit senectæ!
 Hæc, quam nosmet nobis legimus;
 Hæc, cui magnam gloriam de-
 dimus.
 Hæc, en volumus quàm rectè,
 Tuæ sedes sit senectæ.*

*Tibur Argeo positum colono
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ! Horat.*

Our Author means the University of
Oxford, which he calls the Seat of *Apollo*
 and the Muses.

" Unambitious, unstain'd by Corruption thy Breast, † 115
 " And the Passion, which most has disturb'd thee, at
 " Rest;
 " Looking down on the Great, and despising thy Foes,
 " There enjoy, O my SCHEFFER, a learned Repose.
 " And, as now you discuss, with a Freedom of Mind,
 " What is worthy yourself, what is due to Mankind; † 120
 " I will hallow thy Lips with a Spark of my Fire,
 " And the Love of thy Country the Theme shall inspire.
 " Lo! to *Britain's* great Goddess a Temple you raise:
 " Lo! I deck thee, old Bard, with a Chaplet of Bays.
 " While

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. † 115. *Unambitious &c.*

Tibi otia Dî fecere:
 Cujus animum movere
 Nulla potuit ambitio,
 Nulla potuit largitio.
 Heic tu veteres diurnâ
 Manu versa, et nocturnâ.
 Viridis senectæ dices
 Solas literas altrices:
 Iis solis delectere.
 Tibi otia Dî fecere.

Letters are certainly the most rational Pleasures of Youth: but they are the real and, indeed, the only Pleasures of old Age. *Senectutem ablectant*, says CICEERO.

Ver. † 116. *And the Passion &c.*

Balnea fugiens, cuncta quin ea
 Tela spernens Cupidinea,

Dixis, animo quieto,
 Mihi, illi, Gallo, Pæto;
 Solus Phyllida habeto.

}

Et Phyllida solus habeto. VIRGIL.

The Passion our Author means is sufficiently intimated in these Lines, and is indeed generally quieted by old Age.

Ver. † 123. *Lo! to Britain's great Goddess &c.*

Pia sacra (sic in fatis)
 Colas, canas LIBERTATIS.
Britannorum magnæ ædem
 Ponas Deæ. Dumque, quæ dem,
 Laureis fertis exornaris,
 Deque iis tu gloriaris,
 More senum; dum sorores
 Templo dona et honores

Novem

“ While the Muses their Tribute to Liberty bring; ‡ 125
 “ And, protected by us, you may censure a King.
 “ As you sink into Age, you shall rise into Fame;
 “ And the noblest of *Britons* shall honour thy Name:
 “ FANE, and TUFTON, and LEE to thy Verse shall attend;
 “ And a BOYLE shall be known thy Companion and
 “ Friend. ‡ 130
 “ Then, whene’er thou’rt perplex’d, or of Bus’ness afraid,
 “ See ARISTO! how kindly he lends thee his Aid:
 “ How polite and humane! in his Honour what Trust!
 “ Did he e’er urge the Cause, which he knew was
 “ unjust?
 “ Did

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Novem ferunt; tutus næ tu es,
 Nec a regibus quid metues.

This alludes to a *Latin* Poem, entitled *Templum Libertatis*, which our Author published about the Year 1741. We see several other *Latin* Poems by the same Hand, all written in Defence of Liberty.

Ver. ‡ 128. *And the noblest &c.*

Viris en eruditissimis,
 Et iisdem nobilissimis
 Tua pagina quàm grata!
 Carminaque quàm probata!
 Laudes tibi quis negârit,
 Modò ATTICUS laudârit?
 Carmen tuum quis culpârit,
 LEE, et TUFTON si amârit?

Si divinus ille LÆLIUS,
 Quo amico nil fidelius?

By ATTICUS our Poet intends the present Earl of WESTMORELAND, to whom he hath given the same Name, in a *Latin* Epistle. TUFTON and LEE are the Earls of THANET and LITCHFIELD, and by LÆLIUS, as I observed before, the present Earl of ORRERY is designed. These four Noblemen are not more beloved for their Integrity, and their steady Adherence to the Cause of Liberty, than they are admired for their fine Parts, and their excellent Taste and Judgment in all Branches of polite Literature.

Ver. ‡ 131. *Then, whene’er &c.*

Si,

" Did he ever fair Virtue and Mérit expose, † 135
 " Like IERNE'S rude Pleaders, like — and B—s?
 " Tho' unread in no Law, for the Bar how unfit,
 " Who with Truth mingles Learning, and Manners
 " " with Wit!
 " Nor forget thy old Chum ; who, whene'er thou
 " complain,
 " Still attends thy sick Couch, and relieves thee from
 " Pain. † 140.
 " That a Spirit so blith in thy Numbers is found,
 " And at Sixty thy Mind, as thy Body, is found,
 " To his Skill and his learned Prescriptions you owe :
 " What *Machaon* was once, such is now my MONRO.

This

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Si, quâ nihil gravius peste,
 Quocum tibi sint molestæ
 Lites, adest rebus tuis
 En, ARISTO; nec quid dûis.
 Seu nugatur, convivatur,
 Sive nunc rhetoricatur;
 Omnia dicit eruditè
 Et ornate, et politè.
 Et (in aurem hoc, vir bone)
 Semper usus qui fermone
 Docto, comi, et decoro,
 Quàm non aptus ille foro!

ARISTO was an eminent Lawyer, an intimate Friend of my Author; whom he

assisted in his Law Affairs. ARISTO was an honest Man, and a polite Scholar. He could never be prevailed on to undertake, or defend an unjust Cause; or to engage in any dirty Job: which, as I have frequently observed, the greatest Men of his Profession have not declined, if the Fee or Reward were proportioned to their Labour.

Ver. † 139. *Nor forget thy old Chum &c.*
 Sed glorieris tu de ceteris
 Quicquid, *Scheffer*; semper veteris
 Memor sis contubernalis,
 Et amici, et sodalis:
 Qui *Machaon* qualis, talis.

Qui

This observant I heard, and was pleas'd with the

Theme: ‡ 145

Yet, if haughty Court-Chaplains imagine, I dream,

And pronounce my prophetic Proem a Crime,

I appeal, to confound all their Cavils, to Time.

But I'm sure, I'm awake, while my Tale I pursue; ‡ 149

And the Wonders, which follow, are known to be true.

IN THE Champain above, which old Poets descry,

Overlooking vast Worlds, and adorning the Sky,

Stands

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Quî fit, ut (quo nihil rarius)

Vates sis sexagenarius?

Infit lepos, et in ore

Vis dicendi? In cor-pore

(Pol' apertè hoc explano)

Quòd mens sana est in sano.

Quòd est, par est te fateri,

Meo MONRO id deberi.

Ver. ‡ 146. *Yet, if haughty &c.*

Si superbi sacerdotes

Forſan voti jam com-potes,

Non virtutum, neque laudis,

Tibi, SCHEFFER, ſtruant fraudes:

Quòd hic meus fermo 'ſt ſerius,

Et augurio nihil verius,

Scibitur, quum ſcient, quòd nos

Aptè reſervârit Χρόνος.

Dr. JAMES MONRO had his Education in the ſame College with our Author: and they were for ſome Time Chamber-fellows. Their Friendſhip, which began in the Univerſity, continued to the End of their Lives. Dr. MONRO was a Man of Parts, a very agreeable Companion, and an excellent Phyſician. He was charitable and generous, and always lived with great Hoſpitality. He had, in his whole Converſation and Behaviour, that Kind of Openneſs, which never fails to engage, and is generally the Index of a good Heart.

I have tranſlated, *ſuperbi ſacerdotes*, Court-Chaplains, becauſe to me they ſeem to be the proudeſt Men in *England*. I do not mean, that they are proud of their Birth, or their Learning, but of their Place and Office. I remember the good Advice, which was given to G. and L. when they were made Biſhops, by a great Man, to whom, in ſome Meaſure, they owed their Preferment: "Try, my Lords, to become
" as humble *Biſhops*, as you have been
" proud *Chaplains*, and then you may
" perhaps

Stands a spacious fair Palace, possess'd by the Sun ;
 Built before Time was measur'd, or Ages begun ;
 And, as Connoisseurs own, in an excellent Taſt, ‡ 155
 Of Materials ſo firm, it for ever muſt laſt.
 Nor to this be compar'd any Fabric below,
 Whether fashion'd for Uſe, or invented for Shew :
 Nor the new Houſe of Commons, nor *Parmeno's* Folly,
 Nor the College, or Caſtle, or *Villa-Conolly* ; ‡ 160
 Nor *Britannia's* ſtrong Towers, where reſide the Lord-
 Jaylors,
 Nor the Courts ſhe has made for her Kings and her
 Sailors ;

Nor

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“ perhaps recover ſome Degree of that
 “ Reſpect and Reverence, which is due
 “ to your Function.”

Ver. ‡ 151. *Stands a ſpacious fair Pa-
 lace &c.*

Ceſſa erat, cœli decus,
 Regia SOLIS. *Nemo ſecus
 Dicet, ni ſit Miræ mœchus.*

See the Deſcription of the Palace of the
 SUN in OVID's *Metamorphoſis*, B. 2.

Ver. ‡ 159. *Parmeno's Folly.*

Neque *Parmenonis* ædes,
 Grata quæ *Moriæ* ſedes.

Tir-Oen informs us, that this was the
 Houſe of a new Lord, which was built

without any Taſte, and very ill ſituated.

Ver. ‡ 161. *Where reſide the Lord-
 Jaylors.*

Neque turris Londinenſis.

Cave, intres : cave dentes

Lupi ; namque præſt lupus :

Cujus cave, SCHEFFER, tu pus.

The three laſt Verſes, which are print-
 ed in *Italics*, I have not tranſlated, be-
 cauſe in this Place they ſeem to leſſen
 the Dignity of the Poem. However, I
 ſhall beſtow a ſhort Note on them, as
 they ſerve to illuſtrate the Character of
 the preſent Deputy-Governor of the T.
 of L. whom our Author, y. 42. calls a
Bæotian, but at the ſame Time, by the
 Word *Hiberniciſſat*, intimates his true
 Country. This Man was formerly an
 Apothecary,

Nor a *Chatworth*, or *Blenheim*, nor *Paul's* House of
Prayer,

Nor the Mansion design'd for a *London* Lord-Mayor ;
Nor the Plans, which on Paper *Palladio* projected, ‡ 165
Nor the Structures Friend GIBBS hath so neatly erected ;
Nor the Chapels of *Rome*, or the Inns of *Almain*,
Nor the gaudy *Versailles*, or *Escorial* of *Spain* ;
Nor a *Nero's* huge Pile (may we never behold
Such an Architect here !) cover'd over with Gold. ‡ 170
Much

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Apothecary, or a Barber-Surgeon. Having got some Money in the last Reign, he purchased this Post, in which he behaves himself with the greatest Insolence and Cruelty. And I am well assured, there is not a more rapacious Jaylor in the *British* Dominions. This Character is indeed very agreeable to his low Education ; (*Asperius nihil est humili* &c.) But then, it certainly renders him very unfit for such an Office ; which should never be exercised but by a Man of great Humanity and Good-manners, by a Gentleman and an ENGLISHMAN.

Ver. ‡ 166. *Nor the Structures Friend*
GIBBS &c.
Quas ædificavit mille,
Quas *Vitruvius* alter ille,
Meus GIBBS, vir eruditus,
Rerum veterum peritus.

JAMES GIBBS, an excellent Architect ;
which the many elegant Fabricks he hath

raised in *England*, as well as the Plans he hath published, sufficiently testify. He is a Man of great Humanity and Good-nature, a polite Scholar, and a particular Friend of our Author.

Since the first Edition of this Poem. Mr. GIBBS hath finished the *Ratcliff* Library in *Oxford*, which will be a lasting Monument of his great Skill, as it is, without Exception, the noblest Room in the *British* Dominions.

Ver. ‡ 167. — *or the Inns of Almain.*
Nec *Germaniæ*, quæ emporia
Lauta jactat, diverforia.

In some of the *Hans-Towns* in *Germany* the Inns are very spacious and magnificent : particularly in *Augsburg* there is an Inn, which is capable of receiving and entertaining a sovereign Prince and his whole Court.

Ver. ‡ 169. *Nor a NERO's* &c.
* O Nec

Much inferior I deem that magnificent House,
 By *Aladdin* contriv'd, to oblige his fair Spouse ;
 Or the vast *Pandæmonium*, in Story so fam'd,
 Which the Cunning of *Mammon*, or *Milton* hath fram'd.

All

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Nec quid ultra meditari
 Possunt reges ; (fas sit fari)
 Nero si ædificaret,
 Aurea tecta vel novaret.
 Absit nobis ô feralis,
 Absit architecton talis !

Nero's golden House was a most extravagant Work, and cost such immense Sums, that *Suetonius* says, he oppressed the People as much by his Building, as by any other Act of Tyranny. *In nullâ re damnosior, quàm in ædificando.* And *Nardini*, in his *Roma Antica*, after having particularly described this Fabric, with the Offices, Gardens, Fish-Ponds, &c. makes the following Reflection: *Vi si raffigura al vivo l'immanità di Nerone forse non minore in questa fabrica che nell' incendio poi commesso della città.* From hence one might form a just Notion of Nero's Inhumanity: And perhaps he did not give a greater Proof of it, when he burnt the City, than when he built this House.

Otho expended in finishing a small Part of it *Quingenties H. S.* which amounts to 403645 l. 16 s. 8 d. of our Money.

The two last Verses (Absit &c.) which I have translated in a Parenthesis, contain a pious Ejaculation, proceeding from the Patriot Spirit of our honest *Swede*; and

in which every one, who is a Lover of his Country, will most heartily join. Princes of *Nero's* Cast, who divest themselves of all Humanity, in which Number I rank those Heroes and Conquerors, who make their Glory consist in the Invasion of their Neighbours Territories, and in plundering and murdering the Inhabitants, are very properly called by *Seneca*, *Lions* and *Bears*; *Quæ alia vita esset, si LEONES URSIQUE regnarent?* But yet, it would more justly express their Character, if we were to compare them to a Plague, or Pestilence; since they sacrifice Millions to their Ambition and Cruelty, and spread Destruction and Desolation as far, as their Power reaches.

Ver. † 171. *Much inferior &c.*

Neque *Pandæmonium* vatis,
 Nec his ædes conferatis,
 Quas *Aladdin*. His im-pares,
 Nec sic sui siti Lares,
 Nobiles quas colunt Musæ;
 Seu quas habitant empusæ
 Tuæ, *D'Anois*; seu quas stellis
 facturus *Sydrophel*;
 Seu quas delineavit *Piercy*
 Reip. bono; seu quas *Circe*
 Suis mœchis. Cedant istæ,
 Quas ærii *Alchymistæ*.

I must

All the Seats, where rich Muses have lodg'd their own

Lares,

And the Domes Madam *D'Anois* has rais'd for her

Fairies ;

All erected by *Syd* for the Planets' Debate ;

All invented by *P—ce* for the Good of the State ; 50

All the Grottos, where Witches for Solace repair,

And the Castles, which Alchymists build in the Air.

But perhaps you'll suspect, that my Song is a Fable,

When I tell you this Hotel is only a Stable ;

That capacious Gold Mangers, with Rubies thick

set,

55

In the Salon are plac'd, like a modern Buffet ;

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I must refer the Reader to *Milton* for a Description of the *Pandæmonium*, or the Stadt-House of the Devils, and to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* for a Description of *Aladin's Palace*, which was built by Magic, and adorned with Gold and Jewels of inestimable Value. The Fairy Houses of Madam *D'Anois* are contrived much after the same Model. But I am a little at a Loss where to find the Habitations of the rich and noble Muses: Perhaps the Poet alludes to the *Sic fiti lantur Lares*, which we read in *St. James's Park*. — The Planetary Houses, the Grottoes of Witches, and the Castles of Alchymists, are all sufficiently described by several learned and ingenious Astrologers, Historiographers, and Poets. But I must own I am not so well acquainted with these enchanted Fabricks, as with

those which our Author intimates, were erected for the Service of the State by the late Surveyor Sir *E. P. Tir-Oen*, who is of Opinion, that Mr. *Scheffer* does not intend any Compliment to the Surveyor by ranking him in this Class of Builders, affirms very seriously, that Sir *E. P.* knew so little of his Trade, that he bought all his Models from the Pastry Cook, and particularly, that a great Goose Pye served for the Model of the new Parliament House. From hence a merry Friend of mine, who loves punning, took occasion one Day to vindicate our Knight's Skill in Architecture, and to prove that he had a *Grand Gout*. — However, I have heard a different Relation of this Matter; and that one Mr. *Castles* furnished the Surveyor with the Plan, by which this House was built: See *Scheffer's* Epistle to *Cadenus*.

N

That

That his Godship's fair Daughters sweep clean all the
Rooms,

And, excelling all House-wives, are Hand-maids, and
Grooms;

That his fiery fierce Steeds, with *Ambrosia* high fed,
At their Pleasure these Virgins can guide with a
Thread; 60

That so swift are the Coursers, they think it mere Play,
Or a Breathing — to measure the Globe in a Day.

Nor unween I, that modern *Copernican* Sages
Ridicule the *Sun's* Hotel, his Chariot and Stages;

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Ver. 57. *That his Godship's fair Daughters &c.* *Quadrupedes jungunt, adduntque sonantia fræna.*

*Filiæ Solis, fed & illæ
Solis etiam sunt ancillæ,
Bellæ Horæ; indies curant
Solis equos, & fat-urant.*

The *Horæ* or Hours were the Daughters of *Sol* and *Chronis*: And the Sun himself was called *Horus* by the *Ægyptians*. According to *Hesiod* they were the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Themis*. But notwithstanding their high Birth and Quality, *Ovid* tells us, they were the Servants and Hand-maids of the Sun, and had likewise the Care of his Horses.

*Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
Jussa Deæ celeres peragunt: ignemque vo-
mentes
Ambrosiæ succo saturos præsepibus altis*

*He bade the Light-foot Hours without De-
lay*

*To join his Steeds. The Goddeesses obey.
And from their lofty Mangers forthwith led
His fiery Horses with Ambrosia fed. Sandys.*

Ver. 63. — *that modern Coperni-
can Sages, &c.*

*Flocci faciunt maledici
Sectatores Copernici
Regiam Solis, currum, equos,
Solis omnia, omnes, quæ, quos &c.*

According to the System revived by *Copernicus*, the Sun is supposed to be fixed and placed in the Centre, and the Planets with the Earth are supposed to move about the Sun.

And

And pretend, with their Glass'es his Nags may be seen; 65
That they travel above, like our Horfe on the Green,
Made to prance and curvet with so martial a Grace,
Yet unable to move half an Inch from his Place.

But advance these new Sophists such Doctrines as list 'em;
Let the Poet adhere to Dan *Ovid's* old System. 70

Now it dawn'd — and the vigilant Purple-face *Morn-*
ing,

Of the *Sun's* near Approach, gave his Household due
Warning.

All the *Horæ* look'd out; drove away ev'ry Star,
And, before his Arrival, got ready his Car.

Tho' so late he had tippled, he had not misreckon'd: 75
When he mounted, of Six it just wanted a Second.

In

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Ver. 66. — *Like our Horfe on the Green, &c.*

Viden' Regem gloriosum?
Viden' equum bellicosum?
Verum equum hunc putares,
Vultum Regis formidares
Trucem. Sed heu! quid Rex?
nil is.
Equus quoque immo-bilis.

The Poet in this Place alludes to the Equestrian Statue of *K. William*, which stands on College Green, over against the *P. H. Tir-Oen* is of Opinion, that the prancing Posture of the Horfe, is the Hieroglyphick of a verbose, tautological Speak-

er, who declaims in the Pulpit or Senate with great Volubility, but without any Meaning. If such was the Intention of the Founders, this Statue is appositely placed.

Ver. 71. *Now it dawn'd — and the vigilant &c.*

Vultum vigilis *Auroræ*
Rubescentis vident *Horæ*;
Quæ accessus signa dabant
Dei, astra dum fugabant.

See hereafter an Account of *Aurora* (the Morning) in the Note on the first Verse of the fourth Book.

Ver. 76. *When he mounted, of Six &c.*
M 2 Sextæ

In his Mounting what Grace ! in his Driving what Skill !
 Nor his Horses he spar'd, tho' the Way was up Hill ;
 Never stopping to kiss a young Wife, or to drink ;
 Never whistling or swearing, ——— because he can't
 think. 80
 As he urg'd on his Stage, he revolv'd in his Mind
 All the ToASTS of last Night, — how his own was defin'd :
 And resolv'd to inspect, since she liv'd in his Way,
 If, as *Mars* had asserted, his Consort was Grey. 85
 For in Matters important, the God is too wise,
 When his own are the best, to trust other Folks Eyes.
 Well he wot too, the Warrior was apt to defame
 Holy Rites of young *Hymen*, and ev'ry chaste Dame ;
 To

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Sextæ haud momentum deest.

O Sol, quis exactior te est ?

By this Passage we learn, that the Sun's
 Visit to *Myra*, was either at the Vernal or
 Autumnal Equinox.

Ver. 87. Well he wot too the Warrior
 &c.

Jura *Mavors* casta solet
 (Nostro *Phæbo* hoc sub-olet)
Hymenæi infamare ;
 Convivæque nunc captare,
 Nugas tumidas dicendo ;
 Nunc seipsum, repetendo.
 Ratas sic fabellas iri
 Putat, neque se mentiri.

Sir Mars (as *Tir-Oen* observes) was so
 great an Enemy to *Hymen*, that he did
 not consummate with *Myra* till two
 Months after their Marriage, which gave
 Occasion for the following Sonnet of *Be-
 nedict Mulhollan*, which I have translated
 from the *Irish* Original.

Sir Mars had now been two Months wed,
 And felt some Symptoms in his Head,
 When in the Circle it was said,
 His Spouse had just miscarried.

This put our Knight into a Flame :
 He swore, tho' still he lov'd that same,
 He never had enjoy'd the Dame ;
 Not — not — since they were married.

But by the Way, this is a direct Con-
 tradition

To relate an old Tale, but to swear it was new;
 And repeat it so oft, till he fancied 'twas true. 90
 True suppose it; his Spouse fail'd in conjugal Duty;
 Was expensive and lewd, yet she might be a Beauty.
 Many Belles are observ'd to lead whimsical Lives,
 And some excellent Toasts, who are very bad Wives.
 So to judge for himself, and the *Donna* survey; 95
 As he roll'd over *Dublin*, he stopt on the Quay;
 And dispelling the Clouds, which obstructed his Sight,
 Darted in at her Bed-Chamber Windows his Light.
 There he saw — How unpleasing the Scene I unfold!
 But the Tale will be spoil'd, or the Truth must be
 told. 100

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tradition to the Story of the Philtre. See the Note *Ver.* 157. *Book* II. And as it is not mentioned by either of the *Dutch* Commentators, I conjecture it was written by the Druid to railly the old Knight, whom he did not love, and for the Sake of the double *entendre* in the last Verse.

Ver. 90. *True suppose it* &c.
 Prodigia, libidinosa!
 Quid tūm, conjux si formosa?
 Et quid mirum (sit acutus)
 Eques senex si cornutus?

The Poet here speaks in the Language of our *Irish* Gallants, who excuse all Faults in a beautiful Woman.

Ver. 99. *How unpleasing the Scene* &c.

Dicam crimina turpissima,
 Sed & crimina verissima;
 Mordax carmen, & ingratum;
 Sed sic opus fore ratum.
 Mordax carmen factito non
 Sine causâ; sine quo non.
 Mithra, semper mi colende,
 Arcum tende, vim defende.

It cannot pass unobserved here, that Mr. *Scheffer* has inserted this *Apostrophe* to apologise in some Measure for the Liberties of the Satire, which immediately follows. But I shall enlarge on this Matter hereafter.

Sacred

Sacred *Mithra*, since now I have brought thee so nigh,
 Be propitious —and keep me a while in thine Eye :
 Nor thy Name I invoke, (well I know the vast Odds)
 As before I address'd to those foolish old Gods.
 Be propitious ; for lo! the rude Satire I frame 105
 Adds a Topic of Praise, and enlarges thy Fame.
 Since to emulate thee, the foul Fiends I defied ;
 Give me Courage: — But still let me fight by thy Side.
 So shall I, unappal'd, meet HERMAPHRODITES Form,
 Tho' she rides in a Whirl-wind, and spouts out a
 Storm, 110

Arm'd

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Ver. 103. *Nor thy Name I invoke* &c.

Dones rite quæ precamur !
 Neque vos nunc veneramur,
 Sicut hostes tuos, meos,
 Quos jocosè dixi Deos,
 Homunciones, sceliones,
 Et nequissimos prædones.

Mr. *Scheffer* here plainly tells us, that
 his Invocation or Address to Sir *Mars* and
Vol in the first Book, is a mere Irony.

Ver. 109. *So shall I, unappal'd,* &c.

Sic apolactizem Sagas,
 Et quas tendunt, malas plagas ;
 Metuens nec Hermaphroditum,
 Vel E—scopis muniti ;
 Sive equitat in ventis
 Furens, ut in mœchis lentis :
 Dum ex ore torrens ruit
 Fædo, & me fœdè spuit.

Sive blennum *Vol* capistrat ;
 Sive *Perseus* nunc ministrat ;
 Aut qui quit, scit τα παντα,
 Iste alter Holophanta.
 Induat arma si feralia,
 Furialia, Avernalia ;
 Queis tres viros occidisse
 Aut insanos quos fecisse
 Fertur. *Tres num? Corrige nos :*
Mæchos, Mûsa, dic trecenos.
 Nec nos terreat, quæ S—— organ
 Habitat, pumilio Gorgon ;
 Cùm devoveat caput meum,
 Quasset suum vipereum,
 Jaciat angues : haud me µία ;
 Tute tête, O Harpyia.

In this Place we are informed by *Tir-*
Oen, that immediately after the first Vo-
 lume of this Work was published, the
 Sorcerers threatned to poison the Author,

Arm'd with all the dire Spells, which three Husbands
destroy'd,

When the Wretches grew weak, or the Beldam was
cloy'd;

Tho' she comes, well supported by all her black Host,
By the *Piercy*, and t'other fierce Knight of the Post;

Felly raging, and vengeful, imputing to me, 115

That unbid, I recorded thy righteous DECREE.

Nor I'll fear the IMP-FURY, tho' dreadful she shakes,

And commands her black Locks to be chang'd into
Snakes:

On herself shed the Venom, unable to sting

Any Bard, who from thee has a Licence to sing. 120

But beware, my good Muse, lest thy Work grow too
long,

And, digressing so oft, thou embarrass the Song.

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this being a Trade in which she was very expert, and by which Means, it is said, she had destroyed three Husbands, and a great Number of her Gallants. In the mean time, her Imp *Ali* was employed to invent Calumnies, and pour out her Maledictions in all Places, where she was supposed to have any Credit or Influence. Without all doubt, she was capable of doing Mr. *Scheffer* great Injuries, with those especially, who were unacquainted with his Character. I believe he was truly sensible of the Effects of her Malice, since in the little he has said of her, he has treated her

with more Acrimony (if possible) than her Mistress *Myra*. Some Military Men, who could not spell, and *B. H.* who could not read, were indeed at all times ready to depose upon Oath, that the Imp *Ali* had a great deal of Wit; and that if she pleased, she could be a Match for our Author at his own Weapons. *Tir-Oen* pleasantly ridicules the Judgment of these fine Fellows, whom he calls *Bardos Buccones, qui ingenium latere putant in inguine*, and assures us, that if the Imp had any Wit, it was like her Beauty, borrowed or counterfeit.

To

To the Quay, where you left our great Master, repair ;
And be bold to report what his Godship saw there.

THERE he saw the huge Mafs tumble out of her Bed ;
Like *Bellona's* her Stature, the *Gorgon's* her Head ; 126

Hollow

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Ver. 125. *There he saw the huge Mafs &c.*

Carnis en ! de cubi-li de-
scendit massa subran-cidæ,
Ingens bellua, Bellona,
Ore referens Gor-gona.
Cava (nihil utar tropis)
Torquet lumina *Βοώπις*.
Cana coma : frons turpata
Crustis, rugis exarata.
Rari dentes. Densissima
Barba, capræ simil-lima,
Cogitur in mentum. Cutis
Scabra, lutea ; corium putes.
Gibbus. Putres mammæ tales,
Ubera equina, quales.
Valga : *Κραστός ὁ Μοχλίδης*
Postes sustinebant pedes.

I translated this Part of my Author's Poem with much Reluctancy. The Description of *Myra's* Person, and of her Morning Exercises ; and the Figure and Character of her Imp are a little too gross, and I fear will shock the Politeness of some Men, who have my Way of thinking: For I profess to have the greatest Veneration for the fair Sex. And therefore, I should certainly have omitted many of the Verses which I have just now quoted, as well as those which follow, if such a Chasm would not have rendered the whole Work lame and imperfect. Those Passages, which gave me the greatest Disgust, such especially as I found would not break the Thread of the Narration, I have en-

tirely left out. And the rest of my Version I have managed in such a Manner, that I hope it may now be read without giving any great Offence to a modest Ear ; however, it may offend a weak Stomach, or (as I said before) be disagreeable to such Persons, as pretend to a very refined and polite Taste. Having made this Apology for my self, I must beg the Reader's Indulgence, while I offer some Excuse for my Author. He was born in a Country, where the People have little Delicacy either in Writing or Conversation. *Les Laponnois*, says a French Traveller, *sont si grossiers, qu'ils ne savent nommer les choses que par leur nom.* The Laplanders are so barbarous, that they call every thing by its proper Name. This was the Manner of all the Gothic Nations ; and is still practised by some of the Northern People, who would not be thought to want Breeding. Even among the *English*, till towards the End of *Q. Elizabeth's* Reign, the plainest Speaker was reckoned the most honest Man. But particularly the old *English* Poets made no Scruple of describing Things, as they really were : especially when they repeated another Man's Story. And for this Reason *Chaucer* excuses all that Ribaldry, which we find in his *Canterbury Tales*. I may borrow his Words, where he apologizes for making his Wife of *Bath* speak so broad, to justify Mr. *Scheffer's* Description and Character of *Myra*.

— I pray you of your Courtesy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my Wit-
lan,

Though

Hollow Eyes with a Glare, like the Eyn of an Ox;
 And a Forehead deep furrow'd, and matted grey Locks;
 With a toothless wide Mouth, and a Beard on her Chin,
 And a yellow rough Hide in the Place of a Skin; 130
 Brawny Shoulders up-rais'd; Cow-Udders; Imp's Teat;
 And a Pair of bow'd Legs, which were set on Splay Feet.
 With the Figure the God was surpriz'd and offended,
 When he mark'd how these various Defects were a-
 mended;
 How her Back was laid flat with an Iron Machine,
 And her Breasts were lac'd down, with a sweet Bag
 between :

How

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*Though that I plainly speak in this
 Battered,
 And tellen you her Words, and eke
 her There.*

I have observed before, that Mr. Schef-
 fer, though he was a Man of Fancy and
 Invention, has related his Story just as
 it happened: But particularly in this third
 Book, in which he has characterised the
 old Matron, he has adhered as strictly to
 the Truth, as if he had stood in the Pre-
 sence of his High EXCELLENCY the
 Lord CHANCELLOR of Ireland. Our
 Poet was sensible, that all the Deeds he
 has recorded, were performed within the
 Memory of many of our Citizens, who
 are still living, and who must likewise
 well remember the Person and Figure of
 the great Enchantress. He would not
 therefore bestow upon her any other
 Dawbings than such as he found on her
 own Toilet, (these indeed he has used

with no unsparing hand) or put any other
 Words into her Mouth, than such as made
 a Part of her daily Oraisons. Yet after all,
 I wish there had not been Occasion to in-
 troduce this Character. But a Writer of
Heroics will scarce ever think his Work
 compleat, unless some eminent Witch or
 Enchanter has a principal Share in the
 Action. And the greatest of all our mo-
 dern Bards, good Christians and Catho-
 licks, have not scrupled upon some Oc-
 casions to call up a whole Legion of Devils
 for their Heroes to encounter. Our Au-
 thor has here raised only one and a half:
 And they were ready made to his Hands. I
 must own indeed, that they were as wicked
 and deformed, as he could in Conscience
 desire them to be. So that he could not
 possibly have been better furnished from
 his own Invention.

Ver. 136. *And her Breasts &c.*

O

Eademque

How she shaded her Eyes, and the squalid black Beard
 Was so smoothly shav'd off, scarce a Bristle appear'd ;
 How she clear'd the old Ruins, new plaister'd her Face,
 And apply'd Red or White, as it suited the Place: 140
 With a Set of *Watts'* Teeth, and a Cap of *Deard's* Hair,
 Like a Virgin she bloom'd, and at sixty seem'd Fair.

Thus

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Eademque rufæ facit ;
 Ac quâcunque olida sit,
 Plus odoribus, quàm fatis
 Se se suffit medicatis ;
 Suffit alas, mammas, nates.

Eadem rufæ facit.

i. e. *Eadem facit ac rufa.* She does
 what a Red-head is used to do.

*Nempè eadem facit (ac scimus facere
 omnia) turpi. i. e. ac turpis.* Lucret.

Tir-Oen, in explaining this Passage,
 makes use of a very strong Expression,
*Et hircus in alis cubat, & hircinâ libidine
 fœtet venefica.*

The learned Reader will observe, how
 carefully I avoid all Occasions of giving
 Offence, by leaving out many curious
 Passages both in the Poem itself, and in
 the Notes of the *Latin* Commentators.

Ver. 139. *New plaister'd her Face, &c.*

Frons rugosa incrustata ;
 Mox fucata, cerussata :

Ἀζαλέας ἢ δέψησε

Παρηίδας. Gallo-Græcè.

Patiens *Dærdinus* pect-inis

Celat ascititius crinis

Et impexam hîc canitiem,

Et deformem hîc calvitiem.

Læves, candidos præbente
 Dentes elephanti dente ;
 Quos Pigmæus operator
 Tornat *Wattus*, dentium sator.

The Attitude in which Mr. *Scheffer*
 hath placed the Sorcerers at her Toilet,
 gives us greater Offence than the Descrip-
 tion of her Person, when she was getting
 out of Bed : And therefore, the Poet does
 not make *Phæbus* angry with her, because
 she was old and ugly, but because she en-
 deavoured to appear young and handsome.

Dærdinus Crinis ; *vel* *Deardinus* :

Perriwigs or Locks of false Hair, made
 by the famous *Deard*, who keeps a Toy-
 shop in *London*, and sells all Sorts of Or-
 naments or Implements for the Use of La-
 dies of Quality or Pleasure.

Pigmæus *Wattus*.

Mr. *John Watts*, a famous Operator
 for the Teeth, is a very little Man.

Ver. 142. *Like a Virgin she bloom'd,
 &c.*

Thus you see an old Hulk &c.

Sic Juvencula formosa,

Anus modò quæ rugosa.

Ut, si fortè restauranda,

Corbitaque corbitanda &c.

Tir-Oen.

Book III. *The* T O A S T. 99

Thus you see an old Hulk, many Years Weather-beaten,

All the Timbers grown rotten, the Plank all Worm-eaten;

Which the Owners, who doom her to make one more Trip, 145

Scrape and calk, tar and paint, till she seems a new Ship.

But alas! for the Wretches, whose Gods have forgot 'em,
That are bound to adventure in such a foul Bottom.

Here his Godship (inclin'd to examine the whole,
Which compos'd this odd Creature) look'd into her Soul. 150

He conceiv'd a faint Hope, that within he should find
Hidden Beauties, good Sense, and a virtuous fair Mind:
Which, he knew, for Exteriors would make full Amends,
And enrol her a TOAST among *Platonic* Friends.

But

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Tir-Oen observes, that this Simile justly corresponds in all its Parts and Circumstances to the Thing before described. *Corbita* properly signifies a great old foul Ship. *Corbito* is a Word used by *Plautus*, and signifies, to freight or lade a Ship, or to fill an huge Paunch: This Word is aptly applied to the Character of *Myra*, who, as *Scheffer* tells us in another Place,

Mille viros potuit totumque vorare Priapum.

Ver. 154. *And enrol her a Toast &c.*

Cyathoque (anum signa
Die *Plato*) rifu digna
Philosophico bibatur;
Cum Philosophus potator.

Platonick Love, is a Love abstracted from all corporeal and sensual Appetites, and consists wholly in Contemplation. So that a *Platonist* may be allowed to fall in love with an old Woman for the Sake of

But again he was baulk'd: — For a Soul he espy'd 155
 Full of Envy, black Malice, base Leasing, and Pride;
 Hypocritical, sordid, vain-glorious, ingrate;
 In her Friendships most false, and relentless in Hate.
 He beheld, at one View, all the Acts of her Life;
 How experienc'd a Miss; how abandon'd a Wife! 160
 That

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of her Mind. But few Poets are able to comprehend the Nature and Excellency of this exalted Passion. Mr. Cowley, though he was a modest Man and a good Christian, has raillied this Sort of Love in his Answer to the *Platonicks*.

So Angels love; so let them love for me, &c.

Ver. 155. — *For a Soul he espied &c.*
 Mentem vidit Di Di qualem!
 Exitialem, furialem &c.

According to *Tir-Oen*, this is a very modest and imperfect Description of *Myra's* Soul. For he tells us, that Mr. *Scheffer* has not given us a Catalogue of half her Vices and bad Qualities.

Ver. 160. *How experienc'd a Miss, &c.*

Quos puellulæ calores,
 Nuptæ vidit quos furores!
 Quæ libido, cum vetu-la,
 Inflat tetra & Mascu-la!
 Messalina si certaret,
 Messalinam superaret
 Mira, Priapeum decus,
 Mœchi, mœchæ, mœcha, mœchus.
 Quid, quod juvenes protervi?
 Quod suorum rigent nervi?
 Tribadem dum *Shylockissa*,
 Venere non intermissâ,

Miram patitur, amorum
 Haud indocilis novorum.

If I have not exactly preserved the Sentiments and Images of the Original in my Translation of this Passage, the Reader must impute it to the Modesty of my Muse.

Libido Masculæ.

Tir-Oen, who is well skilled in the Doctrine of Witchcraft, assures us, that all Witches, whether black or white, or of what Order or Degree soever, have that same masculine Appetite, which Mr. *Scheffer* ascribes to *Myra*, and by which the Sorceress *Folia* is particularly distinguished in *Horace*.

*Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
 Ariminensem Foliam
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
 Et omne vicinum oppidum.*

Mr. *Dacier's* Note on this Place will best serve to explain our Author's Meaning. Folie est le nom propre d'une sorciere. *Horace* dit, qu'elle étoit masculæ libidinis, c'est à dire, qu'elle aimoit les femmes, comme les hommes les aiment, qu'elle étoit Tribade. Folia is the proper Name of a Sorceress. *Horace* says, she was a Woman masculæ libidinis, that is to say, she loved Women

That advancing in Years, all her Wants she supply'd,
By an Art, which the fam'd *Messalina* ne'er try'd.
Tho' her Gallants were few, or not made to her Mind;
Yet her Joyance was full, if the *Jewess* was kind.

While the God, that no Room might be left for a
Doubt, 165
Turn'd her upside and down, and then inside and out;

And

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Women in the same Manner as Men love them; she was a Tribad.

Messalina si certaret.

The famous Story of *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, is told by *Juvenal* in his sixth Satire, translated by Mr. *Dryden*. I refer the Reader to that Passage, in order to form a right Notion of the Powers and Abilities of *Scheffer's Myra*.

Shylockissa.

All the *Latin* Commentators have stumbled at this Word, and offer various Conjectures concerning the Etymology of it. But in my Opinion, the Matter does not admit of the least Doubt. *Shylockissa* is not a proper Name, as *Messieurs Cuper* and *Wetstein* conceive. But in this Place, it signifies a Jewess, or one who is the Daughter of a Jew, and is a Derivative from *Shylock*, the wicked old Jew in *Shakespeare*. The Reader may be assured, that the Poet here designs the same Person, who in the second Book is called *Frow pusilla*, the little Dutch Frow, and who hereafter is characterised by the Name or Title of *Myra's Imp*.

Ver. 165. While the God, that no Room &c.

Dubitatio quo tollatur
Omnis, *Miræ* dum miratur
Fastum, formam, fucum, frontem,
Modum, molem, mentem, mon-
tem;

Et quæ ultra haud effari
Fas sit, nec quæ meditari
Cupit Deus: —

Ah! offendit cogitantis
Secum, sibi indignantis
Aures Sagæ vox lethalis,
Horison', Harpyiæ qualis;
Bonos diris agens. Dira
Detestatio vestra, *Mira*,
Cui sit inaudita, quâ ve-
tus jam expugnatur Ave?

I found it impossible within the Com-
pass I have all along prescribed to myself,
to translate the four first Lines of this
Quotation literally; but I think I have
expressed our Author's Meaning.

Fastum, formam, &c.

There are many Verses in *Scheffer's Poem*
in which every Word begins with the same
Consonant. The learned Dr. *Hickes* in-
forms us, that the Northern People were
always fond of this Manner of Writing,
and esteemed such Ingeminations to be
the

And survey'd all her Parts — many more, than is fit
 For the Bard to describe ; — but still found himself bit :
 While he ponder'd, by Turns, much enrag'd and asham'd
 To behold the fine ToAST, which his Highness had
 nam'd: 170

Heark! the Voice of a Fury invades his nice Ear ;
 And so dreadful her Curses! — he trembled to hear.

Such the Morning Oraisons she us'd to repeat,
 Since the Bead-roll of *Aves* were grown obsolete.

She began with great *Jove*, whom she curs'd for his
 Spleen, 175

Here to fix her Abode, and not make her Vice-Queen;
 And she curs'd him again for his Meanness of Spirit,
 Who assign'd her a Pension far short of her Merit.

Then,

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the greatest Beauties in their poetical Compositions: Some Examples of which he has exhibited in the old *Runick* Language. Since the refining of the *English* Tongue, the same Thing hath been practised by our best Poets, and is thought to add no small Harmony to their Numbers.

Harpyiæ qualis.

Like the Voice of a Fury. *Tir-Oen* informs us, that the Sorceress *Myra* had an harsh, hoarse, hollow Voice, such as exactly resembled the Voice of her Sister-Witches in *Mackbeth*.

Expugnatur AVE.

The Poet here insinuates, that *Myra* had formerly professed herself a Christian and a Catholick.

Ver. 178. *Who assign'd her a Pension &c.*

*Divitiarum cui affatim,
 Parcâ manu annuatim
 Libras dat. Quid tricenariæ?
 Parva merces tali lenæ.*

We are told by *Tir-Oen*, that notwithstanding the Sorceress was possessed of a Rent Charge of 1200 *l. per annum*, she had the Address to procure a yearly Pension of 300 *l.* — The unequal Distribution of Royal Favours must surprise a Man, who does not give himself Leisure to reflect, that a great Prince cannot possibly be acquainted with the real Circumstances of all those Persons, who receive his Bounty: Otherwise it could not happen,

Then, because at Threescore she was out of her Prime,
 And her Tresses were hoary, she curs'd Father *Time*. 180
 Ought her Head, like Mount *Ætna's*, be cover'd with
 Snow,
 While she feels the fierce Flames, which consume her
 below ?

Then she curs'd her next Kin, who refus'd to *abjure*;
 And the useless old Matrons, untaught to *procure*. 184
 All the Bankers she curs'd ;--for they weigh foreign Gold :
 And she curs'd the poor Players ; — for their House is too
 old.

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happen, that any Part of the Revenue of
 so poor a Country should be applied to
 support the Pride and Luxury of such a
 Creature.

Since the Days of *Sappho*, this Expres-
 sion hath been familiarly used by all Tri-
 bads.

Ver. 181. *Ought her Head, like Mount
 Ætna's &c.*

Capitis dum nives rides,
Ætnæ pol cacumen vides,
 Tunc, cum nullæ juvent artes:
 At at, infra quæ sunt, partes,
 Quibus fœtor, fordes, squalor,
 Coquit vel *Ætnæus* calor.

The Tops of Mount *Ætna* are cover-
 ed with Snow all the Year.

Ætnæus calor.

Sappho, in her Epistle to *Phaon* tells him,
 that her Love is as hot as the Fire of
Ætna.

Mæ calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
 Ovid.

Ver. 185. *All the Bankers &c.*

*And she curs'd the poor Players ;
 &c.*

Argentarios, & Danistas ;
 Histriones, istos, istas :
 Argentarii exa-minant
 Nummos aureos, & tru-tinant.
 Histriones — faciunt quoniam,
 Ubi solent, histrioniam..

All foreign Coins (and there are scarce
 any other) are received in *Ireland* accord-
 ing to their Weight.

At that Time, the old Theatre was
 standing. But a new Play-House hath since
 been built in *Dublin*, under the Direction
 of that *wise and honest Architect*, who
 built the new Parliament-House. In the
 latter, you cannot hear, and in the new
 Theatre you can neither hear nor see.

Then she curs'd from her Soul, since her Luck was so ill,
 Ace of Hearts, and Groom Porter, and odious Quadrille;
 All the Duns, who want Manners, or Patience to wait;
 All the Rich, who pass by, and the Poor at her Gate; 190
 Little Priests, and great Prelates, who fix the Church-
 Pales,

From the Red-Hats of *Rome*, to the Fiddlers of *Wales*;
 All the Belles of this Isle, who abhor the *French* Mode;
 And the Bards, who address an old Witch in an Ode.
 Next, the *Morning* she curs'd, 'twas so hot and so
 light; 195

(If the Sun had been set, she had then curs'd the Night)

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 193. *All the Belles of this Isle &c.*

Execratur jam pulchellis
 Furias invocans puellis,
 Quæ nec Gallicarum mores
 Colunt, fucò nec colores
 Mentiuntur. *Tu adores.*

Tunc devovit *Pœtillam*,
 Supplex qui rogavit illam,
 Blandi-loquens vene-ficam,
 Probam vocans & pudicam.

Myra first taught the *Irish* Ladies the Use of *French* Washes, Paint, &c. She assured them, that in all polite Courts, a natural Beauty was looked upon as a very ill-bred Woman. Is it any Wonder that a Fiend should endeavour to spoil the fairest Part of God's Creation?

Myra here alludes to a famous Ode, which was addressed to her and sung about the Streets of *Dublin*, while Mr. *Scheffer* was there. It was written by an *English* Gentleman, who had suffered greatly in his Fortune by her Witchcrafts and Subornations. As this Ode is now become very scarce, and was never before published from the Author's own Copy, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the Reader to see it reprinted in the Appendix: especially, since it serves to illustrate this Part of the Poem, and is indeed an excellent Picture of the old Sorcerers.

Ver. 194. *And the Bards, who address &c.*

Little thinking Don *Phæbus* that Instant was near her,
That the God, whom she thus was blaspheming, could
hear her.

Let us honour the God, who to Mortals so kind,
Order'd all her vain Curses be stopt by the Wind! 200
And I fancy, since now he hath mark'd her mad Airs,
He'll enforce this Command, if she offers up Prayers.

Here she ceas'd for a while to unlock the Canteen :
Sure Relief! when loud Talk has created the Spleen.
Twas the Price she receiv'd for a Virgin betray'd, 205
Fill'd with Liquor nectareous, true *Eau de Barbade*.

When, imbibing fresh Vigour, the Dame at a Sup
Had exhausted the large aromatical Cup;
How her hollow Orbs redden'd, recruiting their Ire,
And her Breath from her drinking redoubled its Fire! 210

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 207. <i>When imbibing fresh Vigour</i>	<i>While Phillis is drinking, Love and Wine</i>
&c.	<i>in Alliance,</i>
Verba, vires duplicat, cum	<i>With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance:</i>
Largius citreum, aromat'cum	<i>By the Touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles</i>
Poculum exhaurit <i>Mira</i> .	<i>higher,</i>
Anus jam crudescit ira ;	<i>And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their</i>
Oculosque scintillare,	<i>Fire.</i>
Halitumque exudare	<i>Her Cheeks glow the brighter recruiting</i>
Ore gravem, sulphureum	<i>their Colour, &c.</i>
Sentit <i>Phæbus</i> . Terret <i>Deum</i> .	

When our Author wrote these Lines,
I imagine he had just read (*Phillis Drink-*
ing) in my Lord *Lansdown*.

At least, by making a close Translation of
these Verses of *Scheffer*, I fell into a kind
of Parody on Lord *Lansdown*'s Song. 'Tis
an easy Transition from the Eyes to the
Mouth, and from the Cheeks to the Eyes.

P

Now

Now she swells with new Matter, devoting whole
Nations;

And the Castle re-ecchoes her dire Imprecations.

But behold what a Change Love is pleas'd to perform!

[Nor a Power less mighty, could quiet the Storm]

She has heard the soft rap. Lo! her Gallants appear:

First approaches majestic the tall Grenadier. 216

All her Fury the Sight of such Manhood suppress'd;

And a train of soft Passions re-enter her Breast.

She embrac'd the great Soldier; she measur'd his Length;

Into Action she warm'd, and experienc'd his Strength:

Nor so much had false *Dalilah's* Spouse in his Locks: 221

Nor the Witch was more pleas'd, when she strove in the
Box.

Introduc'd in good Order, succeed to the Fight

A Mechanic, a Courtier, a Collier, and Knight:

As

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 216. *First approaches majestic
the tall Grenadier. &c.*

*Intrat Bombardomachides :
Quantus! Qualis! Fronti fides.
Rabiem, logos, mores feros
Vertit Priapeius Heros.*

The History of *Myra* and her Grenadier is related before in the Note on Ver. 326. of the second Book.

Ver. 224. — *a Collier and Knight:*

*Et tum Aulicus, pedisseques,
Carbonarius Vol, & quis eques.*

It seems, though *Vol* always railed at the Sorcerers in Publick, and seconded the Invectives of his Brother *Mars*, yet he was wholly devoted to the old Dame, and was employed by her in all her private Pleasures and domestic Negotiations. For this Purpose, he went every Morning and Evening

As he finish'd to each she assign'd a new Day, 255
 And, extolling his Labours, advanc'd a Week's Pay.
 Thus dismiss'd the Male Gallants, in-crawl'd her own *Imp*
 In a scaly small Body, contor'd like a Shrimp.
 In a Rapture she stroak'd it, and gave it the Teat,
 By the Suction to raise sympathetical Heat. 230
 Then by *Hecate* she swore, *she was sated with Men*;
 Sung a wanton *Sapphoic*, and stroak'd it agen;

And

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Evening to receive her Commands, generally disguised and muffled up in an old Red Cloak and a Weather-beaten Wig. Tho' he was past the Labour of a St- ion, yet he was a very proper Introducer. *Tir Oen* concludes this Part of *Vol's* Character in the following Words. *Insidiosus simul ac impurissimus iste Veterator quotidiana Miræ adulteria, meretriciam disciplinam, domesticum lenocinium, ac barbara veneficia multum adjuvabat.*

Pedisseques;

Signifies a Footman; and the Poet here designs one *Maccar*, who had served the Sorcerers in that Quality. He was afterwards a Mechanick in *Dublin*, and was retained by *Myra* to suborn Evidence for the Purpose of her Law Suits. This Fellow had like to have been hanged for ravishing an old Woman. See a further Account of him in the Epistle to *Cadenus*; and hereafter in the Address to *Ondillus* or *Dill*.

By *quis Eques*, or the Knight, the Poet means Sir *Piercy* or *Cacus*.

Ver. 229. — *She gave it the Teat.*

Mammam Saga cui mammosa
 Putrem dat. *Libidinosa*
Quæ mammosa; sit annosa.

Ales at, cui mammam dat
 Hæc annosa, quid fugat?
 Libi-dinem. *Obe! Sat.*

I must own, that my Version of these six Lines, which I have comprised in a Verse and a half, is very defective, and that I have neither given the full Sense, nor entered into the Spirit of the Original. In some future Editions I may perhaps be able to perform better.

Ales. This is the Name of *Myra's* Imp, who is likewise called *Ali* and *Al* in other Parts of our Author's Work.

It is allowed by *Glanville* and others, who have written learnedly of Witches, that every Witch is attended by an Imp, who is called her Familiar, and who assumes any Shape to do her Pleasure or Service. As soon as the Imp approaches her, the Witch immediately gives it the Breast. This is a Ceremony which must be constantly observed. Without it, all her Spells and Incantations would be ineffectual.

Ver. 231. *Then by Hecate she swore,*
 &c.

Longo ludo haud lassata,
 Viris licet satiata,

P 2

Jam

And agen — And then thrice she erected her Rod:
 (For the Numbers in Magic must always be odd.)
 See the Force of her Spells mighty *Circe's* surpass, 235
 And the Beldams, which made *Apuleius* an Ass!
 See a Reptile transform'd to a Shape near the Human,
 And the Imp, that erst enter'd, resemble a Woman!
 Not a Woman — like those, which the Muffulmen use,
 Or the Grandees of *Britain* for Mistresses chuse: 240
 The indelible Mark, on her Forehead impress'd,
 God's Revenge, and old *Shylock's* curs'd Lineage confess'd;
 With

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Jam per *Hecaten* jurabat;
 Obscenaque jam cantabat,
 Lesbium carmen. Sic amabat.

Hecate was a Goddess, the Daughter of *Night*. She was skilful in Poisons and Philtres. She poisoned her Father, and married her Uncle. She was the Patroness of Witches, and presided in all their Assemblies. In *Shakespeare's Macbeth*, the Figure and Office of this Goddess are properly represented.

Myra, whenever she would be thought to speak Truth, swore by the Name of her Mistress *Hecate*, whom she always proposed as the best Pattern for her own Imitation.

Ver. 235. — Mighty *Circe's* surpass, &c.

Seu quæ socios *Ulyssæi*,

Seu quæ formam *Apulei*

Mutant. Et mox petant me hei!

The Companions of *Ulysses* were changed into Swine by *Circe*, who was a powerful Sorceress. She poisoned her Hus-

band the King of the *Scythians*: And was the lewdest Woman of her Age. There is a great Analogy between the Actions of *Circe* and *Scheffer's Myra*.

Formam *Apulei*.

Apuleius has given us the Relation of his own Metamorphosis, and of all that happened to him under the Figure of an Ass. 'Tis a witty and instructive Story. He borrowed the Plan of it from *Lucian*.

Ver. 238. And the Imp, that erst enter'd &c.

Hæc, Dæmonium quæ intravit
 Cubiculum, Succuba fit.

Succuba is a Devil that assumes a Woman's Shape, to lie with a Man, or to lie with a Woman, when the Act of Tribadism is to be performed, as in this Place. *Succuba* likewise signifies any notorious Adulteress. 'Tis a Word, which is very properly applied to the Character of *Myra's* Imp.

Ver. 241. The indelible Mark &c.

Lutea

With the Locks of a Negress half mingled with Grey,
 And a Carcase ill-moulded of dirty Red Clay;
 Clammy, livid, cold Lips, with a crooked long Nose; 245
 And a Skin full of Spots from her Head to her Toes.
 Nor a Daughter of *Eve* has a Body so foul;
 Nor has *Envy* herself so envenom'd a Soul.
 But to *Myra* most dear! nor so fair in her Sight,
 Was *Anaëthon* or *Cydno* thus form'd for Delight: 250

O ma

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Lutea, ac incomposita,
 Sicut Maura, est crinita;
 Αἱ λευκαὶ δὲ. Signat eam
 Dei ira: Frons Judæam.

Τά μιν χείλη περιδιδάδε,
 Νεκρικὰ δὲ ῥίς μαυρὰ δὲ.
 (Turpia hæc, ridemus quæ nos!)
 Ὅλη δ' ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀνέχενος
 Ἐς τὰ γόνατα παρδάλει
 Εἰκεῖ ΔΗΜΩΝΑΣΣΑ *Ali*.

Ali, *Myra's* Imp, is here called *Demonassa*, which *Tir-Oen* imagines is a Derivative from *Dæmon* or *Dæmonium*, and is used by Mr. *Scheffer* to express the Qualities of an Imp or Familiar. But I rather think, our Author borrowed this Word from *Lucian*: For in his Dialogues of the Courtisans, we find a Woman of this Name, who had the same uncouth Appetites, and was exercised in the same Manner, as *Myra's* Imp is used in this Place. I therefore chuse to refer this Appellation to the Act of Tribadism.

In this third Book, we meet with many Greek Verses. By thus blending the Languages, our Author, it may be, conceives, that he has added a greater Dignity to his Work.

Ver. 248. Nor has *Envy* herself &c.
 Olli mens *Invidia* qualis;
 Qualis *Mira*, *Ales* talis.

See the Description of *Envy* in the second Book of *Ovid's* *Metamorphosis*.

Ver. 249. But to *Myra* most dear! &c.
Miræ visa est divina
 Impurissima *Frokina*:
 Ecce nunc pumilio *Al*
Sal est, tota merum sal:
 Quam nec *Lesbides* vicissent,
 Neque toties potuissent,
 Dum tu *Sappho*, Suada fuades,
 Præstantissimæ Tri-bades,
Anaëthone, seu, quæ quid novisset rectius, bella *Cydno*.

Anaëthon (or *Anaëtorie*) and *Cydno*, were two of *Sappho's* Mistresses. *Ovid* has introduced her making a Sacrifice of these Ladies to *Phaon*.

Vilis Anaëthone, Vilis mihi candida Cydno;
Non oculis grata est Atthis ut ante meis,
Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine
amavi.

Sappho

O ma Vie, ma Femme! What a Shape, and a Face!
 Then impatient she rush'd to a closer Embrace.
 Let the rest be untold!— And thus ever forbear,
 Lest thy Numbers, *O Scheffer*, offend the chaste Fair.

And

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sappho was a famous Tribade, as appears by the Testimonies of all the old Poets, but particularly from that beautiful Ode (addressed to one of the Ladies, with whom she was in Love) which *Longinus* has preserved, and which has ever been so highly esteemed by all the Critics. But tho' she had acquired so much Glory by her Verses, as to be stiled the Tenth Muse, yet she acknowledges, that her Love of the Lesbian Women had destroyed her Reputation,

Lesbides infamem quæ me fecistis amata.

As amorous and vicious as the *Greeks* were, yet they accounted this a most infamous Passion. And there seems to have been a peculiar Act of Justice in the Punishment of *Sappho*, who killed herself at last for the Love of a Man.

Ver. 251. *O ma Vie, &c.*

O ma vie, O mon ame!

O ma mie, ma chère Femme,

Utriusque oris decor

O quàm urit meum jecur!

Tu tapanta mí; & si me

Ames, Tò πᾶν ἄνῃρ εἰμι.

I must here again confess, that I have not done my Author Justice in my Version of these Lines. The Truth is, I could not find out a Manner of expressing the four last Verses in *English* Metre with a decent Propriety.

O ma vie, &c.

The Sorcerers generally saluted her Imp in *French*, that she might not be understood by her *Irish* Servants.

Tu tapanta mí;

Τὰ πάντα, A Facotum, or as we say in *English*, she is all in all with her. *Petronius* calls *Fortunata* the Wife of *Trimachio*, his *Tapanta*.

Τὸ πᾶν ἄνῃρ εἰμι.

That is, *I am all Man*. This Expression is borrowed from *Lucian*, who in one of his Dialogues introduces an impudent Woman of Quality, who is there called *γυνὴ δεινῶς ἀνδρική*, and makes her explain herself in this Manner, *Ἡ γνώμη δὲ, καὶ ἡ ἐπιθυμία, καὶ τὰλλα πάντα ἀνδρὸς ἐσὶ μοι — τὸ πᾶν ἄνῃρ εἰμι. I have all the Appetites and Desires of a Man, I am all over Man*. *Tir-Oen* acquaints us, that the *French* Refugees, who lived in *Dublin*, when Mr. *Scheffer* published his Poem, gave *Myra* the Sir-name or Title of *Homessè* or *Homassè*, quia tribas diffamata fuit.

Ver. 252. *Then impatient she rush'd &c.*

Let the rest be untold! &c.

Corpus avidè adfigit,

Et in furias ruit: viget

Flamma mutua. Al subare,

Sed haud pondus tolerare,

Salientis. — Semipagan'

Ohe! fat. Si amplius, ἄγαν.

I have

Book III. *The* T O A S T. III

And do thou, O my *Clara*, this Freedom excuse; 225
 Since a Vengeance so just has created the Muse;
 Or a Passion more noble. I hang out my Lights,
 To direct foreign Sailors in dreery long Nights:
 I expose to their Ken (and dear-bought was my Wit)
 Both the Pools, which ingulph'd me, and Rocks, where
 I split. 260

When a Pair of foul Tribads I rudely unveil,
 'Tis *Charybdis* I shew you, 'tis *Scylla's* Dog-Tail.

Shall

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

I have likewise comprised the Sense of these six Verses in one Line and a half, for the same Reason which obliged me to shorten my Translation of the six Verses which immediately precede them.

Semipagan'

Ohe! fat.

i. e. O *Semipagane Poeta*.

Ver. 255. *And do thou, O my Clara,*
&c.

Injuræque nostræ gnara
 Parce Vati, mea *Clara*.
 Veri-dicos, si non terfos,
 Facit indignatio versus.
 Indignatio: sed & ratio:
 Quippe vos commonefacio,
 Quâ solertiâ moli-minis,
 Si quis exeat patrios fines,
 (Hyeme quum navigatur)
 Scopulos prætervehatur,
 Ego olim queis illisus:
 Arti nostræ nauta sisus

Et nunc æquor iterare,
 Et incolumis tranare
 Queat, quasi levis cortex,
 Ubi vel exæstuat vortex;
 Crebro quo & ipse tortus,
 Rapidoque sum absorptus.

Here again Mr. *Scheffer* makes an Apology for his Satire. First, he intimates, that the great Injuries he had received from *Myra* and her Associates, had provoked him to this Manner of Writing, and ought to justify him in the Opinion of all his Friends. But immediately seeming to recollect himself, he declares that he had a more generous Design in exposing the old Sorcerers, viz. That his Example might warn others to avoid the Rocks and Quick-sands, where himself had suffered Shipwreck. — If this were his principal View, I am of Opinion, that his personal Satire is not only excusable, but ought to entitle him to publick Favour.

Ver. 262. 'Tis *Charybdis* I shew
 you &c.

3. Cum per Tribadum monstravi,
 Monstra vobis indicavi
 Sava, feda, hanc & illam;
 Hanc *Charybdin*, illam *Scyllam*.

Shall it therefore concern me, who blames or commends?

Friends to Virtue, I know, will be ever my Friends.

For

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Scylla is a dangerous Rock in the Straits of *Messina*. The Poets feign, that *Scylla* was the Daughter of *Phorcus*, and was changed by *Circe* from the Navel downwards into a Company of barking Dogs, at the Horror of which she cast herself into the Sea and was turned into a Rock. Near this Rock is a dreadful Whirlpool formerly called *Charybdis*, now *Calo Faro*. The Poets say, that *Charybdis* was once a passionate lewd Woman, or as *Ruæus* calls her, *meretrix voracissima*, a most voracious Strumpet. The great Heroes and Warriors of Antiquity, who plundered all the rest of the World, were plundered by her. She stript even *Hercules*, and took from him all his Cattle. For this Fact she was Thunder-struck by *Jupiter*, and changed into this Abyss. *Myra*, who is more voracious, and hath been guilty of as many Thefts and Robberies as *Charybdis*, is very apprehensive that she shall one Day suffer the same Fate. And therefore, she is seized with a Panick, whenever it thunders. The fine Description of *Charybdis* in the third *Æneid*, is judiciously applied by *Tir-Oen* to *Myra*, when she is in the Heat of Action.

*Imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque per
auras
Erigit alternos, & sidera verberat undâ.*

Scylla and *Charybdis* being so near each other, occasioned the Proverb

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin.

As we say in *English*, *He leaps out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.*

Will. Burdon, a merry Companion, who was lately Surgeon of the *Dublin Yacht*, paraphrased it thus :

*Helm alee! no nearer sail,
Where the Monster Harlots rule;
Lest you're bit by Ally's Tail,
Or else sink in Myra's Pool.*

Ver. 263. *Shall it therefore &c.*

ΜΕ ΑΔΟΝΤΑ Δ' ΕΙΗ ΦΙΑΕΙΝ
ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΑΓΑΘΟΙΣ ΟΜΙΑΕΙΝ.

Nec infultos pili facio,

Queis nec virtus, neque ratio.

Si quis nostras damnet artes,

Transeat & in *Miræ* partes

Triveneficæ ; nigellæ

Seu qui mœchus sit matellæ ;

Illi bellum jam denuntio,

Sit *Milordus*, seu homuncio,

Sit *Curculio*, seu *Hortensius*,

Seu qui improbus impensûs.

Curculio was a Bully and a Parasite. He was one of those Criticks who censured our Author, tho' he could not read a Line in the whole Poem. After the first Volume was published, he threatned the Bookseller, and fought with some of the Hawkers. Mr. *Scheffer* hath been blamed by some of his Friends, and I think very justly, for taking any Notice of such an insignificant Person: For the Man was of the lowest Order of the Human Species, and was in Truth rather an Object of Pity than Satire. He was fed in the Family of *Myra's* Imp, and was therefore obliged to bark for his daily Bread.

— In

For the rest — Let me view 'em with equal Regard, 265
 Whether B——ps, or Bravos, who threaten the Bard :
 For the vitious and proud, whether Statesmen, or Fools ;
 Whether *Myra's* old Gallants, or *Ali's* new Tools,
 Whether Red-Coats, or Black-Coats, are all of one Sort ;
 And we see in *Curculio* the Image of —— 270

Now the God (and who doubts it?) grown sick of his
 Station,

Paus'd a while — and then broke into this Exclamation ;
 “ Could the Sins of thylke People make *Jove* thus severe,
 “ To unhallow the Land, and cause Venom live here ?
 “ Who'd believe such a Creature from *B——l* had
 sprung ? 275

“ Or that this is the *Myra*, *George Gr——ville* hath sung ?

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

—— In *Mira* partes
 Triveneficæ.

Trivenefica signifies a great *Sorcerefs*. This
 Word is to be found in *Plautus*.

—— Nigellæ
 Seu qui mœchus fit matellæ ?

That is, *Whoever is a Gallant to the little
 black Imp*.

Matella is properly a Chamber-Pot.
 But in *Petronius*, it signifies a little lewd
 Woman. It is used here in the same
 Sense.

Ver. 273. *Could the Sins &c.*

Sic a populo peccatur ?

Sic a *Jove* violatur

Iracundo, alienis
 Calens insula venenis ?
 Talem quis putaret bello
 Natam esse *B——denello* ?
 An hæc illa *Mira* ? an vil-
 is hæc, quam canebat *Gr--ville* ?

'Tis a thing well known, that no poi-
 sonous Animal can breathe in *Ireland* :
 Wherefore, our Author imputes it to the
 Wrath of the Gods, that *Myra* had been
 permitted to live so long in *Dublin*.

Natam esse *B——denello* ?

The *Sorcerefs* was descended from a noble
 Family in the Isle of *Britain*, but she was
 disowned by all her Relations, who were
 Persons of Probity and Virtue, and had a
 just regard for the Honour of their House.

Q

As

As he spake, to the Westward he hied him away ;
 Left beyond the due Bounds he should lengthen the Day.
 But his Steeds knew their Work ; and so swift was their
 Motion,

That exact to a Minute they plung'd in the Ocean. 280
 Here saluting fair *Thetis*, he sunk in her Lap ;
 And, to act without Passion, he took a short Nap.
 For whenever he censures, he makes it a Rule,
 That his Fancy be warm, but his Judgment be cool.
 Then distinctly consid'ring all Matters as predict, 285
 He commanded his Heralds to publish this Edict.

FORASMUCH as *George G—ville*, forgetting his Duty,
 Has impos'd a foul Creature on me for a Beauty ;

And

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 277. *As he spake to the Westward &c.*

Dixit : & citato axe
 Viam pervolat, ne hæcce
 Longior dies imputetur.
 Si diutius hic moretur.
 Currus properat : equorum
 Fervet opus anhelorum.
 Sexta vix præteriit, (euge!)
 Cum in mare quadrijugi.
 Xæige *Theti* ! bellè situm
 Implet gremium. Tunc dormitum.

Thetis, the Goddess of the Ocean, was the favourite Mistress of the *Sun* ; and, as the old Poets inform us, he slept every Night in her Bosom. *Thetis* was charming both in her Person and Manners, and

yet his Godship's Constancy is much to be admired.

Ver. 287. FORASMUCH as, &c.

Cum egregiè impo-suit
 Nobis *G—ville* ; cumque duit
 Formam, gratiam virgi-neam
 Turpi Sagæ : hæggenne Deam !

i. e. *Putat esse deam !*

hæggenne, or *Haegerre* is a Saxon Word, and signifies a Witch, or a wicked, deformed, old Woman. From hence is derived the *English Hag*. In the *Dutch* Edition 'tis *Hockle Deam*. *Hockle* is *Dutch*, and is the same with *Haggere*.

By the Way, I must observe, that the Charge which is brought here against my

Ld. L.

And bespoke me so fair, that I taught him my Trade,
And, as oft as he sung, ne'er refus'd him my Aid : 290

AND WHEREAS modern Lays (to my Sorrow) discover,
That the blindest of all is the Rhythmical Lover,
Who implores my Assistance, unseemly to laud
Or the crooked Coquet, or the Quality-Bawd :

Now, for better preventing such heinous Abuses, 295
I the Lord of *Parnass*' (with Advice of the *Muses*)

Make it known to all People, both Commons and Peers,
From the Writers of Epic to low Sonneteers ;

That hereafter no Bard, on Pretence he's in Distress,
Shall presume on his Judgment, and chuse his own
Mistress ; 300

Or invoke mortal Females of any Degree,
Who have not been approv'd by the *Graces*, and me.

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Ld. L. is very unjust, and occasioned the
Expostulation of *Venus* in the fourth
Book. Ld. L. wrote in Praise of *Myra*,
when she was young, and when perhaps
she might be allowed to pass for a Toast.
Though, if you allow what Sir *Mars*
says of her Ver. 150. Book II. she never
was handsome. But be this as it will, I
am convinced if Ld. L. had seen her in
the Days of *Scheffer*, and had remark-
ed her Actions and Conversation, he had
probably treated her with as little Com-
plaisance, as our Poet has done.

Ver. 294. *Or the crooked Coquet &c.*
Sive curvam *Alenissam*,
Sive lenam *Comitissam* &c.

The *Latin* Commentators are not agreed
about the Meaning and Etymology of *Alen-
nissa*. Mr. *Cuper* derives this Word from
Ales, sive quod nigræ *Aliti* simillima (as
black as a Crow) Sive quod malæ linguæ
uxorcula, & *pica pulvinaris*. *Weistein*
derives it from *Alec* or *Halec*, an Her-
ring or Sprat, quia mulier fœtida, & in
piscem desinens. But I rather agree with
Tir-Oen, who is of Opinion, that *Alen-
nissa* is not a proper Name, but is a Word
invented by Mr. *Scheffer* to signify a little
prattling wanton Woman, quæ a lenâ
stat, sive quæ a lenâ secunda, an Associate
or Assistant to the *Comitissa*. I have
therefore rendred it in *English* a *Coquet*.

AND WHEREAS wicked *Myra* hath brought me to shame;
 I command the said *G--ville* to rase out her Name,
 And the beautiful *Clara* insert in her Place, 305
 Or the bright Patroness of the *Oxford Borlace*.

AND WHEREAS, maugre all the old Creature's Disguises,
 I discern her true Form, and unnatural Vices;
 'Tis my Will, since to wayward Amours she's inclin'd,
 She be only permitted to mix with her Kind: 310
 Tho' the Fates to an Hundred should lengthen her
 Span,

Let the Matron no more be comprefs'd by a Man.

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Ver. 305. *And the beautiful Clara &c.*
Or the bright Patroness &c.

Et in locum (locus detur)
Miræ jam inauguretur
Clara, decus Grenovici;
Seu Borlaci amat dici
Quæ patrona Oxoniensis.
Quid tu de liturâ censēs?

Clara, decus &c.

We find this Name mentioned in three Places, and always with great Respect. This Lady was much admired by our Author, and well deserved the Character which he has given her.

Seu Borlaci.

The *Borlace*, is an Anniversary Meeting of several Noblemen and Gentlemen in *Oxford*, on the eighteenth of *August*. Among other Customs, they chuse

a Toast Paramount, who is called the *Lady Patroness* of the *High Borlace*. This is reckoned a great Honour, and is always conferred by Balloting.

The last Verse is an *Apostrophe* to the Reader.

Ver. 112. *Let the Matron no more &c.*

Nec matronam tangat Tyro;
Nec cui sit conjuncta viro.

This Interdiction was the Cause of that famous Metamorphosis, which the Poet has exhibited to us in the Beginning of the fourth Book. We read that the Emperor *Caligula* used the same Kind of Cruelty to his Wife *Paulina*. *Missam fecit interdicto cujusquam in perpetuum coitu.*

Tir-Oer remarks, that *Tyro* is a Word very properly used in this Place; for the Sorcerers was extremely fond of young Soldiers.

AND

AND WHEREAS I foresee, that a Mind so impure
Will incite the decrepit old Dame to *procure*;

By

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 314. *Will incite* &c.

*Haud nequitiae modum suae
Ætas ponet. Melli-fluæ
Cantilenæ, lenæ mores,
Seu veneficæ labores;
Seu pudicam si mentita,
Artis aulicæ perita* &c.

This Prediction was fulfilled to a Tittle; and all the Commentators have been very copious in their Observations on this Place.

Jam Anus Mira Dublinensium meretricularum mater appellata est. Namque arti præfuit meretriciæ, adultasque puellas in eâ instituens peregrinis & hospitibus, qui semet ipsam ob maturas rugas tangere nolabant, pro se substitit. Tir-Oen. *Myra*, when she grew old, was called the Mother of the Dublin Courtesans. For she instructed great Girls in the Arts of Harlotry: And she had always a Number of them ready to substitute in her own Room for the Service of Foreigners, and for such of her Guests as were too delicate to be satisfied with the Person of an old Woman.

Mr. Cuper has applied to *Myra* these Lines of Claudian.

*Juvenum flammis Coritana Mira
E gemino ditata mari, dum ferta refundit
Canities, dum turba procax, noctisque recedit
Ambitus, & raro pulsatur janua tactu;
Stat tamen, atque alias succingit lena ministras;
Dilectumque diu quamvis longæva lupanar
Circuit, & retinet mores, quos perdidit ætas.*

Myra, long prætis'd in the Harlots Wiles,
Had drain'd the Youth of both the British Isles.
But now unable to afford Delight,
To charm the Stranger, or to sell a Night,

She trains up Dublin Nymphs for publick Use;

*And stands confest the Mother of the Stews;
Feeding her Passions thus she sates her Rage,
And spite of Wrinkles, she enjoys her Age.*

Wetstein compares old *Myra* to the Mule (which is mentioned by *Plutarch*) that always walked before the Chariots and other Wheel Carriages, in order to instruct and encourage the Beasts who drew them. For which Reason, it was ordered by the Government of *Athens*, that this Mule should be maintained at the publick Expence. The same Commentator is of Opinion, that *Myra's* Pension was obtained and continued to her through so many Reigns, for the great Services which she rendered the Publick in that Quality, which *Apollo* has here condemned.

But after all, there is nothing which gives us so just a Character of this wicked old Woman, and so exact an Account of her Actions and Inclinations, when she was bending under the Grand Climacterick, as a Letter from Mr. *Scheffer* himself. This Letter, which has since been printed in *Motraye's* Anecdotes, was written in the Year 1729 to a Polish Nobleman in the Train of King *Stanislaus* at *Chambord*. It seems the *Polander*, about forty Years before, had met our *Myra* in *Dido's* Cave near the *Spaw*, and knowing that Mr. *Scheffer* was now in *Dublin*, he was curious enough to make some Enquiries about her. The whole Letter is too long to be inserted; but the following Part of it will serve for a Comment on those Verses which are here quoted.

*La Comtesse * Gospodisnikurewska* &c.

* *Gospodisnikurewska*, is a Polish Word of the same Signification with *Maquerelle* in French, or *Lena* in Latin.

By the Force of her Spells, with a forward Court
Air, 315

And the Semblance of Virtue to ruin the Fair.
By a special Grace mov'd, I enjoin and command
You the Tutelar Gods, who bear Sway in that Land,
All her Actions to watch, all her Witchcrafts to cross,
And to save other Nymphs, as ye sav'd Lady *R-ffe*. 320

THUS *APOLLO* DECREED—When to stop further Fury,
Who should enter the Closet but little *Mer-cury*.

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voit toute delabrée, quand elle consultoit son miroir. Elle sentoit encore les flammes de l'impureté. Elle se plaignoit d'avoir toutes les envies lascives de la jeunesse, dans un corps presque decrepit. Cela étoit fort facheux. And then reciting the various Stratagems which *Myra* used to ensnare the *Irish* Virgins, Mr. *Scheffer* concludes his Epistle with this Reflection. *Sa prostitution étoit moins pernicieuse que son maquerellage.*

Ver. 319. *All her Actions &c.*

Quicquid lena meditatur,
Nuptias malas si molitur
Malefuada; vos objices;
Ne sint nymphæ meretrices.
Sagæ scelera arcete;
Et accessus prohibete:
Omnes virgines tuemini;
Sicut olim (ipse memini)
Rectè ex insidiis vos
Eripuistis pulchram *R-s*.

Lady R-ffe was a beautiful and a virtuous Woman. The Snares, which the old Sorcerers had laid to entrap her, the Cou-

rage and Resolution of the latter in breaking through them at a very critical Juncture, and her Escape out of *Myra's* Circle, are Anecdotes, of which no body is ignorant, who has lived any Time in *Dublin*.

Tir-Oen here observes very judiciously, that it was not difficult for *Apollo* to predict old *Myra's* *Maquerellage*, since she practised this Trade long before this Decree was pronounced. *Nova marita, neque adhuc barbata, omnibus sui corporis copiam Mira fecit, omnibus quoque copiam effecit ad puellas & uxores alienas.* *Tir-Oen*.

Ver. 322. — *Little Mercury?*

Quin de lenâ dum furebat,
Eccum fratrem, quem volebat
Maia natum: tum gaudebat. }

Mercury was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*. He had Wings on his Feet, and a golden Rod called *Caduceus* in his Hand. He was the Messenger of the Gods; and we find him making grievous Complaints (in *Lucian*) that he was over employed, and had not Time to take any Rest either by Day or Night.

Here begins the Episode of the *Grid-iron*.

As

Ken ye not the young Thief? — BUT you'll think my
Head wrong,

If without a new Patron I sing a new Song :

And *Thalia* consents, that instead of a Fee ‡ 325

I inscribe this quaint Epifode, *Bocca*, to thee :

That with Patience I sit, where the C——r dotes ;

Where the *Register Lion* scowls over his Notes ;

And presumes, tho' unask'd, his own Rules to report,

To instruct hoarse *Iocco*, and bias the Court. ‡ 330

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Ver. †. 325. *And Thalia consents, &c.*

Te, quod optes, explorante,

Me Thaliâ adjuvante,

Eccos mitto aureorum

Versus vice *Philipporum*

Tibi, *Bocca*, (sic in fatis)

Tui μνημό-συρον vatis.

BOCCA, or *Sol Bocca*, an illiterate Pleader. He was educated in a Cheesemonger's Shop near *Billingsgate*, where he learned his Oratory, and collected all those Flowers of Rhetorick, which he occasionally throws out at the *Irish Bar*, to supply the Want of Law and Argument. In the 4th B. v. 38. our Author calls him and his Brother *Iocco* (Io and Bo) *incultos Oratores*.

Aureorum——*Philipporum*,

Spanish Pistoles, or some other Gold Coin of *Spain*.

Μνημόσυρον signifies a Pledge or Token sent to a Friend, by which we desire to be remembered.

Quod me non movet æstimatione ;

Verum est, Μνημόσυρον mei Sodalis.

Catullus.

Ver. †. 327. *That with Patience I sit.*

Ut patienter, dum dormitat,

Atque magnas gerras citat

Magnus, gravis, vir primarius.

Quis est ille ? Cancellarius.

Our Author means the Lord Chancellor *W--ham*. He was first Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in *Ireland*, and upon Mr. *West's* Death was made Chancellor.

Ver. †. 328. *Where the Register Lion, &c.*

Ubi rogitabat nuper

Multa his & illis super

Iste leoninus C——r.

Cuncta malè notat : heu mos !

Numos meos maluit fumos,

Miræ maluit esse numos.

Maluit, interjecto nodo ;

Maluit vel quocunque modo.

In this Place Mr. *Scheffer* censures the Behaviour of a certain Officer of the Court, where his Cause was pleaded, who was remarkably officious and partial in giving his Opinion unask'd, and contrary to his Duty often prompted the Advocates, that were engaged against our Author.

* Q

While

While *Miracides* gapes like an Idiot at stool;
 How unhappy the Bard, who contends with a Fool !
 See the Orator there in his Glory appear !
 See me tremble, great *Bocca*, to view thee so near !
 Let the *Stagyrite* yield, when the Pleader disputes ; ‡ 335
 And avaunt my black Hero, when *Bocca* computes !
 When he proves by his Brief (and the Problem is new)
That a Dozen and ten will make Thirty and two.
 Or, if ten from the *Thirty and two* you *substract*, ‡ 339
Nought remains. " This, my Lord, is a state of the Fact.

Then

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Ver. ‡. 331. *While Miracides gapes,*
 &c.

Ubi fedet cervicosus
 Is *Milordus* odiosus ;
 Cui fuit saga mater,
 Cui pol ignotus pater ;
 Verba rhetorum inflatu
 Captat oris qui hiatu.
 Stultum dixeris amantem,
 Stultum dixeris cacantem.
 Nomen, Musa, nunc illi des :
 Sit a *Mirâ Miracides* !

Miracides was the Son of *Myra* the Her-
 maphrodite, *ignoto patre*, as is testified
 by other Writers, as well as our Author.
 After the Death of his Mother, *Miraci-*
des prosecuted the Suit against Mr.
Scheffer. He was vain of his Title and
 very covetous, with a very weak Under-
 standing ; so that he was easily drawn into
 the Confederacy by *Cacus* and *Myra's*
Imp.

Ver. ‡. 335. *Let the Stagyrite yield, &c.*

Tute ipse major isto
 Eris, *Bocca Sol*, *Aristo-*
tele ; major *Vol* nigerrimo,
 Meo *Vollo Vol* facerrimo.

The Reader will observe from these
 Lines, that *Vol* is to be understood by the
Black Hero.

Ver. ‡. 337. *When he proves by his*
Brief, &c.

Computat nam, lucri ne fim
 Ipse reus, modo suo.
 Decem sed & duo-decim
 Facient-quot ? Triginta duo.
 Decem si deducas totâ
 Summâ, dic, pars manet quota ? }
 Ne gry quidem, nec Iota. }
 Dedi sic, quod erat dandum, }
 Ac quod erat demonstrandum, }
 Demonstravi. O ! infandum ! }

How

Hear *Iocco*, and *Prime* ! chuse ye, Sirs, *utrum horum* !
Arrha ! P——r is fast after coming before 'um.

Tho' the *DEAN* laughs aside, and *Apollo* detests
Teague's unmusical Voice, and his wretched low Jests ;
 To the Force of his *Brogue* all his Brethren submit, ‡ 355
 And the *Furies* of *Connaught* have found him a Wit.

This Address now suffice : Nor repute it a Crime ;
 Since the Muses can make my low Numbers sublime ;
Crown

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of *Midas* excelled him ; for which *Apollo* clapt on the Head of that foolish Judge a Pair of *Ass*'s Ears. I have translated *Tegee*, *Teague* ; and I know no other Word, which can better express my Author's Meaning.

Fædus Alenissæ, the *Imp's League*, alludes to the Practices of *Myra's Imp*, after the Death of the Sorcerers. By *testamentum* the Poet means the Will of *Sir Mars*, of which I have spoken sufficiently in other places.

Ver. ‡. 351. Hear *Iocco*, and *Prime*, &c.

Maximisque major qui orator es, & *Primo* prior.
 Prior *Primo* ! quin, *Iocco*
 Si jam *Primus* erit, hôc oh !
Arrha ! alios oratores,
 Posteriores & priores,
 Longè sequeris & præis ;
 Præteris, seu stas, si-ve is.
 O quàm benè *Tege-e* is !

These five last Verses, *Arrha* ! alios, &c. are that Sort of Nonsense, which the *Irish* call a Bull. I have endeavoured to imitate the Original in this Line,

Arrha ! P-r is fast after coming before um.
 I think the Provincial Criticks cannot justly except against my Translation.

Ver. ‡. 353. Tho' the *DEAN* laughs, &c.

Ridet orationis genus
 Amicissimus *CADENUS* :
 Ridet verba, quæ mihi det
 Cunque *Petrus*, *Phœbus* ridet.
 Verùm iste nomenclator
 Ex *Connahtiâ*, & jurator
 Laudant, *Petre*, tuos sales,
 Ha ! ha ! he ! sesquipedales,
 Tinctos rustico lepore,
 Tali dignos oratore.

Amicissimus Cadenus.] Dr. SWIFT. See the Note below, v. 367.

Verum iste, &c.] This *Teague-Pleader* seasoned all his Harangues with Puns, Quibbles, Clenches, and Conundrums, which got him the Reputation of a great Wit among his Countrymen, in the Province of *Connaught*. But there is lately sprung up in *Kerry* a certain Attorney, who in a late Trial of Skill, excelled Master P——r in his own way.

Ver. 357.

Crown with Ivy my Head, and a Monument raise,
 Tho' my Theme be despis'd ; tho' an Insect I praise, ‡ 360
 By Corruption produc'd, like a Mite, in old Cheese,
 Or exhal'd by thy Sun-beams, *O W—st*, from foul Lees.
 With *Apostrophes* thus I repair my Neglects ;
 Thus I pay you, great Robemen, my grateful Respects.
Ariosto as oft his high Subject suspends ‡ 365
 And deserts all his Heroes, to honour his Friends.
 And

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Ver. ‡. 357. *This Address now suffice, &c.*
Hæc sat erunt. Parva feci
Tibi infaceta ; quæ, si
Velint Musæ, maximaque
Tibi faciant jucundaque.

This is imitated from *Virgil*, *Ecl. X.*
Hæc sat erit, Divæ, vestram cecinisse
poetam
Pierides. Vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo.

Ver. ‡. 361. *By Corruption produc'd, &c.*
Seu ex putri caseo fese,
Seu popelli tu ex fæce,
Weste, tu creâsti virum
Impudentem, philargyrum,
Maledicum, lo lo-loqua-
cemque istum Bo-Bo-Bocca.

Nothing moves our Indignation so much, as the Pride and Insolence of a Man, who was basely born, and who at the same time, he treats Gentlemen and Scholars with ill Language, shelters himself in an Office of Power, or under a Profession. I have said before, that a mean Descent is no Reproach, and should

never be objected to a Man of Merit : But to all the *BOCCAS* of the Age it may serve for a proper Monitory.

Weste tu.] Mr. *W—st*, who was formerly Chancellor of *Ireland*, introduced this Pleader into Business. But he was unacquainted with *Bocca's* Talents. For, Mr. *W—st* was a Man of Modesty and Learning, and therefore he would not, but thro' a Mis-information, have recommended an Orator, who wanted both.

Ver. ‡. 365. *Ariosto as oft, &c.*
Stant, steterunt loco, quo sto,
Alii ; certè Ariosto.

Ariosto was a famous *Italian* Poet, the Author of *Orlando Furioso* ; in which Work he frequently interrupts his Narration to make a Compliment to his Patrons. *Ariosto's* Descriptions are very beautiful : But the Criticks object, that his Digressions are too affected, and too long ; and that he says too much in his own Person contrary to the Rules of an Epic Poem. The same Faults may perhaps be imputed to our Author.

And a greater than he, learned Sirs, ye know, who
Left the *Muses* and *Phœbus*, to wait upon you.

But, resuming my Tale, now again I begin.
While *Apollo* sat frowning, young *Hermes* came in.

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Ver. †. 367. *And a greater than he, &c.*

Et novistis, talia si vos
Meminisse juvet, qui vos,
Et quo ; tunc, cum risit vestram
(Et actores vos) orchestram,
Linquens (lector, mihi credes ?)
Phœbi, ac Musarum sedes.
Hic est ille, qui (amavit
Nosmet tamen) occupavit
Musis haud inferiores,
Phœbo proximos, honores.

This is spoken of Dr. SWIFT who attended in the Court, while Mr. *Scheffer's* Cause was pleading, to keep a Stranger in Countenance; and perhaps, to give a publick Testimony of the Friendship, with which he honoured our Author. It was a Matter worthy of remark, that the Presence of this Gentleman restrained the Licentiousness of the *Irish* Pleaders, and awed them into such a Decency of Behaviour, as the Authority of the Lord C——r could never before oblige them to observe.

Bocca indeed, was not much disconcerted by the DEAN's Presence, for he uttered a great deal of Nonsense very fluently, and loaded Mr. *Scheffer* with personal Invectives. Wherefore I think our Author's Resentment is gentle and delicate enough, since he hath no otherwise revenged himself for the Insults, which *Bocca* offered him, than by publishing them to the World. I remember once to have dined with this Pleader at the Table of a Man of Quality in *London*, where the *Marquis de——* a French Gentleman,

a very good Judge of Men and Manners, was present. *Bocca* entertained the Company with a Relation of his Travels in *Ireland*, and acquainted us with the Figure he made in that Country. He assured us, the *Irish* Lawyers were the greatest Lawyers in *Europe*, and modestly insinuated, that himself was the greatest Lawyer in *Ireland*. Upon which the *Marquis* said to me in a low Voice, *peut-être qu'en Irlandois ce Monsieur BOCCA est fort scavant & un grand personnage, mais en Anglois cest un grand Sot.*

Ver. †. 369. *But resuming my Tale, &c.*

Illuc redi, quò cœpisti.

Longè, Musa, divortisti :

Longè mores mi, ac isti !

I. E. *Longè mores divortunt mihi, ac isti.*

Bocca's Manners, and mine differ greatly.

This *Apostrophe*, or Address to *Bocca*, is not to be found in the first Edition of our Author's Work. I believe the Incident, which occasioned it, did not happen till some Years after the Poem was published. The Address to *Ottor* and *Iocco*, in the beginning of the second Book, is an Addition or Amendment of the same kind. All these Advocates (one only excepted) who were engaged by the old Sorcerers against Mr. *Scheffer*, acted in so extraordinary a Manner, and mingled so much Malice in all their Pleadings, that a Man, who was capable of telling his own Story, could never pat's them by without a proper Animadversion.

As

As it happen'd, the Courier, scarce ever at rest,
 Had by *Jove* been commanded to settle the *West*;
 To unite a Free-State, make the Prime Scientifick, 325
 And to render a War-breathing Monarch pacifick.
 For Mythologists say, that this excellent God
 Can incline all to Peace by the Touch of his Rod;
 Cause a Fleet or an Army to serve for a Shew,
 And prevent the fierce Warriors from striking a Blow: 330
 Or in case he permits the hot Youth to engage;
 'Tis a Battle in Jest, without Mixture of Rage:
 As among the Train-Bands, not a Soldier shall fall;
 And the Fight, as at *Mulberg*, shall end in a Ball.

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Ver. 328. *Can incline all to Peace &c.* out, and in an Instant reconcile the greatest Enemies.

Pacem terris Caduceus
Semper dat. Si volet Deus,
Nostri acies, & navalis
Gloria fiat Theatralis.
Si juvenis militarit,
Pugnæ ludicras pugnabit;
Placidosque rotans enses,
Sicut cohors Londinensis;
Aut Augusti exer-citus
Comptus, splendide vestitus,
Simulatis gaudens bellis,
Et idoneus mox puellis.

Aut Augusti exer-citus.

Mercury, by virtue of the *Caduceus*, could stop all Strife and Contention, prevent a War, that was just ready to break

Mr. Scheffer here means the Army of the late King *Augustus* of *Poland*, which was encamped at *Mulberg* in *Saxony* in the Year 1727 or 1728, with no other Design but to shew the *Germans* the Magnificence of that Monarch, and to entertain the Ladies with the Sight of so many fine Fellows. I have been told by a *Saxon*, that the Balls and Entertainments during the short Time of this Encampment, cost more than 150,000 *l.* I do not know, whether our Author does not design in this Place to tax the Vanity of *Augustus*. *Mr. Scheffer* was a true *Swede*, and did not love the *Germans*.

When

When the *Nuncio* had sped, and his Bus'ness was
done; 335

He resolv'd, now so near him, to sup with the *Sun*.

They saluted, as Gods well descended, well-bred:

How the Wit flew about! how polite all they said!

One reported the Errand, on which he was sent here,

And the other related his last Night's Adventure. 340

Thety railled her Gallant about the old *TOAST*;

And she vow'd, the Debauch made him look like a Ghost.

Much delighted she seem'd (for a Goddess may judge ill)

With the Warrior's Mis hap, and the Tale of the Cudgel.

Tho' I hate (quoth young *Hermes*) that Bully Sir
Mars; 345

And would fain unteach Mortals all Knowledge of Wars:

Yet disgrac'd, and deserted, I pity my Foe;

And we all should be touch'd, when a God falls so low.

Had I known the Knight's Body unfitly was made,

Of Materials so coarse, so unsuited his Trade; 350

When he march'd into *Dick's*, I'd have mix'd in the
Crowd,

And enwrap'd him, when *Bellew* approach'd, in a Cloud.

Better

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Ver. 352. And enwrap'd him, when
Bellew &c.

Multo nebulae amictu
Circum fundens, nullo ictu
Violandum. * * Sic tu.

The

Better furnish'd was *Vol* — from his Cradle accurst,
 Ever conscious of Guilt, and prepar'd for the worst.
 For the Moment our Smith-God had learnt his Disgrace,
 From an old Plate of Copper he cut out a Face; 356
 Made a Scull of cast Iron, and lin'd it with Lead:
 Nor a Bomb is so heavy and hard, as his Head.

Then to me thus beseeching — “ Dear *Hermes* my
 Child,

“ Since (how justly, Heav'n knows) I again am exil'd, 360

“ And Mechanicks (hard Fate!) tho' divine is their Birth,

“ Very rarely grow rich, or respected on Earth;

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The Pagan Deities frequently screened their favourite *Heroes*, and preserved them from imminent Dangers, by throwing a Cloud about them, or (as we generally express it) by casting a Mist before the Eyes of their Enemies. Thus *Paris* was preserved by *Venus*, *Iliad*. 3. And thus *Aeneas* was protected by the same Goddess, *Aeneid*. 1. However (says *Tir-Oen*) this is not always a Condition to be envied. I have known some *Heroes* and other great Men, who were very uneasy, while they were under a Cloud. *Nec heroas nec ipsos reges invideo nubibus, nebulis, nebulonibus circumfusus pressisque, &c.*

Ver. 356. From an old Plate &c.

Ære faciem excuditque,
 Ferreum sibi induitque
 Caput faber: quàm pulchellum,
 Si haberet cerebellum!

For this Reason, while *Vol* was in the Army, he was called the *Copper Captain*,

and sometimes *Iron Head*. The latter is a Title of great Distinction, and was since given by the *Turks* to the late King of *Sweden* after the Action at *Bender*.

Ver. 360. Since (how justly, Heav'n knows) &c.

Cœlo rursus me detrudit
 Ζεὺς; ne faber, promus neu sit;
 Nec qui vestros curet focos;
 Nec qui vobis moveat jocos:
 An hæc rectè, ipse viderit.
 Factum posthac de me quid erit,
 (Quoniam Βερόταις οπι-φices
 Cuncti sordent) melius dices.

I have remarked before, that *Vol*, when he was an Infant, was kicked out of Heaven for his Deformity. When he was grown up he was banished for high Crimes and Misdemeanors. See Note Ver. 25. Book I. He would here insinuate, that his second Expulsion from the Seat of the Gods, was as unjust as his first.

R

“ To

“ To a Brother be gracious; thy Science reveal;
 “ Tune my Voice to thy Notes, and instruct me to steal.
 Much I pitied the Kern; and to screen him from
 Want, 365
 All my Craft I infus'd, and I taught him to cant;
 How to bubble rich Bankers, and Senates deceive;
 How to make a Retreat, when he ventured to thieve.
 And so fast he improv'd; tho' he seems a *non sol*,
 Not a Robber on Earth fares so well, as old *Vol*: 370
 Many Chests of good Moidores are sunk in his Hole;
 And unenvy'd he keeps all the Treasure he stole.

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Ver. 364. *Tune my Voice &c.*

Vocem tuâ forma voce,
 Mi mellille: Furta doce;
 Doce fratrem tuos mores,
 Fraudes cunctas lucrosiores.

Mercury, who was the God of Eloquence, was likewise the God and Protector of Thieves and Robbers. He was himself so expert in the Trade of Thieving, that, when he was but an Infant, he stole *Apollo's* Bow and Arrows, *Neptune's* Trident, *Mars's* Sword, and *Vulcan's* Tongs. See *Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods*. — *Monfieur Huet*, in his Book *De la Demonstration Evangelique*, will have *Mercury* and *Moses* to be the same Person; and says, that the Pagans called *Mercury* the God of Thieves, from what they had read of *Moses*, who instructed his People to rob the *Ægyptians*.

Ver. 366. — *and I taught him to cant.*

Veterator verba dare,
Parler Narquois, scius fari,
 Fur quæcunque: qui novorum,
 Et blandorum fur verborum.

All these Expressions signify the same Thing, viz. That *Vol* had acquired a particular Cant very suitable to his present Undertaking. *Fur verborum*, is a Phrase used by *Suetonius*.

Tir-Oen observes upon this Place, That *Mr. Scheffer* has given us contradictory Characters of *Vol*: That he sometimes makes him an heavy stupid Fellow, and here he insinuates, that he was a Man of Address, a cunning old Fox, and a Sharper. But these Characters are, in my Opinion, easily reconciled. At least I have known many a cunning Fellow (as he was called) that is, one who was able to cheat all his Neighbours, and yet wanted common Sense.

Donna

Donna *Thetis*, admiring how *Vol* got his Gold,
Here requested fair *Hermes* the Scheme to unfold :
Nor she ask'd him in vain — For the wing-footed
Youth 375

Thus began with a Smile ; and his Tale was all Truth.
Many Figures and Changes poor *Vol* had essay'd ;
But was ever by some Poetaster betray'd :
Till at length having travers'd the Globe all around,
He selected a Spot of Unclassical Ground. 380

Such *Ierne* was then ; till by *Jove's* high Command,
All the Muses descended to hallow the Land ;
And a Genius arose, with a Voice so divine, [**To* Apollo.
We imagin'd his Numbers were *Clio's* or * *Thine*.
Here assuming a Title, and changing his Name, 385
Vol address'd the good Viceroy, a Man of great Fame.

As

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 378. *But was ever by some Poetaster &c.*

Homeristis semper notus ;
Aliis, si plus satis pectus.

Vol after his Banishment from the Seat of the Gods, visited all the great Cities of the Earth, and tried his Fortune in various Shapes, such as he imagined would best answer his Purpose. But notwithstanding all the Care he used to conceal his Birth and Quality, yet he was constantly discovered by the Poets ; even by every one who had the least Smattering of *Homer* : For so *Homeristis notus* is to be

explained. *Vol* thought himself very secure in *Ireland*, but the same Fate pursued him here. However, before this happened, he had done his Business, and plundered the Country.

Ver. 383. — *With a Voice so divine, &c.*

Ecquis ille ore Dio ?
Victam sese dixit Clio ;
Ego, Phæbus certe 'ft : scio. }

Our Poet means Dr. *Swift*, the present Dean of *St. Patrick's*, to whom he has inscribed his Work.

Ver. 385. *Here assuming a Title &c.*

R 2

Et

As the Heroes and Gods, he was honest and brave;
 Yet alas! he prefer'd both the Coward and Knave:
 For the Man who speaks Truth, is inclin'd to believe;
 And a Fool, who can flatter, will often deceive. 390
Vol dissembled his State, and cajol'd the *Grandee*,
 By pretending long Service at Land and at Sea;
 That he fled into *England*, and fought at the *Boyn*,
 And is now an Adept in all Species of Coin.

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Et jam nomine mutato,
 Titulisque decorato &c.

Heu! amavit: sceleratos
 Heu! ditavit, & ingratos.

Tir-Oen informs us, That when *Vol* was first appointed *Vice-Treasurer*, he took a Name of one Syllable, that he might not have too much Trouble in signing his Letters, *Accompts*, &c. *Vol Dublinensis*, cum primum *Quæstor* factus sit, nomen sibi induit monosyllabum, nè plus operæ ac laboris in obsequiendis epistolis & numariis rationibus nunc atque olim, &c. But the Commentator adds, That *Vol* at the same time assumed many high sounding Titles, and some of an immoderate Length. *Varios autem sibi titulos indidit magnificos & polysyllabos*; nempe amabat dici, *Capitaneus*, *Constabularius*, *Pro-vice-Thesaurarius*. Even after his Bankruptcy, he discovered the same Vanity, and I find him denominated from his several Occupations, *Vitriarius*, *Archi-Carbonarius*, *Alcabuetador*, *Epiorkos*, &c.

Ver. 387. *As the Heroes and Gods* &c.
 Quo nec videas justiore,
 Armis, bello nec majorem.
 At at murcos, multos stultos,
 Et ignavos, & incultos

The Poet here means the D. of O. who was *Vol's* Patron, and raised him to the Post of Deputy-Treasurer. It must be allowed that the D. of O. had many great and good Qualities, yet by a strange Fatality, the most worthless Fellows of the Age in which he flourished, were enriched by his Favour. 'Tis no wonder, that such Wretches should betray their Benefactor. They would have sold him, if he had been their God.

Ver. 393. — and fought at the *Boyn*, &c.

Et ad *Boinam* tunc pugnabam;
 Pro *Auriacoe* stabam.
 Si quid dederis, deinceps.
 Pro te quoque, magne Princeps.

When *Vol* was introduced to the D. of O. he recommended himself to his Favour, by pretending he had served in King *William's* Army at the Battle of the *Boyne*.

Pro te quoque, i. e. *Pro te starem*.

That

That he ever was firmly attach'd to his Grace; 395
 As he soon would perceive — if he gave him a Place.
 So the good-natur'd Duke my Disciple advances,
 Makes him Sur-intendant of the Royal Finances.
 Now behold him look big at the Head of his Board,
 With the Sneer of a Courtier, and Train of a Lord; 400
 But disdaining like Men to grow rich by Degrees,
 All his Craft well applying to multiply Fees :
 Such a Craft, as to * * and me was unknown.
 Let the Glory be *Vol's* ! for the Scheme was his own.

Thine, O *Vol*, be the Glory, and mine be the Bays!
 While so trimly I sing, and thus eccho thy Praise. 406
 Criticising like *Piercy*, with 'sdeinful Regard,
 Ne aread me a mean, unmechanical Bard :
 Tho' to arch the wide Dome, I perchance am unfit,
 And distaste the rough Works of Unclafical Wit; 410

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 405. *Thine, O Vol, be the Glo-*
ry, &c.

Singulari, joculari
 Versu tu; Apollinari
 Laureâ egoinet donandus;
 Quicquid censeat nunc infandus,
 Quicquid minitetur *Perseus*,
 Iste ingens heros tertius.

Here the Poet interrupts *Mercury*, and
 addreses himself in an *Apostrophe* to *Vol*.
 He seems to have inserted these Verses for

a *Memento* to Sir *Piercy*, who pretended
 to criticise our Author's Works, of which
 I have taken Notice above.

Heros tertius.

Scheffer here stiles Sir *Piercy* the third He-
 ro. I take it for granted, that *Mars*,
Vol and Sir *Piercy* formed the Triumvirate:
 And after the Departure of Sir *Mars*, his
 Place was supplied by Sir *Cacus*, of whom
 hereafter.

The

Tho' abhorring base Fraud, I have surely no Skill,
To supplant the right Heir, or to frame a quaint Will;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 411. *Tho' abhorring base Fraud,*
&c.

Nec alienum teneo sedem;
Nec hæredem exhæredem
Hæredipet' ego feci,
Testamenta dictans; quæ si
Olim, haud impunè. Tamen,
Si sim fraudis nescius, amen
Amen, nati ut natorum,
Numeri sic numerorum
Hi vestrorum testimonia,
Et præconia sunt idonea;
Maximè idonea. Si εἴ
Πρώτῃ δὲ dixis, vivant diu.

To explain this *Apostrophe*, it will be necessary to inform the Reader, that immediately after the Death of Sir Mars (for he really seemed to die, when he departed from Ireland, having left behind him his earthly Frame) a Will was produced, which was called Sir Mars's Will, in which the Chevaliers *Piercy* and *Cacus* were appointed Executors. *Tir-Oen* says, *That the Sorceress Myra made this Will for her own Benefit, Venefica ista senem captavit emolumento suo, & testamentum supposuit*; and indeed it hath since appeared, that she was to have the greatest Share of the Profits, if by any means she could contrive to make good the several Devises. *Cuper*, however, is not of Opinion, that the Will was forged. He tells us, that Sir Mars, whom he calls *senem improbum & impurissimum*, really signed this Will, hoping by that means to entail a Law-suit on our Author, his next Heir and nearest Relation, and to whom he owed infinite Obligations. And so far this wicked Attempt succeeded, that Mr. *Scheffer* was actually deprived of his Lands in Ireland, which he did not claim by the Right of

Inheritance, but which he had really and *bonâ fide* purchased with his Money. For when after the Death of Sir Mars, he was in Possession of this Estate, it was forced from him by a Troop of *Banditti*, with Sir *Piercy* at their Head. See the Note Ver. 17. Book II. And our Author, to recover his Right, was obliged to prosecute a long expensive Law-suit; so expensive indeed, that he spent more Money than the whole Concern was afterwards sold for. Mr. *Wetstein*, in the Account he gives of this Will, differs from both the other Commentators. He does not conceive, that the Will was made after the Death of Sir Mars, nor does he think the old Knight could be guilty of such Inhumanity, as to contrive in his last Hours to do a signal Injury to the Man, who had given him his daily Bread for many Years. He rather believes, the Will was signed when Sir Mars was out of his Senses, and that the old Sorceress conducted his Mind, though she did not conduct his Hand. This I find is the Opinion, which generally prevails in *Dublin*. And our Author, I believe, means no more when he inveighs against the Iniquity of this Proceeding, and charges the Sorceress and her Accomplices with Forgery. For my Part, I cannot help thinking, that whoever will take the Advantage of another's want of Memory, and will influence a weak Mind, and determine it to any Acts of Oppression and Injustice, would make no Scruple to counterfeit a Man's Hand and Seal to serve the same Purposes.

If the Reader will be pleased to consider Mr. *Scheffer's* Injuries, he will be at no Loss to discover the Motives of his Satire, that Part of it especially, which is interspersed in the third, and fourth Books.

Yet,

Yet, if aught such a Prophet as I can divine,
Long my Numbers shall live, to be Records of thine.

Near the Bridge, where, high-mounted, the Brass
Monarch rides, 415

Looking down the rough *Liffy*, and marking the Tides;
Near the Dome, where great Publicans meet once a Day,
To collect Royal Imposts, and stop their own Pay;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 415. *Near the Bridge, &c.*

Prope pontem, Electori,
Fidei magno Defensori,
Statua ubi consecratur
Basileo; contemplatur
Dum aheneus Rex immundas,
Ac *Libnæas* fecat undas:
Juxta Dom. ubi quæstores,
Publicani superiores,
Nunc tributi leges figunt;
Vectigalia nunc exi-gunt,
Mercedesque suas — Focus
(In secessu longo locus)
Est perennis. Ibi Dea
Cornucopiæ *Amalthea*
Nobili, ignobilique,
Ebrio, sobrio, tibi, miq̃ue
Indies ministrat, bubulas
Parvo venditans o-fulas
Toftas, gratas; *Britannorum*
Turba quas carnivororum,
Cibos suos & agnoscunt,
Et in brevia prandia poscunt.

This is a Description of *Sor's Hole* in *Dublin*, a famous House so called, which is situated between *Essex* Bridge and the Custom-House. I am told that the Landlord of this House has acquired a good Estate by selling nothing but Beef-Steaks, which he dresses in the greatest Perfection.

He is a Man of some Humour, and I have frequently heard him repeat the Conversation he had with *Vol*, when the latter carried off the Gridiron. He takes a particular Pleasure in shewing Strangers the Box in his Kitchen, where *Vol* dined on that memorable Day.

Aheneus Rex.

He means the Equestrian Statue of King *George* the First, which stands on *Essex* Bridge: But whether it be made of Brass, or of what other Metal, I do not know.

— immundas

— fecat *Libnæas* undas.

The River *Liffy* is called by the old Geographers, *Bubinda*, *Libinius*, and *Libnius*. It is a rapid foul Stream, which runs through the City of *Dublin*.

Cornucopiæ *Amalthea*.

Amalthea, was the Daughter of *Melissus* King of *Crete*, and the Nurse of *Jupiter*, whom she fed with Goat's Milk and Honey. *Jupiter*, when he was grown up, translated the Goat and her Kids into the Sky, and gave one of her Horns to *Amalthea*, endued with this Property, that she should be furnished with all Sorts of Provision out of this Horn, and with whatever else she desired.

Far

Far within a Recess, a large Cavern was made,
Which to *Plenty* is sacred, the Place of Grilliade: 420
Here the Goddess supplies a Succession of Steaks,
To Mechanicks and Lordlings, old Saints and young
Rakes;

Here Carnivorous Kerns find a present Relief,
And the *Britains* with Glee recognize their own Beef.
By the Fame of the House, *Vol* invited to dine, 425
(So the Fates had decreed it) here form'd the Design
Of accompting his 'Treasure by Ferrumination,
Unassisted by Figures, or Book-Calculatation.
For the Collier, whose Stomach incites him to look in
Ev'ry Kitchen of Note, to remark on the Cooking,

(Where

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 429. For the Collier, whose Stomach &c.

Lautas coenas si quis dat,
Vel injussus obit P——
Potat, vorat, vomit, nat.
Neque sua officina
Sibi magis, quam culina,
Quæ celebrior, nota. Parcit
Vol gulofus (pauper *Mars* scit)
Nec dis dapibus paratis,
Nec dis cadis destinatis.

Vol was an eminent Glutton, and was present at all great Feasts, whether publick or private, where he generally devoured more than half a Dozen ordinary Mortals. He dined so frequently with his Brother *Mars*, that the Expence of his

Table kept the great Hero always poor, which is what our Author means by *Pauper Mars scit*.

Vol was well skilled in the Art of Cookery, and often dressed his own Dinners, as (a little lower) he informs the Landlord of *Sot's Hole*. *Wetstein* will have it believed, that *Vol* had learnt his Cookery in the Army, where he was formerly a Sutler, and never arrived to an higher Post, tho' he has since, for some political Reasons, assumed the Title of Captain. But I fancy the Dutch Commentator has related this upon Hearsay, and that it is a Calumny invented by *Vol's* Enemies. For it is certain, he was esteemed a most excellent Cook, even before his Fall; and *Apuleius* tells us, that he dressed that magnificent Supper, which was prepared for the great Council

(Where the Glutton no Dish, that was dainty e'er spar'd,
Tho' to welcome a Vice-roy, the Feast were prepar'd)
Here survey'd with Attention the Grilling Utenfil;
Which he measur'd, and sketch'd on a Card with his
Pencil.

Half a Rump he devoured, and drank off his Pot sole; 435
Then bespoke with a Leer the good Master of *Sot's Hole*.
" Honest Landlord, your Steaks were exceeding well
drest :

" Since I now know the Way, I'll be often your Guest.

" On the Fast-Days and Lord's-Days, I'll fend in my
Wine;

" And I'll bring you a Club of young Courtiers to
dine. 440

" *Many thanks to your Honour !* O ever depend

" On a Treasurer's Word ! But to bind me your Friend,

" As a Token between us, I'll take this Machine :

(Here he seiz'd a huge Gridir'n the Cook had made clean.

Nor

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Council of the Gods, to celebrate the
Nuptials of *Psyche*. VOLCANUS Cœ-
NAM COQUEBAT : *Horærosi* & cæteris
floribus purpurabant omnia : Gratia sparge-
bant balsama, &c. Apul. Met. Lib. VI.

Ver. 444. *Here he seiz'd a huge Grid-*
ir'n &c.

Injicitque magnæ manus
Crati-culæ, cùm jam anus
Lixa multùm extersisset;
Nobiliorem quàm fecisset
Cyclops nec quis *Liparcnsis*;
Mædia nec *Birminghamensis*.

Cyclops *Liparcnsis*.

S

Lipari

Nor a nobler can *Birmingham* Artists produce, 445
 Nor a *Cyclops* could forge one so fit for his Use.)

“ For in Parliament Time, when to fix the Taxation,

“ I prepare with great Labour the Debts of the Nation;

“ In the Hurry, if e’er I find Leisure to eat,

“ I’m oblig’d in my Office to cook my own Meat. 450

“ There I pay due Attendance both early and late!

“ There I dine upon Chops — for the good of the State!

“ But mistake me not, Friend: Be it far from my
 Thought,

“ Or to beg, or to borrow the Goods you have bought:

“ I’ll refund the whole Sum this Utenfil first cost: 455

“ To befriend me no Man shall complain he has lost.

Thus the Bargain concluded, the Money is paid;

To the Treasury Board the Gridiron’s convey’d:

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Lipare, or (as it is now called) *Lipari* an Island near *Sicily*, where *Vol* had formerly his chief Forge.

Birmingham is a Town in *Britain*, famous for its Iron Works.

In the *Dutch* Edition, you have *mag-nas manus*, and *Wetstein* insists, that it was thus written in the Author’s Manuscript. But I think these various Readings are not of Consequence enough to require any particular Dissertation. I am much more solicitous to know where this famous Gridiron is at present deposited.

Ver. 450. — *to cook my own Meat.*

Cœnam, cibum ipse coquo.

Sed ex meis paucos voco.

I have said before, that *Vol* understood the Art of Cookery. But this Manner of dressing Victuals in his Office, was a particular Affectation. He would appear to be a Minister of Importance, and over diligent in his Business. By these means likewise he concealed the true Use of his Gridiron.

Upon which the Cashier now incessantly pours
All the Wealth of *Ierne*: descend the rich Showers 460
From the Cup-boards, Scrutoirs, and the wide Canvass
Bags,

From the long Leathern Purfes, and dirty coarfe Rags.
Here mishapen thick Cobs, and odd Pieces of Gold,
(Once the hoard of a Miser) grown squalid and old,
And a few, which the Gods (tho' their Faces were
new) 465

With a Virtue magnetick were pleas'd to endue,
That appearing self-balanc'd remain'd on the Bars,
Vol assign'd the good Queen for the Use of her Wars:

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Ver. 460. — *Descend the rich Showers.*

Deciditque aureus imber
Sic concrefcens. Viderim ber-
ones, faccos, & fac-ulos,
Pelles, pannos, panni-culos
Semet ipfos invertentes,
Undique & expuentes
Nummos aureos, ac enormes,
Et *Philippos* multiformes.

If we believe *Tir-Oen*, *Vol* always kept the publick Cash in a very careless Manner. Sums of Money were left upon the Table in his Office, and others were strewed upon the Shelves. In one Corner there was a Parcel tied up in an old dirty Clout, and in another there lay three or four old Gloves, stuffed with Gold Cobs and Moidores. We are told by the same Commentator, that this was an Instance

of *Vol*'s political Craft, and that he hoped by this pretended Neglect to lessen the Suspicion of a designed Embezzlement, and to induce a Belief, that instead of robbing the Treasury, he had himself been robbed by his Clerks and Domesticks.

Ver. 468. *Vol assign'd the good Queen*
&c.

Jussit Vol; scribantur minæ
Hæ piissimæ Reginæ.

Tir-Oen doubts, whether *Vol* began to practise with the Gridiron so early as in the Days of Queen *Anne*. He rather imagines, that the Treasurer deferred this Work till the Reign of her Successor, when he might claim some Merit for having betrayed his Patron, and for this and some other Reasons, have a Chance to escape with Impunity.

But the Coins, that flipt thro', he accounted mere Pelf;
Proper Perquisites those he allotted himself. 470.

Thus encreasing in Wealth, and advancing in Years,
He resolv'd to rise higher, and roll with the Peers:
When arriv'd a young Viceroy well skill'd in *Greek* Books,
Who discover'd the Smith by his Leer, and ill Looks:

He

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Ver. 472. *He resolv'd to rise higher,*
&c.

Jam senescit — non est fatis,
Nisi novas dignitates
Vol adjungat; *atque gratis.*

}

'Tis probable, that *Vol* would have been created both a Peer and a Privy Counsellor, if he could have maintained his Ground in the Treasury a little longer. He was fond of multiplying his Honours without considering his want of Merit. Tho' it must be acknowledged (says *Tir-Oen*) that he was altogether as well qualified for the Titles and Employments which he wanted, as for those, which he already possessed. For *Vol*, when he was in his Glory, was a Senator without Speech, a Captain without Courage, a *Doctor without Learning, an Accomptant without Figures, a Treasurer without Money, a Constable without a Staff, and a Husband without a Wife. After his Bankruptcy, he had a Colliery without Coals, and a Glais-House without Fires. He was moreover a Solicitor without Law, a Farmer without Land, a St-lion without Tools, and an EVIDENCE without Truth.

Ver. 473. *When arriv'd a young Viceroy* &c.

Atat venit. Quis? Legatus
Græcas callens, cluens, catus;

* An Honorary Degree of Doctor had been conferred on *Vol* by the University of Dublin.

Qui multorum vidit mores;
Nostri notat qui Quæstoris
Rem, *giv*, risum, ructum, rictum,
Vestem, vultum, frictum, fictum:
Et — quot pondo caput: qui fur:
Quur non cerebellum trifur.
Quidni notet? cùm vidisset,
Visum quoque perlegisset
Apud Lemnum claudicantem,
Juxta Ætnam laborantem,
Hic & illic mœchiffantem.

}

The Poet seems to intend this as a Compliment to the Viceroy, who had so frequently read the History of *Vol*, and the Description of his Person and Offices in *Homer* and other *Greek* Poets, that he knew him at first Sight. This Lieutenant was a Scholar, and a Man of Business. See the Note, Ver. 229. Book I.

I must beg my Reader's Patience, if, in endeavouring to explain this Passage, I enlarge my Note beyond the usual Bounds. Ever since I first began to translate this Poem, I have studied with uncommon Application, the History of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Heroes, and I have now collected out of the *Classicks* a considerable Number of important Testimonials concerning the Lives and Adventures of these great Personages. This elaborate Work I propose to digest into Chronological Tables, and to publish them as a proper Supplement to my Notes. These will

exhibit

He had read him at *Lemnos* ycleped *God Hop*, 475

And remark'd him near *Ætna* at Work in his Shop:

He

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exhibit at one View, all the memorable Actions of Sir *Mars* and *Vol* from the Destruction of *Troy* (about which Time the most learned among the Commentators date their Banishment) to the Year 1730 of the Christian *Æra*. Upon Examination of these Tables, it will be perceived, that there hath been little Variety in their Lives during the Space of 3000 Years and upwards; that in other Countries, and other Ages of the World, they generally followed the same Professions and Occupations, and acted the same Parts which they lately performed in *Ireland*. For Example; *Vol* spent near 1000 Years in *Rome*, yet I never find him in any other Quality than that of a Mechanick. At one Time he was a Bottle-maker, at another Time he was a Collier; and he frequently worked at the Forge, either in his own, or else in the Shop of some other eminent Blacksmith. He is described by *Juvenal* as exercising and teaching all these three Trades at once, as in our Time he has been observed to do in *Dublin*.

A Carbone, & forcipibus gladiisque parante Incude & Vitreo Volcano.

In some Editions of *Juvenal*, it is *luteo Volcano*, by which we are to understand, that *Vol* made the Pans which were used in his Glass-House. Or perhaps *luteo Volcano* signifies *Vol the Potter*. For when all his other Trades failed him, he used to make Earthen Ware of all Sorts, both in *Rome* and in *Dublin*.

Vol had always a bad Heart, and we do not find, that any Circumstance or Change of Time or Place ever altered the Qualities of his Mind. In the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*, he was exactly the

same Person as he appears among us, and as he is described by Mr. *Scheffer*.

Vol es: accedes ficcus ad unctum.

Hor. Epist. ad Scævam.

*Thou art Vol; and thou shalt eat
At the Tables of the Great.*

Horace in these few Words describes *Vol's* Gluttony, and his Manner of intruding into great Men's Houses for the Sake of eating and drinking; the very Thing which our Author has just now remarked concerning him. The most learned among the Commentators of *Horace*, for want of understanding *Vol's* History, and this Particular in his Character, have entirely mistaken the Passage, which I have here quoted. They have succeeded little better in their Interpretation of the following;

Hinc avidus stetit

VOLCANUS. Hor. Od. 4. Lib. 3.

They generally render *avidus* courageous, or greedy of fighting, desiring; that *pugnæ* may be understood. They might as well desire that *cornuum* should be understood, and cry Horns, Horns, *Vol's* Horns. Besides, I do not remember, that *avidus* is used in this Sense in any other Place, either by *Horace*, or by any other Writer of the *Augustan* Age. Without all doubt, the Words are to be translated literally, and according to their genuine Signification, *Hinc avidus stetit Volcanus*, *There stood that covetous, or rapacious Fellow Vol*. — Farther, the general Character of *Vol*, is a manifest Contradiction to the Sense of this Passage, as it is explained by the Commentators.

For

He was early inform'd, how my Brother was bred;
And discern'd the Materials, which furnish'd his Head.

He

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For though *Vol* had been a Sort of Captain, yet he never had an Inclination for Fighting. And I observe he is raillied by *Horace*, *Sat. 3. Lib. 2.* for preferring the Trade and Reputation of a Bottlemaker, to all the Honour and Profit that were to be got by a Military Life.

*Quem cepit VITREA fama,
Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.*

*Glass-Works, and brittle Fame now please
the Wight,
Whom thund'ring Bell would fain have
taught to fight.*

I am astonish'd that *Dacier*, *Pere Tarteron*, the Editor of the Dauphin's *Horace*, and many other learned Criticks, should not better comprehend the Meaning of these Lines, which they agree to render thus, *The Man who suffers himself to be blinded by his Vanity, is immediately seized with that Martial Fury which Bellona inspires.*

Would *Horace*, who had himself been a Tribune in the Army, have spoken this Language to a Nation of Warriors, or dared to ridicule the Profession of a Soldier among a People, who had just then finished the Conquest of the World? This Interpretation is so very absurd, that it quite inverts the true Sense of the *Roman Poet*.

It would be endless to reckon up the Errors, which the *Greek* and *Latin* Commentators have fallen into for want of being well acquainted with the real History and Character of *Vol*. But nothing provokes me so much, as when I observe them explaining the Classical Name of this Hero in a figurative Sense, when a literal Translation would give us the true Mean-

ing of the Author. I shall content myself at present with mentioning one Place more in *Horace*, where the Beauty is quite spoiled by a metonymical Interpretation. 'Tis in the fifth Satire of the first Book, where he describes his Journey to *Brundisium*.

Tendimus hinc rectà Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes

Penè arsit, macros dum turdos versat in igne.

Nam vaga per veterem dilapsa flamma culinam

VOLCANO summum properabat lambers tectum.

From hence we went directly to Beneventum; where our Landlord being over officious to serve us, and busy in dressing some Thrushes which he had provided for our Supper, set his Chimney on Fire, and had like to have burnt down his House.

This is the Sense of these four Verses according to all the Commentators. But is it probable, that a Cook would make such a Fire to broil a few Thrushes, as was sufficient to roast an Ox, and thereby hazard the burning his House? Or was such an Incident, if it had happened, worth the Poet's while to record? Now, let us translate these Lines in such a Manner, as to allow *Vol* his proper Name, and the Share he had in this Action, and we shall find they include a Piece of private History, worthy the Observation of the *Satirist*, and fit to be communicated to the Publick.

Tendimus hinc rectà &c.

*We supp'd this Night at Beneventum
On Thrushes: Sure the Devil sent 'um;
Or*

He espied, now inspecting with Care the Finances,
Many Blanks, large Arrears, but no Sort of Ballances : 480
And forbid the Cashier to revisit his Mount,
Till the Troops were all paid, and he clear'd his Account.

Undismay'd

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

*Or else old Vol the Incendiary,
Who came unseen here like a Fairy :
And now when none suspected him nigh,
He was conceal'd in Kitchen Chimney.
But while our Host, as quick as neat,
To do us Honour, dress'd our Meat ;
Vol, as a flaming Fiend, appear'd,
And sing'd off half the poor Man's Beard :
Then spreading wide, and rising higher,
The Caitiff set the House on Fire.*

That Father *Vol* was an *Incendiary*, and frequently burnt Houses, and sometimes whole Cities, is sufficiently testified by the Poets of all Ages. *Martial* considering him in this ignipotent Quality, addresses to him to spare the City of *Rome*, after it had been rebuilt by *Domitian*.

*Parce precor — sic te —
Ignoscat conjux, & patienter amet.*

*So may'st thou gain thy Spouse's Heart,
As old and ugly as thou art.*

But in order to confirm my Explanation of that Passage, which I last quoted from *Horace*, and further, to charge upon *Vol* a premeditated Design to burn the Inn at *Beneventum*, I must take Notice, that he had an insuperable Aversion to all Poets. He knew that *Virgil* and *Horace* were to sup together that Evening ; and he imagined, that if he set fire to the House, he might have a Chance to burn them in it. About a hundred Years ago he endeavoured to serve *Ben Johnson* the very same Trick ; as I find it remarked

in one of *Howel's* Familiar Letters to Father *Ben* (dated *Westminster*, June 27th 1629) which concludes thus : *So desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal Fire and Chimney, which, I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the second Time that VOLCAN hath threatned you, it may be, because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns. I rest &c. J. H.*

The same Antipathy remains with *Vol* to this Day ; inasmuch that he hath frequently threatned to burn *Mr. Scheffer*, and hath actually burnt all our Author's Works, though they are the best Records of his own Actions, and may perhaps transmit his Name to a late Posterity : especially, when they shall be aided and explained by the Chronological Tables, and the new Comment, which I am preparing to publish ; and of which I have given the Reader a Specimen in this Note. And a very imperfect Specimen it is, since I have here only discoursed upon some few Texts of *Horace* and *Juvenal*. But when I descend into other Particulars, and describe the Figure and Character of *Vol*, his Titles, Offices and Occupations, as I have extracted the same from the *Comic* Poets, and from *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. I am vain enough to think, that I shall abundantly justify *Mr. Scheffer's* Narrative, and render no inconsiderable Service to the Republick of Letters.

Ver. 481. — to revisit his Mount.

Nec monticulum revisat,
Sua rura ; prius ni sat-

Undismay'd *Vol* appear'd; but affected Delay;
 Ask'd a Month, and then two — then another *long Day*:
 Till imprison'd at length, he produc'd a false Rental. 485
 Unavailing that Fraud, he pretended, " 'Twas spent all;
 " That in all his best Projects, he met with Disasters,
 " As was ever the Fate of good-natur'd Pay-Masters;
 " That except his Apparel [and mean he was clad]
 " He agreed to assign all the Chattels he had. 490
 Then a *Largess* among the poor Courtiers bestows,
 And the Gifts, that were needful to soften his Foes;
 Till he finds so much Favour; some think him a Fool;
 Politicians report him an *Englishman's* Tool;
 And the Viceroy persuaded (who tho' he had seen, 495
 Ne'er suspected the Use of the Grilling Machine)
 That a Chub, in his Trade so unknowing, must fail,
 His Excuses accepting, believ'd the feign'd Tale;

Or

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

is fe-cerit, debet quibus,
 Et officio, & legi-bus.

Vol had a small Mountain *Villa* near
Wicklow, to which Place he repaired
 early every Sunday Morning.

Ver. 489. — [and mean he was clad.]
 Malis fatis pauper factus;
 Ad tuniculam redactus,
 Et misella femoralia:
 Nec est, unde emat alia.

See the last Note, Book II.

Ver. 491. *Then a Largess* &c.
 Pauperes, seu inimicos
 Palpat munere auli-cos.

Vol could not purchase his *Quietus* too
 dear, says *Tir-Oen*. *Quanti, quanti be-*
nè emitur. And yet according to the same
 Commentator, he effected his Business for
 a very inconsiderable Sum.

Ver. 497. *That a Chub* &c.

Sad

Or the State being such, that he could not retrieve it,
Nor recover the Money, he seem'd to believe it. 500

O! ye *QUAESTORS* hence learn, that no Peril environs
Wily Wight, who computes by the Help of Gridirons:
Who was ever convict of Male-administration,
That so rightly had judg'd, as to rob a whole Nation?
Thus the finny huge Monsters, the Pride of the Sea, 505
Fancy all the small Fry were created for Prey;
Unresisted, unpunish'd, your Regions they scowr;
Like a Fleet of *Dutch* Buffes, their Millions devour.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sed nec duri capitones
Supputare rationes;
Nec curare militares
Res, nec etiam familiares.

Vol did not consider, whether he was
fit for his Employment, but whether the
Employment was fit for him. Indeed
no other would have answered his Pur-
pose.

Duri capitones,

Signify *hard Heads, Grout Heads, foolish*
obstinate Fellows.

Ver. 505. *Thus the finny huge Mon-*
sters, &c.

Aspice immania cete
Quæ Oceanum, & tete
Comitantur: quàm impura
Monstra hæcce, tua cura!

The Whales are reckoned by *Virgil* a
Part of *Neptune's* Court, and in the first
Rank of his Attendants.

*Tum variæ comitum facies: immania Cete,
Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palæmon,
Tritonesque citi, Phorciue exercitus omnis.*
Æneid. 5.

Ver. 508. *Like a Fleet of Dutch*
Buffes &c.

Haud vel Batavorum classis
Plures vorat. Nunquam lassis
Viæ, maris dant piscari;
Batavis Di præstant mare.

The Herring Fishery is the chief Branch
of the *Dutch* Trade; and according to a
Computation which hath been lately made,
brings yearly more Wealth into *Holland*
than their *Indian* Fleet.

T

Surc

Sure the *Nereids* are cruel, and pleas'd with the Sport;
Or the Robbers have brib'd my good Uncle's whole
Court. 510

Quick reply'd the Sea-Goddefs: Youth, spare your
course Gibes!

Nor the *Nereids* are cruel, or dare to take Bribes.
All he meets in Distress, the good Sea-God relieves:
Nor among us is found a Protector of Thieves.
I confess, as our Realms are well peopled, the Great 515
Make a Havock too oft — but 'tis only to eat.
And for this we exile 'em to *Greenland* by Troops;
Give their Flesh to make Oil, and their Bones to make
Hoops.

But I beg you look up, and behold the fine Things,
You entrust with Command — Whom, I think, you
call — 520
Who

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 514. *Nor among us is found a Protector &c.*

Nec prædonum hic patronus,
Ut in cœlis; neque onus
Nostri Dî imponunt suis,
Quale Rex & tute tuis.

This is a Reflection on *Mercury*, the
God and Patron of Thieves; and who
just before had applauded *Vol* for robbing
the *Irish* Treasury.

Ver. 519. *But I beg you look up &c.*

Eccos quos dixistis Reges,
Nos Tyrannos (ubi leges
Cedunt armis) qui funguntur
Vestras vices; qui coluntur;
Qui spoliant hos, & rapiunt has:
Pro ratione stat voluntas:
Plectunturque cives, five
Troes sient, seu *Achivi*.

Our Author means those arbitrary
Princes,

Who opprefs for their Pleasure; whose Reason is might;
 Who, where'er they get Footing, eftablifh a Right:
 Who to Regions remote their new Weapons have
 hurl'd,

And to feize a few Toys, have unpeopled a World.
 See the Deputy-Tyrants, your Godfhip extols, 525
 Haughty *Vixirs*, and *Cofcias*, *Volpones* and *Vols*;
 Who deftroy what their Mafters in Confcience may
 fpare,

And attempt greater Ills, than a Monarch would dare;
 Where they govern, fuch Marks of fell Vengeance be-
 ftow,

As the Furies hereafter fhall deal them below. 530

Since the Rulers of Earth thus are fuffer'd to plunder,
 Unreftrein'd by their Laws, and unfindg'd by your
 Thunder;

I fufpect, that Corruption hath reach'd all above,
 And the Incenfe of * * has blinded great *Jove*.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Princes, who know no other Law but
 their own Will and Pleasure. *Scheffer*
 was not a Friend to abfolute Monarchy;
 and *Wetstein* informs us, that immediate-
 ly after the Death of *Charles XII.* of *Swe-*
den, he wrote feveral Pieces in Defence of
 Liberty, exhorting his Countrymen to re-
 ftore their ancient Form of Government.

Ver. 523. *Who to Regions remote* &c.
Auro, gerris delectantur:
Novum orbem populantur.

He means the Conqueft of *America* by
 the *Spaniards*, who, according to fome of
 their own Hiftorians, deftroyed near twen-
 ty Millions of the Natives.

Ceas'd the Goddess, and frown'd. But her jocund
young Guest, 535

Finding Matters grow serious, turn'd all to a Jest.

Soon the Fair one was calm'd by his Piping and Prating;
When a *Triton* gave Notice, that Supper was waiting.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 436. — turn'd all to a Jest.
&c.

Canit cantilenam dulc', et
Novam Hermes. Deam mulcet.
Instat; conchâ sonat Triton:
Cœna lauta (quid dī, ^{ῥαῖνον};) ^{ῥαῖνον}
Apponenda, quando lubet:
Thetis nunc apponi jubet.

Dulc', et. i. e. Dulcem et &c.

This Figure, called *Ecthlipsis*, our Author hath but seldom used. I have not remarked it in above three or four. Places through the whole Poem.

Conchâ sonat Triton.

The Tritons were the Sons of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*. They served the Sea-Gods in the Quality of Trumpeters. Their Trumpets were made of Shells.

T H E
T O A S T.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

*Est aliquid [Mirâ] Miræ novitatis in istâ
Alternare vices, & quæ modo Fæmina tergo
Passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur.— Ovid.*

————— *Ire per ignes
Per gladios ausim, nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis;
Aut gladiis opus est: opus est mihi CRINE.— Ovid.*

THE GREAT BOOK

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T H E
T O A S T.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THIS the last of my Works, this my noblest Design,
Now the Warriors are gone, haughty *Cacus*, be
thine.

Hear

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *This the last of my Works, &c.*

Nunc cum *Martem* fata (fieri
Quidni possim?) rapuere;
Atque istum ducem furum
Habet *Acheruns* perjurum;
Meum hoc extremum opus,
Operumque omnium scopus
(Nec quid majus possim) frater
Persei, tibi destinatur;
Tibi, *Cace* tarde, tarde,
Dignitose *Edou* —
Pugnas memorem, quas *Mars* iam,
(Nec centones tibi farciam)
Et quæcunque quit duellica
Arte contra *Saga* bellica.
O subveni mi — nec, qui sum,
Quære; sed *Musarum* vicem
Exple, imple, me canente,
Me responde respondente.
Parva enim vobis fides
Apud nos est, *Pie-rides*,

Dum sublime feror: nota
Vobis, vatis vitia, vota:
Si quis mi sit amicissimus,
Ego tunc importunissimus.

Mr. *Scheffer* intended to have addressed this fourth Book to Sir *Mars*, since the greatest Actions of that Hero's Life are related here. But before the Work was finished, *Mars* disappeared, or according to the general Opinion, he died; having first appointed Sir *Piercy* and *Cacus* his Successors, and the Executors of his Vengeance. See the Note, Ver. 411. Book III.

Some little Time after the Departure of Sir *Mars*, *Piercy* likewise died, having survived the great Hero ju't long enough to shew the *Irish* Nation, that he was equal to the Office to which he had been nominated. [See his Character in the Epistle to *Cadenus*, and what is said of him in the third Book.] *Cacus*, who had been Coadjutor to *Piercy* in his Life-time, was
after

Hear the Battle I sing; nor thy Succour refuse
 To the Bard, who invokes thee instead of his Muse.
 For, importunate ever, I dare not rely 5
 On my Friends of *Parnass*'s, when I'm soaring so high;
 Or expect, the fair Virgins should give me a Lift,
 And obey ev'ry Call, as they wait upon SWIFT.
 Nor distrust, great *Patrician*, thy Force to inspire;
 Lo! thy Name makes me glow with Poetical Fire; 10
 And thy Language so pure, tho' for Rhyming unfit,
 Gives a Grace to thy Truth, and an Edge to my Wit:
 For an Edge must be given by a Thing, which has
 none;

As a Razor, you know, must be set by a Hone.

But alas! if with wicked old *Vol* thou combine, 15
 And the Spirit of *Piercy* be mingled with thine;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

after his Death appointed by the Sorcerers the sole Manager of those iniquitous Projects, which she had formed against our Author. It was generally believed at first, that *Cacus* would have withdrawn himself from the Witch's Circle. For, being possessed of a good Estate, he did not want her Assistance; and on some Occasions, he had endeavoured to appear a Man of Honour. He had likewise been frequently heard to rail at *Myra*; and among other Things he had said in the Hearing of some eminent Citizens, *she was become a publick Nuisance*. But the Sorcerers, who knew his Passion for *Morsey*, bribed him with a small Sum, and the

Hopes of a new Office, to do all her Drudgery, even the most infamous Jobs. See his Character in Mr. *Scheffer's* Epistle to *Cadenus*.

Ducem furum. *Sir Piercy*.

Ver. 14. *As a Razor, you know, &c.*
Sic novaculæ cos dabit,
Quod non hercle ipsa habet.

This Simile is borrowed from *Horace*.

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa se-
candi. Hor. Art. Poet.

If entic'd by the *Imp*, by thy Conscience unaw'd,
 Thou hast fought new Possessions by Rapine and Fraud;
 If thy Justice and Honour be such, as ne'er scorn'd
 To assist the base Villains, whom *Myra* suborn'd; 20
 To establish the WILL, which her Witchcrafts had made,
 And deny a plain Fact, *That the Money was paid*:
 Then attend me, fair Fortune; revenge the great Wrong:
 Or at least—Here assist me to finish my Song.
 For the Muses, as all our great Criticks agree, 25
 Often leave the best Part of their Business to thee.
 Thou hast aided old Monks, in *Unclassical* Times,
 When their Heads were in Labour, to bring forth quaint
 Rhymes:

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 17. *If entic'd by the Imp*, &c.
 Si amorem simulavit,
 Si te *Succuba* captavit.

Tir-Oen says, that *Cacus* was not one of *Ali's* Gallants, as our Author insinuates, but that she confirmed him in *Myra's* Service, by promising him her Interest at the Castle.

Ver. 21. *To establish the Will*, &c.
 Testamentum si firmare,
 Atque nummos abnegare, &c.

Our Author alludes here to *Sir Mars's Will*, and the pretended Trust; of which see the Account, Ver. 411. B. III. and what is said hereafter.

Ver. 23. *Then attend me, fair Fortune*, &c.

Tunc, Fortuna, hunc incusa,
 Atque eris mihi Musa:
 Atque erit, si tu praeis,
 Honos versu-culis meis.

This Address to Fortune was occasioned by an Observation which Mr. *Scheffer* could not avoid making during his Residence in this Country, That Preferments are very seldom bestowed according to the Merit of the Candidates. Even Poets (as he has observed very truly) are sometimes created and dignified by Chance and Favour. *Johnson*, *Davenant*, and *Dryden*, were honoured with the Laurel, because they were Poets, *C. C.* the Actor, because he was the Child of Fortune. *Hunc incusa—Sc. Cacus.*

U

And

And to humour our Taste, or to honour these Days,
 Thou hast furnish'd whole Epicks, and all the new Plays.
 Unconcern'd, that *Apollo* thy Fancy explodes, 31
 Thou hast made the great Laureat, and all his Court-
 Odes.

And—to help a weak Bard should not *you* be inclin'd,
 Who so oft have exalted the Dregs of Mankind?
 You adorn'd * * * *, whom Nature made ugly; 35
 You assign'd a Lord's Table to parasite——
 To declaim in the C——l Lord *Traulus* you chose;
 You rewarded the Babble of * * and *.
 In the College you sometimes have made a Bear sing,
 And transfer'd gentle *E—wood*'s Politeness to ——; 40

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 38. *You rewarded the Babble of* &c. For his Fee he would plead any Cause right or wrong.

Ditas *IO* & *BO* majores,
 Sed incultos Oratores;
 Quos popellus dicat melleos,
 Verum egomet *Vagellios*.

Sic dixisse fertur Io;
 (*Euge! respondisse Bo;*)
 “ *Illius esto tu defensor*
 “ (*Quid si pauper vates censor?*)
 “ *Qui meliorem audax vocet*
 “ *In jus; jus si tibi profit.*

Egomet *Vagellios*.

Vagellius was a *Modenese* Lawyer, whom *Juvenal* mentions in his Sixteenth Satire.

Pauper vates censor.

Nempe poeta noster, quem despiciabant, & agrestem, indoctumque præ se putabant maledici isti Oratores. Tir. Oen. Meaning our Author, whom these foul-mouthed Orators despised, looking on him as Illiterate, and a meer Rustick, in Comparison of themselves.

Ver. 39. *In the College* &c.

Ut, ut homo, *K——us* dudum
 Cultum simulat *E——woodum*.

Dr. *E—wood*, a Fellow of T. C. D. and Member of Parliament for the University, is a Gentleman of great Humanity, and a polite Scholar.

You

You espy'd, tho' we fancy, your Sight is so short,
Rare E——pal Virtues in * * and *.

For another B——h too you have shewn a due Care,
Since, encoiff'd by your favour, *Dom Fuscus* fits there:

You

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 41. *You espy'd, &c.*

Pietate quali quali,
Certè tu sacerdotali,
Literisque *Hor* & *Ho*.
Imbuiſti. Oh! Oh! Oh!
Sed anteferendus uter
Utri, dice: utri neuter.
Novimus & qui te, *Ho*,
Teque *HOR*, sacello quo.
Fuit olim hic, & ill' imus;
Fato, formâ pol' simillimus,
Moribusque, huic Ho ille HOR:
Aqua aquæ haud similior.
Qui non odit pium H——
Herclè amet scium H——
Et eundem vel in mari
Jubeat Deus quis venari,
Vel in aere piscari.

ill' imus, i. e. ille imus

There is not any Passage in the whole Poem, which hath puzzled the Latin Commentators so much as this. The difficulty is how to explain the two Monosyllables *Hor* and *Ho*. *Tir. Oen* will have them to signify, *Hortatores Honoratos*. But this Interpretation is too general, and I may as well call them *Horridos Homunciones*. *Wetstein* says, they are Chinese Words, and Appellations of Honour, by which two of the High Priests of *Confucius* are distinguished. *Cuper* modestly owns he does not know the meaning of the Words; but imagines, that Mr. *Scheffer* intending in this Place

to compliment two great Men, who are eminent for their Piety and Learning, hath made use of Cant Names, and has left it to the Judgment of the learned Reader to apply his Description.

It is proper to inform the Reader, that the Verses which are printed in *Italic* Characters, are supposed to be spurious. For *Tir-Oen* affirms, they are wanting in the original Manuscript. But for my part, I think, they are as much in Mr. *Scheffer's* Manner, as any other Parts of the Poem. I have therefore thought it proper to translate them; tho' in deference to *Tir-Oen's* Judgment, I have not inserted my Version in the Text.

Novimus & qui te, Ho, &c.

Be it Ho, be it HOR; they are equal in Fame,

And their Manners, and Fortune, and Figure the same.

Like to Like, as you know who said thus to his Brother;

And the Man who loves this H, must honour the other:

And the same should be sent, would the Gods grant my Prayer,

Or to hunt in the Sea, or to fish in the Air.

In mari venari, in aere piscari, signify in *Plautus*, to attempt impossibilities, or to labour in vain. Here these Phrases mean something more.

Ver. 43. *For another &c.*

Tu alterius curas B——ci

Res, haud nunc, ut olim, manci.

U 2

Tua

You supply'd him with Law, which had never been us'd,
 And 'a Stock of *Socratical* Patience infus'd: 46
 Nor could else so much delicate Honour have born it,
 When the skinny old Wife had seduc'd the young
 Cornet.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Tua providentia bardi
 Istius ornat caput—
 (*Sit Dom. Fuscus: hoc no-men do,*
Nè me petat innuendo.)
 Quem fecisti virum-Trium;
 Cui dedisti esse scium,
 Et callere leges: Quas? non }
Anglicas. An Iernas? non.
 Has? illas? non. An ullas? non. }

Fuscus was the Name of a Judge mentioned by *Martial* and *Juvenal*. The latter in his Twelfth Satire, likewise mentions the Wife of *Fuscus*, but not much to her Honour; for he places her in Company with *Pholus* the Centaur. In the Margin of the Manuscript, from which *Grierison* published the first Edition of this Poem, I read the following Note under the Word (*Fuscus*), which I think is to be found somewhere in *Bussy Rabutin's* Letters, *Je voudrois bien vous faire connoître le personnage sans vous le nommer. Il n'est pas si beau qu'Atolfe ni que Joconde, mais en recompense il est quatre fois plus malheureux. Ne le connoissez vous pas à cela? C'est un Mari tout à fait insensible.* 'Tis certain, that *Fuscus* is a borrow'd Name, as our Author himself tells us in that Parenthesis (*Sit Dom. Fuscus, &c.*) but whether it be applicable to any particular Person, or whether this Character is Panegyrick or Satire, I will not determine. *Tir-Oen*, tho' he knew no more of the Matter, than I do, has yet had the Assurance to fill up the Blank at the end of the fourth Verse; and asserts

that *Fuscus*, or by what other Name he is pleased to call him, was an Enemy to *Mr. Scheffer*, and upon some occasion treated him with great Rudeness.

Ver. 46. *And a Stock of Socratical*
 &c.

At uxoris fit amentia
 Levior viri patientiâ:
 Uxor enim illi quippe,
 Qualis Socratis Xantippe.

Xantippe was the Wife of *Socrates*, and a very bad one. When *Socrates* was asked, how he could bear with her, he answered, she exercised his Patience, and so used him to endure the Humours of other troublesome People. However I do not find, that *Xantippe* was false to her Husband's Bed: And therefore the Poet had done better, if instead of comparing *Fuscus* to *Socrates*, he had compared him to *Cato*, who was so complaisant, as to lend his Wife to a young Fellow of his Acquaintance, who was in Love with her.

Ver. 48. *When the skinny old Wife,*
 &c.

Urbe totâ m^æcha nota,
 Offa atque pellis tota:
 Quæ dum vexillarium vexit,
 Virum palpans flexit, rexit:
 Sit cornutus, si iudex sit. }

Offa atque pellis tota, she is nothing but Skin and Bones. This Expression is as ancient as *Plautus*, and is used by him in two or three places.

Stop

Stop a while here, old Bard, to consult the *Sieur Dill*;
 Lest he censure your Work, by reviving the Bill: 50
 Lest he spy in your Proem *Scan. Mag.* or Sedition,
 And discredit your Tale by a quaint *Deposition*.
 Can you question his Conscience, or Art to ensnare,
 Who instructed the Collier and *Myra* to swear;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 49. *Stop a while here, &c.*
 Pergin, senex, quo cœpisti?
 Quoniam in iudicium fisti.
 At at (credo) facies nil, ov-
 ov ni consulas tu——
 Ventriosum: ille illa
 Omnia possiet: ecce *Billa*
 Renovata; & clientes
 Eccos *Dilli* jam petentes
 Falsas lites testimoniis
 Falsis, sibi sed idoneis.
 Tuos, hic est, bellicosos
 Versus reddat qui dolosos;
 Mores moros, & morosos.
 Olli quotuplex scientia,
 Conscientia, ac sententia?
Vollo, Miræ, haud incuriâ,
 Sua dictat qui perjurâ;
 Qui humanam plumbo dedit
 Vocem; Deum qui comedit;
 (Deum quem? egenum *Martem*)
 Fungum viri qui *Mc* artem,
 Frustum viri scelestissimum,
 Cruce ædepol dignissimum,
 Docuit: docuit, si non bibere,
 Mortuum loqui, sed & scribere.

Dill, or (as he is called in the Epistle to *Cadenus*) *Ondillus* was a tall fat Lawyer, who without any kind of Learning or Skill in his Profession, had cunning enough to create Suits in all Places, where he was admitted, and to turn them to his

own Profit. He advised the Method of cheating Mr. *Scheffer*, and drew that infamous Bill, by which it was pretended, our Author's Purchase was in Trust for another. To support the Allegations of this Bill, he suggested to *Vol* and *Myra* all the Matter, out of which he framed their *Depositions*: And to second this Evidence, he chose for their Associate the greatest Villain in the Kingdom; a Fellow who had formerly been *Myra*'s Footman, and was suspected to conduct the Assassins, who were hired to murder our Author. See the Note, Ver. 224. Book III. *Tir-Oen* gives us a Character of *Dill* in the following Words, *Haud peior alter usquam est gentium, quàm iste Dillus, qui scelestis consiliis & fallaciis dilaceravit res Schefferi, mæchos, fures, prædones lenones, sicarios & Acherunticas sagas semper paratus juvare, si, quod dent, habent.*

Qui humanam plumbo dedit
 Vocem.

In this and the last Verse, the Poet alludes to Sir *Mars*'s Will, which according to common Fame, was made after the Warrior was departed. *Tir-Oen* says, that by *Dill*'s Advice, the Testator was represented by an Image of Lead, which was furnished by the Sorcerers out of her own Collection. But see what is said before of this Affair. Ver. 411. Book III.

Who

Who, to eat up Sir *Mars*, yet to strengthen his Party,
 From the Scum of the *Kevans* selected *Mc*—; 56
 Who bestow'd human Speech on an Image of Lead;
 And has shewn how a Ranger may write when he's dead?
 But approach him with awe: To ensure your Success,
 Send a Rouleau of Gold, ere you make your Address. 60
 Then the Sage shall opine, you are soft as a Lyrick,
 That a *Latin* Burlesque is the best Panegyrick;
 That a Tribad is chaste, who is crooked and paints;
 That an Imp is an Angel, and Witches are Saints;
 That the Knights, Lords and Heroes, and ev'ry great
 Name, 65
 Which hath here been invoc'd, shall be sacred to Fame:
 Or—shou'd this not suffice, he shall make it appear,
 That the Man, cleped *Scheffer*, has never been here.

THREE *Aurora* was call'd, ere she quitted her Bed:
 Overcrowded she rose, and hung mournful her
 Head, 70

Like

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 69. *Thrice Aurora was call'd*
 &c.

Viduam referens mortalem
 Ore, noctem seu feralem,
 Tristior surgens jam Aurora,

6

(Ter vocatam tenuit mora)
 Parco lumine spargebat
 Terras, chari dum linquebat
 Conjugis cubile; bonus
 Senior quamvis vir Tithonus.

This

Book IV. *The* T O A S T. 151

Like a Widow in Weeds: And so scant was her
Light,

That she seem'd to have borrow'd the Face of old
Night.

Was the cause, that the Goddess, to *Tithon* so true,
Less inclin'd to rise from him, the older he grew ?
Or she deem'd it ill Manners to broider her Vest; 75
To be buskin'd with Gold ; (as in *Tasso* she's drest.)
Or to deck her with Roses, look ruddy and gay,
When she now usher'd in so important a Day.

From *Olympus* *Jove* view'd (and who questions his
Ken ?)

All the Regions of Earth, all the Actions of Men : 80
Ev'ry Chief he mark'd well, with his Virtues inherent,
Whom himself, or the People had made his Vicegerent.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

This Fourth Book begins here (Ver. 69.) in the first Edition of our Author's Work. The Address to *Cacus* and *Fortune*, and the Praises of *Dill*, &c. were added by Mr. *Scheffer*, when he published the second Edition.

Aurora (the Morning) was the Daughter of *Titan* and *Terra*. She had a ruddy or rosy Complexion, and (according to *Homer*) rosy Fingers. The Horses which drew her Chariot were likewise of the same Colour. She always opened the Day, and was therefore called the Harbinger of the *Sun*. This Goddess was

so fond of *Tithonus*, the Son of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*, that she loved him even when he was arrived to an extreme old Age. A rare Example of Conjugal Fidelity ! *Ovid* indeed tells us, that once during her Cohabitation with *Tithonus*, she fell in Love with a young Man, whose Name was *Cephalus*. But *Cephalus* was so fond of his own Wife (whose Virtue was not in the same manner Proof against Temptation) that he refused the Embraces of a young and handsome Goddess: An Instance of Conjugal Fidelity almost as incredible as the other!

But

But he thought, tho' the Moor oft repeated his *Alla*,
 He was ill represented by *Muley Abdallah*.
 Nor *Madona* the *Rufs* could his Godship approve: 85
 For a Female he deem'd a feint Image of *Jove*.
 Many others, who rul'd with an absolute Sway,
 (But are not to be nam'd, till their Grandsons are grey,
 Or at least till their Honours are laid in the Dust) 89
 Tho' so God-like their Port, were unworthy their Trust.
 When invested with all, that his Highness could spare,
 Did he see one among 'em content with his Share?
 And in truth should he choose out the Man he likes best,
Stanislaus or *Carlos*—to govern the rest;
 Even he like young *Ammon*, would ask a new Boon; 95
 And possess'd of this World, he would cry for the Moon.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 83. *But he thought, tho' the Moor &c.*

Centies repetatur *Alla* :
 Meas vices an *Abdallah*
 Gerit? an, quæ *Russiæ* Dux est?
 Suis lux est, sed & crux est.

Abdallah is the present Emperor or King of *Morocco*. The Empress of *Russia* or *Czarina*, (as she is generally stiled) makes a great Noise even in this remote Part of the World.

Is it not Blasphemy to call a Tyrant God's Vicegerent?

Ver. 95. *Even he like young Ammon, &c.*

Nunc Philippi, mox Ammonis
 Filius, haud contentus donis,
 Dii, vestris, furit, moeret;
 Victor novos orbes quærit:
 Orbem Lunæ pol haberet.

Alexander the Great, Son of *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, called himself the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*. When he had conquered all *Greece* and the *Persian* Empire, he cry'd because he had no more Worlds to conquer. This was a vain Affectation: For all his Conquests did not extend to a tenth Part of our Globe.

Book IV. *The* T O A S T. 153

Say, ye Vice-Gods, for what ye thus daily contend?
Not—to win a young Wife, or protect an old Friend,
Or to save your fat Beeves, like the Heroes of old;
But to fill, by Oppression, your Coffers with Gold. 100
The Infection spreads down: Hence the People's
 Disasters ;

For in all, that is Evil, we copy our Masters.
'Tis for this we regard neither Honour, nor Health:
From the Prince to the Peasant, our Passion is Wealth:
And Corruption in Subjects, Ambition in Kings, 105
Tho' in Sound they may differ, yet are not two Things.
Have we all that we ask? Yet a little we crave;
And we mean by *Enough* something more, than we have.
Should the Gods, who are righteous, a Miser e'er spare,
When, to punish, they need only grant him his
 Prayer? 110

Let the Man, who loves Gold, like a *Scot* with his Pack,
Never move, but with all his full Bags at his Back!
To distinguish King *Midas*, who can't have too much,
Let him turn all to Gold, which he offers to touch!

But, my *Muse*, cease your Preaching: Your Labours
 will fail, 115
If you mingle grave Morals with such a light Tale.

And a Statesman will say, you're unskill'd in your Trade;
 Or perhaps, to affront you, he'll call you old Maid.
 What concerns it a Monk, if a Monarch does wrong?
 Or d'ye think, you can mend the whole World with a
 Song?

120

Be advis'd; and no more interrupt your Narration:
 Tell us how *Jove* behav'd on the present Occasion.

On his Brow fate alternate a Smile and a Frown;
 'Till at length he directed his Eyes to our Town.
 Tho' (at least 'tis thus storied by those, who were by)
 He beheld us askaunce; not to say he look'd fly. 126
 Near the God stood the gibing Buffoon of the Court,
 Ever seeking Occasions to make himself Sport.

" How I want (quoth the Droll) the great Soldier, and
 Tinker;

" *Mars* to serve for a But, and old *Vol* for a Skinker!

" But

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 119. *What concerns it &c.*

At ineptias Musa effert.
 Certè meâ parum refert,
 Quod in Reges nunc inquiero.
 Currant cursus more miro:
 Et tu, Musa, tuo gyro.

i. e. Et tu, Musa, curre—*Make haste,*
and finish your Work.

Ver. 124. *He directed his Eyes to our Town, &c.*

Jam defixit malesanæ
 Urbi lumina *Eblanæ*;
 Verùm lumina obliqua.
 Dixit audax quis, iniqua.

Urbi *Eblanæ*, *Dublin*, which I call
 our Town, for the sake of the Rhyme.

Ver. 129. *How I want (quoth the Droll) the great &c.*

“ But I fear, we must reckon our Brothers, as dead. 131
 Then he look'd upon *Jove*—and *Jove* nodded his Head.
 When the Consort (who fears neither *Jove*, nor his Nod;
 Tho' it shakes the whole Globe) thus accosted the God:
 “ Must I still be thus treated?—Unheeded their Birth,
 “ Shall my Sons be for Ages distress'd on the Earth? 135
 “ While your own dear Adopted, usurping their Place,
 “ May offend, as they please, and not forfeit your Grace.
 “ Or reverse your hard Doom, and my Children restore
 “ To their Heaven, and their Honours; or know me
 no more. 140

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Momus. Utinam afforent
 (Si seipfos melius norint)
 Noster *Mars* adaman-tinus,
 Et *Vol* ære crepi-dinus!
 Ut queis ludos faciam: is &
 Nobis faber cyathisset.

See the Character of *Momus*, Ver. 157.
 Book II.

Ærecrepidinus signifies a Person, who makes a great Noise by beating upon Brass: And may properly be Englished either a *Brasser* or *Tinker*. *Plautus* calls those Places, where there was a great Number of Slaves at work, *Insulas Ferricrepidinas*, on account of the Noise which was made by the rattling of their Fetters.

Faber cyathisset.

Vol was not only Cook to the Gods upon extraordinary Occasions, as I have remarked before; but he likewise frequently served in the Office of a Butler, or was rather what the *Danes* call a *Skenker* or *Skinker*, for so *Cyathisset* properly signifies. On these Occasions he diverted the Company by playing the Buffoon, as we are informed by *Homer*.

Ver. 133. *When the Consort &c.*

Juno increpavit eum,
 Ἀποφλαγγέσσα Deum,
 Dei nutum, quantum quotum:
 Tremefecerit ut totum
 Cœlum nutu, cui ignotum? }

Juno was the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, and the Sister and Consort of *Jupiter*. Tho' she was a great Queen and a Goddess, yet she had many bad Qualities.

Thus the Thunderer answer'd; " What Fits of the
Spleen,

" To disturb the great Synod, possess our good Queen ?

" Tho' the Loss of your Favours we nightly deplore,

" Yet we cannot in Conscience such Spirits restore.

" Even tho' on Mount *Ida* your Highness request us

" In the Language of Love, and adorn'd with the
Cestus.

146

" Shou'd a God be unrighteous, and grant a Relief

" To a Bully and Bravo, a Juggler and Thief ?

" Has not *Mars* in all Tryals of Honour miscarried ?

" Ever beaten, or bubbled ! Gods ! how he is married !

" Did he not (most ungrateful !) desert his own Bail ? 151

" Did he not rob the Mortal, who sav'd him from Jail ?

" Does

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Did he not (most ungrateful !)* &c.

Opes, restauratas ædes,
Omnia *Mavors* cui de-buit,
Nonne vadem dese-ruit ?
Nonne vadem spoliavit ?
Insidiasque collocavit
His & illis, hinc illinc, qui
Amicissimi propinqui,
Lites novas intendendo,
Seu ficarios conducendo ?

Weystein hath fully explained this Passage. He tells us, that Mr. *Scheffer*, on his Arrival in *Ireland*, made a Visit to Sir

Mars, who was his near Relation : But to his great Surprise, he found the old Knight in the utmost Distress, without Money or Credit enough to purchase even the Necessaries of Life for himself and his Family. Our Author commiserating his Condition, immediately supply'd him with FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. And being informed, that the House in which Sir *Mars* lived, was mortgaged for almost as much Money as it was worth, and that the Mortgagee was about to foreclose the Equity of Redemption, he discharged THAT DEBT likewise. But as all this was not sufficient to make the Knight's Circumstances perfectly easy, Mr. *Scheffer* lent him ONE THOUSAND POUNDS more;

“ Does he not for the Rights of his Neighbour contend,
 “ And instruct curs’d Assassins to murder his Friend?
 “ Even now—when the Wretch is confin’d to his Bed:
 “ Even him—by whose Bounty alone he is fed. 156

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

more; and even after this bail’d him, when he was sued for a Debt of FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS, which Sum our Author afterwards paid. For all the Money thus advanced by him, he took no other Security, than a Reversional Grant of the House and a little Piece of Land, of which Sir *Mars* was then possessed, being contented to let the Knight enjoy both during his Life. The wicked old Sorceress, perceiving her Husband’s Circumstances were so much mended, reconciled herself to him; and tho’ she had been the real Occasion of all his Misfortunes, and had treated him in a most insolent and inhuman manner during his Distress, yet he was either so weak, or so wicked as to submit himself again to her Direction. The first thing she advised him to do, was to acquit himself of the Obligations he owed to *Scheffer*. And this could not be effected any other way, than by removing his Benefactor out of the World. She represented to him, that *Scheffer* being a Stranger, his Death could not make any great Noise, nor would any Body give themselves the Trouble to enquire into the Cause of it: That the Moment he was dead, he (Sir *Mars*) should immediately possess himself of all his Effects, which he had a Right to do, and which no one would dispute with him. In pursuance of this Advice, it was resolved to ASSASSINATE our Author, by shooting him in his Chair at Night, and

three Villains were hired for this Purpose. They watched Mr. *Scheffer* for a whole Week, without meeting with an Opportunity to put their Design in Execution. At length one of the *Assassins*, being struck with a Remorse, came to him, and discovered the Plot, which by this means was defeated.

The Sorceress however was not at all disconcerted. Since the Train she had laid to take away *Scheffer*’s Life had failed of Success, she obliged her Husband to declare open War against him. And to carry it on with Success, she employ’d her Privy Counsellors *Ondill* and *J. Occo*, to draw a BILL, in which they were ordered to charge him with Fraud, and a Breach of Trust; to demand that the Securities he had obtained from Sir *Mars*, should be set aside, insisting that Mr. *Scheffer* had never lent him one Shilling. To support the Allegations of this Bill, she undertook to procure Evidence, if *her own* were not sufficient. For this purpose *Vol* was taken into the Confederacy. (See the following Note.) And the Lawyer *Ondill* (as we have said before) was appointed to methodize their *Depositions*, and *J. Occo* to plead their Cause.

The Reasons which *Jupiter* assigns for his refusing to recall Sir *Mars* and *Vol* are certainly very just. Such Wights would make but a bad Figure in an Assembly of Gods.

But

- “ But recoil all their Darts ! And, whate’er *that* Surveyor
 “ For his Profit projects, or the *other* shall swear ;
 “ Be abortive their Plots ! nor to *Scheffer* unknown !
 “ And attempting his Life let ’em forfeit their own ! 160
 “ Then the Sons of *Ierne* shall honour the Bard ;
 “ And the Justice of TALBOT his Virtue reward.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 157. — *And whate’er that*
Surveyor &c.

Quicquid *Sinon* simulando,
 Quicquid *Perseus* pejerando, &c.

The Person, whom the Poet calls *Sinon*, was an *English* Member of Parliament, and a *General-Surveyor*, as well as Sir *Piercy*. * He entered into the Confederacy against Mr. *Scheffer* at the same time that he professed the greatest Friendship and Esteem for him. *Sinon* had no Virtues, but an insatiable Thirst for Money. He scrupled no Undertakings, which afforded him an Opportunity of amassing Wealth. *Mars*, who knew his Avarice, gained him to his Party, by promising to leave him a great Estate; to which, as he pretended, he had a very good Title. With the same Assurance, he might have promised him the Crown of *Poland*, after the Death of *Augustus*.

Ver. 160. *And attempting his Life*
&c.

Nunc, dum ferrum moliantur,
 Palam scelera dicuntur.
 Impii duces jam fugere ;
 Arte suâ periêre.

In a little Time, after the Attempt on our Author’s Life, Sir *Mars* departed, and Sir *Piercy* survived him but a few Months, as is said above: About the same Time *Sinon* also died, expressing some

* *Sinon* was not privy to the intended ASSASSINATION; but he engaged in all the Measures which Sir *Mars* and the old Sorcerers had concerted to plunder our Author.

Concern for the Part he had acted, in Conjunction with *Mars* and his wicked Associates.

Ver. 161. *Then the Sons of Ierne*
shall honour the Bard ;
And the Justice of TALBOT &c.

Fulgeat sed intaminatis
 Multis hono-ribus vates.
 Vatis damna jam rependat,
 Qui justitiâ res emendat,
 Tuus TALBOT, O Astræa :
 Proprium mi dicato, Dea :
 Quin & tuas lances cedo ;
 Illi, Pallas, (tibi quæ do)
 Sapere, ratiocinari ;
 Suada, quicquid sentiat, fari.
 Dî TABOTTUM adjuvate,
 Propriumque mi dicato.

By the Death of *Sinon*, Mr. *Scheffer* became entitled to a Legacy of 4000 Pounds which he hath since recovered by a Decree of the present Lord Chancellor of *England*.

—— O Astræa, &c.

Astræa was the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Themis*, and the Goddess of Justice ; *Pallas* was the Goddess of Wisdom, and *Suada* the Goddess of Eloquence.

Here

“ Here enrol that great Name! And, ye Gods, bleſs my
Choice!

“ Lend *Minerva* her Judgment, and *Suada* her Voice!

“ Be as pure his *Decrees*, as *Aſtræa*’s Commands! 165

“ And her Ballance for ever remain in his Hands!

“ Now a Word of old *Vol*—In all Dealings unjuſt:

“ Did he not ſteal the Treafure aſſign’d him in Truſt?

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 167. Now a Word of old Vol—
&c.

ΤΙΣ ΗΦΑΙΣΤΟΣ; Exul factus
Scelio, baro, planus, *Præctus*,
Dolos, modo peculator,
Peregrinis meditatur;
Nomen teſtis pejerati
Nullus timens, impiis πράττει;
Quamvis parvæ ſint mercedes.
Hiccin’ præmia mereat, quæ des?

The *Latin* Commentators are all agreed, that *Præcht*, which is one of the Appellations here beſtowed upon *Vol*, is an old *Teutonic* Word, which ſignifies a *Bragging* or *Boaſting*, from whence the *Belgick* Verb *Praten* (to Tattle or Trifle) and the *Engliſh* *Prate* is derived. And thus I likewiſe find it explained in *Skinner’s Etymologicon Anglicanum*. But however, I incline to think, that this Word comes from the *Greek* πράττειν, which *Mr. Scheffer* makes uſe of a few Verſes lower on purpoſe, as I conceive, to point out the Radix of *Præcht*. πράττειν is a Word of ſuch a large Signification, that it may be very properly applied to denote any of *Vol*’s Offices or Occupations, or any Affairs, whether of good Report or

of evil Report, in which he has been engaged ſince his Arrival in this Country. Thus when he was *Treaſurer of Ireland* and *Conſtable of the Caſtle*, when he was ſearching for Coals, or building his *Glaſs-Houſe*, he might be ſaid πράττειν, i. e. *Rebus ad Rem publicam pertinentibus operam dare*, and in this Senſe it is uſed by *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*. πράττειν in *Ariſtophanes*, ſignifies, *Lites intendere*, and may therefore be well applied to expreſs *Vol*’s Character, as he was the chief *Promoter* and *Manager* of thoſe unjuſt and wicked *Law-Suits*, which were carried on againſt *Mr. Scheffer*; upon which Occaſion he furniſhed *Evidence*, and gave his own *Teſtimony* in Matters, of which he had no Cogniſance. And this is the Meaning of theſe Lines;

Nomen Teſtis pejerati
Nullus timens Impiis πράττει.

That is, *He ſupports a wicked Cauſe, by giving falſe Evidence, and without fear of Punishment ſtands up in Defence of a Set of People, who have no Honour or Probity.* In this Senſe πράττειν φιλιππω, a *Philippi partibus ſtare*, is uſed by *Demofthenes*, &c.

“ Are

“ Are his Friendships not made with Intent to betray ?

“ Will he not be suborn'd,—and for very small Pay ? 170

“ Don't you hear him blaspheme in revenge, that he
fell,

“ Ridiculing the Pow'rs both of Heaven, and of Hell ?

“ And if haply his Wit but half equal'd his Spite,

“ Or his Head was new moulded, the Caitif wou'd
write :

“ He wou'd argue in Print, and my Edicts deny ; 175

“ Or insult the good Bard, who records this Reply.

“ Wretched Mortals, made frail, fin agen and agen ;

“ Yet we find Sparks of Virtue in very bad Men :

“ Not a Spark in these Wights ! If your Highness can
shew,

“ From the Day they were sentenc'd to wander be-
low, 180

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 171. *Don't you hear him blas-*
pheme &c.

Atque idem, qui πλάττειν,

Audet etiam βλασφημεῖν.

Audet ipse hic matæus,

(Nam matæus, qui athe-us)

Neque pili facit-Quos ?

Deos magnos, nos, vos, hos.

Neque cœlum, cœlum putat :

Cœlum, at non mores mutat.

Vol, after the Manner of the *Epicureans*, maintained, that all things were made by chance, and that all Religion was Priestcraft. It must be acknowledged, that *Vol's* Actions exactly corresponded to his Creed.

Matæus (from *Μάταιος*) signifies a wrong-headed Man, or a Fool. *ΜΑΤÆ-
us sum : Vinum mihi in Cerebrum abiit.*
Pet. Arb.

“ Any

- “ Any Good, any where, either Exile hath done ;
 “ I’ll absolve him that instant, and own him my Son.
 Here again the old Joker : “ ’Twas hastily said ;
 “ Nor intend you, great Madam, to part from *Jove’s*
 Bed.
 “ Have you not of his favourite Pleasures bereft
 him? 185
 “ Nor a Concubine now to converse with is left him :
 “ And wou’d *you*, since he leads here so virtuous a
 Life,
 “ Force him down in Disguise on another Man’s Wife ?
 “ Or provoke him, when thus you’re so coy, and so loud,
 “ To create a new Consort——perhaps of a Cloud ?

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 188. *Force him down in Dis-*
guise, &c.

Aut mæchiffet ubi ubi ;
 Aut ex roseâ quâvis nube
 Nova effingatur Juho.
 Alio cantharo & uno
 Sic potetur. At obscurum
 Fore discrimen futurum
 Magnæ Deæ, & mortalis,
 Veræ, fictæ, qualis, qualis,
 Nube-culæ, & Juncis,
 Docuit fatum Ixionis.

Ixion was the Son of *Phlegyas*, a King
 in *Thessaly*. *Jupiter* took him into Hea-
 ven, seated him at his own Table, and
 made him his chief Companion. Here

Ixion fell in Love with *Juno*, and was so
 audacious, as to make his Addresses to
 her directly. The Goddess immediately
 acquainted her Husband with his Presump-
 tion, and urged him to punish *Ixion* in
 an exemplary Manner. But *Jupiter*, who
 was sensible of the Force of Love, and
 knew the Frailties of human Nature, sent
 him a Cloud in the Likeness of *Juno*,
 which *Ixion* enjoy’d, and of whom the
*Centaur*s were born.

Ixion afterwards bragging, that he had
 lain with *Juno*, was hurled down to Hell,
 and there bound to a Wheel, which was
 perpetually whirled about, so that he
 could never have any rest.

Ixion was not punished for his Amour,
 but because he did not keep it secret.

Y

“ And

“ And the Fate of *Ixion*, methinks, should make you
know, 191

“ That a Cloud in the Dark is as good, as a *Juno*.

“ When the Humours are peccant provoking to scold ;

“ Your Phyfician should order an Apple of Gold.

“ But without his Affiftance I’ll now make you
Friends; 195

“ Tho’ fo arduous the Task, you fhall both have your
Ends.

“ SIRE, to please the Queen Confort the Exiles recall :

“ Yet prevent their Return, that you thus may please all.

“ Let Accompt-Books in Folio be pil’d at our Gate !

“ In a Sheriff’s Form there let a Demi-god wait 200

“ With the Cudgel of *Bellew*, or *Diomed*’s Spear;

“ And annihilate me, if they ever come here !

All the Synod laugh’d loud: Then a Silence enfu’d,

Till the Droll thus to *Phæbus* his Gibing renew’d.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 194. *Your Phyfician should &c.*

Et rixari quoties lubeat,
Aureum malum dari jubeat ;
Aureum malum (ni nefapius)
Iste nofter *Æfculapius*.

Æfculapius, the Son of *Apollo* and the

Nymph *Coronis*, was the God of Phyfick.
He freed *Rome* from the Plague, for which
the People built him a Temple, and wor-
fhipped him in the Form of a Serpent.

The Judgment of *Paris*, and the His-
tory of the Golden Apple, which occa-
fioned the *Trojan War*, is fo well known,
that I need not repeat it here.

“ I perus’d the rough Edict you publish’d last Night: 205

“ But the Stile is uncouth; nor your Sentence is right.

“ And besides—ought you stop, Sir, so long in one place

“ To behold an old Hag, while she painted her Face;

“ But, I find, all Love Matters you turn to a Farce,

“ And expose Old or Young—Mum for *Venus* and
Mars: 210

Here the *Paphian* grew red; and when *Momus* had done,
In a Passion she rose, thus upbraiding the *Sun*:

“ Tho’ so curious to pry, what Delight can you take

“ To prevent better Sport, than you’re able to make?

“ And (because you forgot, when his *Myra* was
young) 215

“ Toreproach gentle *George*, who so sweetly has sung?

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Ver. 209. *But I find all Love-mat-
ters, &c.*

Sit puella, sit ve-tula,

Si amârit, sit fa-bula

Tuo, *Sol*, indicio. Sic si

Mars & *Venus*—furtis nixi.

Eccos laqueos—jocos—Dixi. }

Momus here alludes to the famous In-
trigue of *Mars* and *Venus*, which was
discovered by the *Sun*. See the Fable at
large in the *Odysssey* and in *Ovid*.

Ver. 211. *Here the Paphian grew
red, &c.*

Paphiæ Veneris decora

Conscius rubor notat ora.

See Ver. 110. Book II. why *Venus* was
called the *Paphian*.

Ver. 213. — what Delight can
you take, &c.

Quid nos curas, quid geramus?

Invidetne, quod amamus?

Qui nil potest, si quis amet,

Annon possit, quin exclamet?

Venus here tacitly reproaches the *Sun*
for discovering her own Amour; tho’
she would be thought to be angry with
him on *Myra*’s Account only.

Y 2

“ If

- “ If the Women are Bald, or their Tresses are Grey;
 “ Father *Time*, and the Fates are in Fault—and not
 they.
 “ Shall the want of a Tooth, when a Dame is well born,
 “ Or perhaps a few Wrinkles expose her to Scorn? 220
 “ You confess (and we know you survey’d ev’ry Place)
 “ She’s as young as your Godship—except in the Face.
 “ For the Secrets—we use to preserve the Complexion;
 “ They are none of your Drugs, nor create an Infection.
 “ Paints and Lotions on all Royal Toilets are seen: 225
 “ Mark the Court of young *Lewis*, and censure his Queen.
 “ Shou’d I make your Decree, Sir, a Matter of Quarrel;
 “ While I speak it, my *Myra* shou’d change to a Laurel.
 “ Then your Rhymers in Doggrel her Beauties wou’d
 prize, 229
 “ Proud to wear the bright Locks, they are bid to despise.
 “ But

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Ver. 223. *For the Secrets—we use*
 &c.

Quod ad formæ medicamina;
 Quamvis parva hæc conamina,
 Nec ex vestrâ officinâ
 Quæstuosâ, nec divina,
 Nec ex pyxide Pandoræ:
 Hisce tamen pol decoræ
 Vel Reginæ, dum comuntur,
 Familiariter utuntur.

Apollo was the God of Physick. *Venus*
 raillies him in that Quality, insinuating,
 that the Paints and Washes, which the
 Ladies used to mend their Complexions,
 are less hurtful than his Prescriptions.

Ver. 229. *Then your Rhymers in*
 Doggrel &c.

Si in laureas crescant crines;
 O quàm magni? Tunc re-cines
 Mira

- “ But you know I love Peace; nor my Manners incline
 “ To impertinent Medling, like you and your *Nine*.
 “ Be the Matron restrain’d, as your Edict directs;
 “ But allow me to make her more fit for her Sex.
 “ Let her thus be erect! (*Here she held out her Fan*) 235
 “ And be superinduc’d all the Virtue of Man!

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Miræ nomen Tu, & *Illæ*,
Rhythmicque poetillæ, &c.

When *Daphne* was changed into a
 Laurel, her Arms were the Branches,
 and her Hair the Leaves.

*Infrondem crines, in ramos brachia
 crescunt.* Ovid Met.

Of these were afterwards made the
 Crowns of Victory for Emperors and
 Poets.

O quam magni?

i. e. O quam magni æstimes? Tir. Oen.

Tu & illæ—i. e. Tu & *Musæ* tuæ.

You and your *Nine*. You and your
Muses.

Ver. 235. *Let her thus be Erect!*
 &c.

Ut flabellum hoc, C——

Novi genetrix amoris,

Ut hoc meum producat,

Requies cui, nec mora datur:

Sesquipede vel longa sit;

Viri virtus indita sit;

Nec Priapi valdior mos sit,

Nec *Chauceri* toties possit

Cantoclarus; nè, si *bos* sit.

I am surprised to find all the *Latin*

Commentators so much puzzled how to
 fill up the first Verse, where the Blank is
 left. It must be a Rhime to *Amoris*. I
 think there is but one Word, and that
 a Term of Art, which can properly sup-
 ply it.

Nec Priapi, &c.

Priapus was the Son of *Bacchus* and
Venus. The Romans made him the God
 and Keeper of their Gardens, which he
 was to defend from Robbers and Crows.
Custos Furum atque Avium. He was wor-
 shipped with peculiar Honours at *Lamp-
 facus*, where *Osiris* having consecrated to
 him a *Phallus* of Gold in Memory of a
 Wound he had received in the Groin,
 the Priests of this God, forgetting the
 Reason of the Consecration of the *Phallus*,
 introduced a great many Impurities into
 their religious Ceremonies: And when
 afterwards the Statue of *Priapus* was e-
 rected in any Place, the Pudenda were
 always made of an enormous Size.

Chauceri——*Cantoclarus*.

The Poet here alludes to the following
 Verse in *Chaucer's* Tale of the Nuns
 Priest: Or, *The Cock and the Fox*.

He fethered her a hundred times a day.

Chanticleer is the Name of the Cock. You
 may find this Tale among *Dryden's* Fa-
 bles finely turned into modern *English*.

“ Nor

“ Nor *Priapus* in Action shall equal her Fame;
 “ Nor so oft shall *Dan Chanticleer* feather his Dame.
 “ Let her Passions be strong, as her Form is compleat,
 “ And her Name of Distinction be FRIGA the Great! 240
 “ And,

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Ver. 240. *And her Name of Distinction be FRIGA &c.*

Hâc mutatâ, hem mutetur
 Nomen quoque : appelletur
Friga magna, magna Fræa,
Friga Fræa, Semi-Dea.

The principal Gods among the Saxons, before their Conversion to Christianity, were the Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga or Fræa, and Seator. To these were consecrated the seven Days of the Week, as appears by the present Names of these Days among the Germans, Flemings and English. Woden was the God of War, because the first Saxons came out of their Country under his Conduct, and made large Conquests. Friga was the Venus of the Saxons, and the Goddess of all Impurities. She was worshipped in the Shape of an Hermaphrodite, and her Statue represented both Sexes. Some Historians call her Fræa, and make her the Wife of Woden, the Sir Mars of the Saxons. But the famous Antiquary Verstegan insists, that her proper Name was Friga, and that from her our Saxon Ancestors called Friday, Frigedeag. In Verstegan's Antiquities, you have likewise the Figure or Statue of Friga, standing on a Pedestal, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Bow in the other. She there appears more like a Man than a Woman: Only she wears a kind of Petticoat. When I call Friga the Venus of the Saxons, you must not from thence conclude, that she was a beautiful Person, but on

the contrary, that she had strong masculine Features, with a great Beard. For as such a Person, even Venus herself, was represented in all those Places where she was worshipped, as an Hermaphrodite; and particularly at Amathus in Cyprus, her Statue was remarkable for its Beard, as Theophrastus informs us. The Verses which immediately follow those I have quoted above, justify my Observation.

Nec libido fatiata!
 Ipsa dixit, quæ barbata.
 At assidua sit libido!
 Ipsa, Ipse sic, quæ, qui do.

That is, “ Let her Appetite be never satisfied! This is my Will and Pleasure; and I pronounce it with my Beard on. I say again, Let her concupiscible Appetite continue to the End of her Life.” This is the *Ipsa*, or *Ipsa dixit of Hermaphrodite Venus*.

Neque lata, longa vestis,
 Nisi rebus bene gestis,
Friga, sepiat id, quæ estis. }

That is, “ Neither the Petticoats or Farthingales she wears shall conceal her *Metamorphosis*, unless upon some extraordinary Occasions.”

The Reader will be apt to censure me for having translated these seven Latin Verses in one Line, which is far short of the Original. The Truth is, I was in haste to get rid of this Story of the *Metamorphosis*.

Before I conclude this Note, I think my

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my self obliged to inform my Reader, that in the original Manuscript now in the Custody of Mr. Grierſon, who firſt publiſhed this Poem in *Latin*, are to be found theſe Lines which follow immediately after

Ne ſi bos ſit.

*Sit maximitas immanis ;
Nec, ut alie, ſit inanis.
Seu uxori, ſeu ſorori
Capaciori, voraciori,
Cuique commoda ſit hæcce :
Si inire Vaccam, Vaccæ.*

I was ſome time in doubt whether I ſhould mention theſe Verſes, conſidering Mr. Scheffer himſelf thought fit to ſuppreſs them. But they are ſo eſſential a Mark of the *Hermaphrodite's* Transformation, that I could not forbear communicating them to the Publick. However I have paid ſo much Deference to my Author's Judgment, that I have neither tranſlated them, or added any explanatory Remarks.

Some Criticks are of Opinion, that Mr. Scheffer had no Occaſion to make uſe of a Goddeſs to effectuate this famous *Metamorphoſis*, but that he ſhould rather have permitted the Sorcerers to transform her ſelf either by the Power of her own Magic, or the Force of her Fancy; ſince this Event (as extraordinary as it may ſeem) is not without an Example in this Country: And if we examine the natural Hiſtories of other Nations, we ſhall ſoon be able to furniſh our ſelves with a long Catalogue of *Hermaphrodites*. Wanly in his *Wonders of the little World*, Chap. 33. B. I. reckons up more than 20 Changes of this Kind, and for which he produces his Vouchers. Among the reſt he inſtances one, related by *Pontanus*, of a Woman who was changed into a Man, after ſhe had been delivered of a Son, which fell out in the Year 1496. Another Story is told by

the ſame Author, of a Nun, whoſe Name was *Magdalena Mugnoz*, who in the 7th Year after ſhe had been profeſſed in the City of *Ubeda*, was turned into a Man, and thereupon expelled the Nunnery. A Beard grew upon her Chin, and ſhe called her ſelf *Franciſcus Mugnoz*. This *Francis* afterwards committed a Rape, and got a Woman with Child. I chuſe to quote theſe two Examples, becauſe they are exactly parallel to the Caſe of *Scheffer's Hermaphrodite*, who before ſhe was changed into a Man was delivered of a Son, and after her *Metamorphoſis* committed a Rape upon one Woman, and got another with Child.

But to make it evident that ſuch a Change may really happen, let me refer the curious Reader to an *Arrêt* of the Parliament of *Paris* which was iſſued no longer ago than laſt Summer, I will give you the Story in the Words of a Daily News-Writer, who at preſent is in much Eſteem in *England*.

London, Saturday, Aug. 24. 1734.

The following being a very extraordinary Occurrence, pleaſe to take it in the Words of our Correſpondent at *Paris*.

“ The Daughter of a famous Attorney
“ of this City (*Paris*) who was chriſtend
“ as ſuch, and whoſe Sex was never
“ queſtion'd to the Age of 16, has ſince
“ changed her Sex; and having thereup-
“ on made application to the Parliament
“ to be confirm'd in the Privileges of
“ Manhood, the Courts, after due Ex-
“ amination, iſſued laſt Week their *Arrêt*,
“ that the Perſon heretofore a Girl, ſhall
“ be henceforth deem'd a Man; that the
“ Baptiſmal Name ſhall be chang'd at the
“ Font to one proper to Men; and that
“ ſhe ſhall take Place in the Inheritance
“ of her Father's Eſtates accordingly. But
“ to this laſt Article of the Sentence her
“ Younger Brother has enter'd an Appeal,
“ alledging, that he is ſtill the *Elder*
“ Son.” *Daily Advertiser*.

As.

“ And, my *Friga*, to thee, ere revolve many Years,
 “ Shall the Man most renown’d of *Ierne*’s new Peers,
 “ In Return for thy Labours, to honour his Bed,
 “ (Nor * * * * has done more to exalt the great Head)
 “ In the Plains of *S--l--gan* a Monument raise, 245
 “ Where the *Centaur*s and *Satyr*s shall envy thy Praise.
 “ What intends the quaint Figure, few Clerks shall divine;
 “ But the *Tribads* shall ken it an Emblem of thine.
 “ For the rest—Don’t imagine I’ll patient endure,
 “ That my Rights you invade, and forbid us *procure*. 250

“ Is

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As for those Ladies, who affect to treat Mr. *Scheffer* as a Visionary, and still continue to converse with the *Hermaphrodite*, as if she was a perfect Woman, I am fully persuaded, that they are not insensible of her Virility, of which they could give better Proofs than my Author, or any of his Commentators.

Ver. 241. *And my Friga to thee, &c.*

Tempus erit (meis fides
 Dictis sit) cum pyra-midis
 Moles tuæ simil-lima
 (Laus sed enim tuæ prima)
 Alta surgat instar fani;
 Quam in agro S—organi
 Nunc Milordus, olim J—s
 (Olli nec sublimo os)
 Tibi, mea *Friga*, ponet:
 Sic uxoreula, sic monet.
 Monumentum hoc amoris,
 Propter capitis honores;
 Designanda tua quo Res.

This Prophecy hath since been fulfilled. For about the Time that Mr. *Scheffer* published the first part of his Work, or a little after, a certain great Man of a most extraordinary Taste in Building, erected an Obelisk in a Field near his Country Seat. All our great Clerks were puzzled to find out the real Meaning of this curious Fabric, being situated in a Place, where it neither served for Use or Ornament. No one could then penetrate into the Founder’s excellent Design. Now every Body is surprized, that this was not sooner discovered to be the Symbol of old *Myra*’s Transformation; since it could not possibly mean any thing else.

Tir-Oen, who is full of his Jokes upon this Occasion, hath given us here a very long Note, which he concludes thus:

*Nimirum mihi falsa res videtur,
 Inguini similis Columna MIRÆ.*

Ver. 250. *That my Rights you invade, &c.*

Tune

“ Is it fitting that Youth should be thus over-aw’d,
 “ And the Pilgrim, and Stranger depriv’d of a Bawd ?
 “ Tho’ so bright a *Toupee* no Assistance can need ;
 “ And where’er you address, you are sure to succeed :
 “ Yet—a Word in your Ear—pretty *Daph* had been
 won, 255

“ Had the Matron *Latona* made Love for her Son.
 “ But hereafter be cautious, nor censure Old Age,
 “ Nor, to injure my Friends, interrupt your own Stage.
 “ Let the *Tutelar* Gods interfere, if they dare !
 “ If I catch ’em—But first I’ll admonish the Fair. 260

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Tune nostra lenocinia
 Curas, prohibesque ? Quin ea,
 Quæ arcana tu scrutaris
 Mei regni, & minaris ?

Here *Venus* animadverts with great Warmth on the last Prohibition contained in *Apollo’s* Decree, by which old *Myra* was forbid to procure. The Goddess calls this an Invasion upon the Rights of her Empire, and threatens the *Tutelar* Gods, if they execute *Apollo’s* Orders.

Ver. 253. *Tho’ so bright a Toupee,*
 &c.

Parvo debes nil Amori !
 Nimum credis tu color,
 Crinibusque religatis,
 Odoratis, fericatis.

Venus here alludes to *Apollo’s* Beau-Dress, his Toupet, &c. in his Night Ramble. The whole is spoken ironically ; for tho’ *Apollo* was ever young, and the most beautiful of all the Gods, yet he was unfortunate in his Amours.

Ver. 255. *Yet—a Word in your Ear—pretty Daph &c.*

Sed nec Daphne te vitâsset ;
 Ministrâsset, adjuvâsset,
 Si qua callida matrona,
 Si lenocinans Latona,
 Quos experta est, amores ;
 Suis tuos si labores.

Latona was the Daughter of the Giant *Cæus* and his Sister *Phœbe*, and the Mother of *Apollo* and *Diana*.

See the Story of *Daphne*, Ver. 145. Book I.

Ver. 260. *If I catch ’em—But first*
 &c.

Ego quos.—At at monere
 Præstat nurûs, & docere,
 Quî, quâ, quo nunc possint quid ;
 Ac ut benè curent id.

This is in imitation of *Virgil, Æneid.*
 I. where the same Figure is used.

Quos ego. Sed motos præstat componere
fluctus.

Z

Thus

Thus the Goddess: When *Phæbus* smil'd on her, and
bow'd:

Too polite to reply, he withdrew in a Cloud.

Fame, who heard all that pass'd, tho' she seem'd to
mind nought,

Flew away to the *Phœnix*, as swift as a Thought.

But for Reasons of State she assum'd a Disguise, 265

And resembled a Dwarf, with a Pair of *Jew's* Eyes;

Crooked, painted, and broider'd, like *Traulus's* own
Dame;

And the Servants, who saw her, wou'd swear, she's the
same;

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Ver. 266. *And resembled a Dwarf*
&c.

Aderat sub ima-gine
Nigræ, duplicis *Frokinæ*,
τῆς Νεωάδεω; sylvæ crebræ
Cui *Judaicæ* palpebræ;
Vesum corpus, sed nec rectum,
Turpi tæbe & infectum;
Illinæque fuco malæ;
Piæta vultis, *Ali* quali
Gaudet; — nec deformior *Ali*.
Et ex gente hæc in-fimâ;
Sic & *Ali* simil-lima;
Ipsa certè-Ipsis-sima.

Mr. *Scheffer's* Description of *Fame* is agreeable to what is said of her in the fourth *Æneid*. And yet our Author has been censured by some Criticks for inserting this Character. But this was likewise the Fate of *Virgil*, who is severely reprehended by *Macrobius*, and others, for making *Fame* a Monster — An Ob-

jection, which seems to be of more Weight is that, which is made by the *Dutch* Commentators, who charge it, as an impropriety, upon our Author, for introducing *Fame* to Sir *Mars*, in the Person of the *Frokinæ*, who was the Imp of *Myra*, and an Enemy to our Hero: Wherefore the Sight of her was always most hateful to him. But *Tir-Oen*, in my Opinion, clears this Difficulty. He tells us, that the *Frokinæ* could assume what Form she pleased; that she was sometimes the Wife of an *Irish* Peer, a grave Matron, and the Mother of many Children; and at other times she was brisk and wanton, and put on all the Airs of a *Duke's* Concubine, or a *General's* Mistress. In these last Characters, she always seemed to have a great Friendship for Sir *Mars*, and pretended to discover to him Secrets of State, which she had drawn from her Gallants. Thus by flattering his Vanity, and treating him as a Person of Importance, she made him the Instrument of her own Pleasures.

If the Gossip in *propria personâ* appears;
 Like a Monster she looks, with a thousand long Ears, 270
 With a thousand sharp Tongues, and a million of Eyes,
 With her Feet on the Earth, and her Head in the Skies.
 Nor a Wonder I deem it, the *Donna* shou'd tell
 All that passes in Heaven, upon Earth, or in Hell;
 All Advices last Night in the Cabinet read; 275
 All the Monarch has whisper'd to *Juno* in Bed:
 For she sees, what no other is able to see,
 Hears and knows what ne'er happen'd, nor ever will be.
 Nor she strives to oblige, nor she fears to offend
 Whether Mortals, or Gods—Yet to *Mars* a fast Friend:
 When he drove the War-Chariot yclad, as a God, 281
 Spreading Terrors and Death, his Postilion she rode:

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Ver. 275. *All Advices last Night &c.* Ver. 281. *When he drove the War-Chariot &c.*
 Quod in aurem Rex Reginae:
Ob! Regina, quâ non sine. Currum agit, & Ductorem
 Et tu, pica pulvinaris, Ære ciet graviolem.
 Quod cum Jove fabularis.
 Quod nequis videre quivit,
 Nec audire, illa scivit.
 Quod nec factum est, nec fit,
 Nec futurum, illa scit.

Our Author has borrowed this Part of his Character of *Fame* from the *Trinummus* of *Plautus*, where old *Megarionides* inveighs against the *Famigeratores* or Tale-Bearers, who make so much mischief by meddling impertinently in every Body's Business.

That is, whenever she found him slow or indisposed to fight (for so I understand *graviolem* to signify here) she excited his Courage by the warlike Notes of her Trumpet.

In the *Amsterdam* Edition, for *Ductorem* we read *Doctorem*, and the first Line runs thus;

Curum agit ad Doctorem:
 Ære ciet, &c.

which wholly alters the Sense; and requires a very different Interpretation.

Z 2 Sounding

Sounding dreadful her Trump, all his Foes she de-
fied :

And altho' he's ungodded, she still is his Guide.
Still she ventures her Neck, to demonstrate her Love,
By revealing Court-Secrets debated above. 285

First she told him, How *Phæbus* survey'd the old
Wife,

And observ'd all her Arts, and examin'd her Life;
And condemn'd all he saw, or pretends to foresee.

(Here she read and expounded the famous Decree.) 290

Then minutely relating, How *Jove* was provok'd
By the Consort's Address, and how *Momus* had jok'd,
She assur'd him (but spoke it with Tears in her Eyes)
That he ne'er cou'd have Hopes to revisit the Skies.

With a Smile she proceeds; to a tittle repeats 295

All the *Paphian* had utter'd, her Taunts and her
Threats ;

When she railled the *Sun* for his Edict Imperial,
And presuming to meddle in Matters *Venereal*.

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Ver. 285. *Still she ventures &c.*
Quæ, ut olim, nunc arcana
Cœli prodit male sana ;
Vera falsa fabulatur ;
Capite periclitatur,
Martis ergo ; nec donatur.

He means, that she now hazards her
Neck by her Treason, in discovering the
Councils of the Gods, as she did former-
ly by her furious Manner of Driving.

Here

Here she added, That *Venus* (and tho' she spoke fast,
Her Description was clear, and her Language was
chaste) 300

Male-creating, had made the old ToAST Reparation :
And she shew'd him the Length of his Wife's——

Transformation.

Here she dropt a short Curt'fy, and hasten'd to Town
To report the strange News, and old *Myra's* Renown,
In the College and Senate, the Tholsel and Court ; 305
Still enlarging her Theme, as she made her Report.

The *Chevalier* mean while, after silent Debate,
Wifely judg'd this Event was the Crisis of Fate.
In a Rage he rose up and cast off his old Frize ;
And the Flame, was like Lightning, which flash'd from
his Eyes. 340

Like a Drum his Heart beat, and it burnt like a
Coal ;
Equal Courage and Hatred possessing his Soul.

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Ver. 299. —— and tho' she spoke
fast &c.

Raptim—sed & verba plena,
Nec obscura, nec obscœna.

The Poet seems to applaud himself, that
he has been able to describe the *Metamor-*
phosis of *Myra* without making use of
any Terms, that can possibly offend a
modest Ear.

What! because in his Cups he once mention'd her
Name,

" Shall *Apollo* (he cry'd) thus chastise the old Dame?

" And shall I God of War, to whom Vengeance be-
longs, 315

" Ever patient forbear, and submit to my Wrongs?

" Cou'd I now at threescore a Wife-Monster defeat;

" (Be the Labour *Herculean*, the Glory is great!)

" Such a Conquest wou'd surely lost Honour restore;

" And the Drubbing might then be remember'd no
more. 320

Thus the Warrior—And grasping his *Couteau de Chasse*,

Thrice he brandish'd the Weapon, and thrice made a Pass.

Then he flung on his Muff, which no other cou'd wield,

Of a Sable so thick, it might serve for a Shield:

And altho' the bright Fur to his Belt was made fast, 325

Yet it haply thus prov'd to be Armour well plac'd.

Then

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 313. *What! because in his Cups*
&c.

Casu fortè vespertina

Quòd Apollo inter vina

Nomen Miræ pronuntiavit,

Nonne Miram castigavit?

Omnia Phæbo an licere?

Liccat Deum me præbere.

Virum saltem:—si non; nec c.

Tir-Oen here remarks, that the War-
rior wou'd insinuate the Injustice of *Apol-
lo's* Edict, tho' he rejoiced that the Sor-
cerers had been thus chastised. He did
not allow any Acts of Vengeance to be
lawful, in which he was not principally
concerned.

Ver. 325. —to his Belt was made
fast, &c.

Sed,

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Then a Full-bottom'd PERUKE with care he unfolded,
 By the Fates long preserv'd, else his Consort had sold it:
 'Twas invented by *Pallas*, and fashion'd by *Van*,
 As Tradition reports, in the First of Queen *Ann* : 330
 So enormous the Bulk, and so pond'rous the Hair;
 Such a Cov'ring no Head, that was mortal, could bear:
 Modern Mortals, I ween, as are born in our Days,
 To adorn a Court Circle, Assemblies and Plays.
 Nor unequal the Length, for it flow'd to his Knees : 335
 Fifty Bobs it wou'd make, or a hundred Toupees.
 Then he kemb'd it with Art; and, as *Beaux Alamode*
 Dight their Fore-locks and Tails, so unsparing he
 strew'd,

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sed, de cingulo dum pender
 Pellis ista, vim defendit.

See Ver. 202. Book II.

Ver. 329. 'Twas invented by *Pallas*,
 &c.

Quantum hoc *Capillamentum*
 Multi-color ! quod inventum
 Arte *Palladis*, & *Vannæ*
 Studio textum *Primo Annæ*.
 Nec subiret quis cervice
 Illud, immortalis nisi.
 Haud mortales bis sex tales,
 Nunc producit tellus quales.

These Full-bottomed Perukes were in
 Fashion at the beginning of Queen *Ann's*
 Reign. The Price commonly paid for

one of them was 40 or 50 Guineas. I
 suppose it was intended to preserve the
 Fashion and Remembrance of these fa-
 mous Periwigs, that we find a Pattern of
 them carved in Stone, and placed in *West-*
minster Abbey. It serves there to cover the
 Head of a brave rough Admiral. Me-
 thinks I could have directed the Statuary
 to a fitter Subject.

Vannæ

Studio

Van Horutener, a Dutchman, a noted
 Periwig-maker in those Days.

Nec subiret, &c.

This is imitated from *Virgil, Æneid* 12.
 Ver. 899. But it is much more judici-
 ously applied here than in the *Roman*
 Poet. With all due Reverence to the
 Ashes of that divine Author be it spoken!

Well

Well diffus'd thro' the whole, a full Bag of fine Meal;
 More than erst the fam'd *Trompington* Miller durst
 steal. 340

Molly trembled to see, nor was able to speak,
 Such a Waste, as destroy'd all the Pies of the Week.
 But the Hero this Lore in a Vision was taught :
 And perhaps it was *Phæbus* ^{suggested} ~~who inspir'd~~ the Thought.

Me the Bard let him also instruct in a Dream! 345
 Let me fancy the *Liffy*, like *Helicon's* Stream!
 Let my Notes, as my Subject is martial, be shrill!
 And the Muses here shape to a Trumpet my Quill!

Now the Warrior impatient his Arms to essay,
 Drove as furious, as *Jebu*, to *Usher's* new Quay. 350

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 340. *More than erst the fam'd*
Trompington &c.

Et mensuram hercle tantam,
 Iste *Trompingtonius* quantam
 Haud furatus olim, polli-
 nis. Timore pallet *Molly*.

See an Account of the Miller of *Trom-*
pington in the *Reves* Tale in *Chaucer*.
Molly was the Knight's House-keeper.

Ver. 347. *Let my Notes, as my Sub-*
ject is martial, &c.

Bella plusquam hæc civilia,
 Dictu licet difficilia,

Musa, dic :

Sed materiæ æqui-para
 Carmen—*Taratantarara* !
 Musa, sic.

This seems to be an Imitation of *Tasso*,
Cant. 6.

Hor qui, musa rinforza in mè la voce,
Et furor pari à quel furor m' inspira :
Si che non sian de l'opre indegni i Carmi,
Et l' esprima il mio Canto il suon de l'ar-
mi.

Ver. 349. *Now the Warrior impatient*
 &c.

Rem tentare jam optabat
 Armis ; & cui *Usher* dabat
 Nomen (iras nec frænabat)
 Curru vehitur in vicum :
 Verbum dicam haud iniquum,
 Conferatur *Jebu* si cum. }

I have before informed the Reader, that
 the *Hermaphrodite* lived in a Street (in
Dublin) which is called *Usher's Quay*.

Here

" Do you come here to rob, or my Manhood to try ?
 " Or has *Traulus* prevail'd on your Knightship to spy ?
 " Boast the noble Adventure ; indulge your mad Spleen ;
 " Bid your Trumpeter sound the rare Feats, you have
 feen ! 370
 " Say, to help the good Wife, I have form'd a new Plan,
 " And, as thou art turn'd Child, I am ripen'd to Man ;
 " That I double the Favours, which now I bestow,
 " And create two *Cornuto's*, embracing one *Frow*.
 Thus insulting she spake. *Al* scornfully hift, 375
 Till the Elfin he silenc'd by shaking his Fift.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 368. *Or has Traulus prevail'd*
 &c.

*Anne dolos nunc molitus,
 Novos hosce concu-bitus
 Jussit Traulus explorare ?
 Anne palam prædicare ?*

The Sorceress mortally hated the Husband of her Imp, and ever abused him in the grossest manner behind his Back. And yet she had such an Ascendant over him, that he did not dare to go abroad but in her Leading-strings.

Ver. 370. *Bid the Trumpeter sound*
 &c.

*Infia buccas ; buccinato ;
 Buccinæque hoc mandato
 Famæ opus : indici-a des :
 Dic, quæ possumus Tri-bades.*

Fame was Sir *Mars* his Trumpeter ; and employ'd by him to spread all his Stories, whether political or amorous, true or false.

Ver. 379. *And create two Cornuto's*
*Hanc mellillam ineundo,
 (Ineundo, dum abundo)
 Eccos duos fœdos feros,
 Senes faciam corni-geros :
 Sic & aliis nuptis fiet ;
 Sic mœchorum minus fiet.*

Here the *Hermaphrodite* boasts of the great Benefit she had received by her Metamorphosis, as being now in a Condition to make two *Cornuto's* (meaning Sir *Mars* and *Traulus*) by embracing one Wife. At the same time she insinuates, that she was able to do the Work of an hundred Men, and could in her own Person, supply the Necessities of all the married Women in *Dublin*.

4.

Thus

Doubled hard was his Fist, and tremendous it shook;
 And so felly he stamp'd; and so stern was his Look!
 For a Shelter she fled under *Friga's* broad Hoop;
 As a Biddy-Chick flies to the Hen in a Coop. 380
 Here we leave her *Beshet* (thus sings my Friend *Kelly*)
 Like the Daughters of *Sin* in the *Semivir's* Belly.

But

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 381. *Here we leave her Beshet*
 &c.

Bellè habet; nam ha-bet
 Concham *Frigæ*. Sic *Beshet*?
 Sic, sic, si qua fides *Kelly*,
 Qui primordia belli bellè
 Scripsit, sales tinctos felle.

Habet Concham, i. e. tenet, possidet.
Pisciculi parvi in Concham hiantem innatant. Cicero. This Expression gives us
 a proper Idea of our Author's Meaning.

Beshet: The Dutch Commentators
 pretend, that *Beshet* is an Error of the Press,
 it being neither a *Latin* or a *Greek* Word;
 and they think, that in the Place of it
 we ought to read *Latet*. But *Tir-Oen*
 assures us, that he saw a Manuscript in
Scheffer's own Hand-writing, which has
Beshet. He adds, that *Beshet* is an old
English Word frequently used by *Chau-*
cer, which signifies, *Hid*, or *Shut up*.
 And so we find it explained in the *Glossa-*
ries. I wonder it should have escaped the
 Notice of *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, because
 the Word is originally *Dutch*.

Si qua fides *Kelly*.

Father *Kelly* of *Sligo*, wrote a Poem in
 Hexameter Verse, intitled, *Mars Crini-*
tus, seu, *Duellum Foculare*. This Poem
 was published in *Dublin* in the Year 1730.
 The Reader by comparing it with this

last Book of *Scheffer*, will perceive how
 far our Author has been obliged to the
 Reverend Father. The Place particular-
 ly hinted at by Mr. *Scheffer*, is in these
 Lines.

Indignata viri gestus affibilat ALI.
At simul ac Pygmææ inflat, pugnumque
minatur,
Illa fugit retro mingens, & (credite vati)
Ascendit molem, latitatque in gurgite
vasto
Immanis MIRÆ.

Our Author, who has all along been
 careful to relate only Matters of Fact,
 questioned perhaps the Verisimilitude of
 this Circumstance, and therefore would
 not venture to mention it without a
 Voucher. But notwithstanding his Doubts,
 yet the Truth of this Account has never
 been suspected by the most knowing Na-
 turalists of this Island. And I well re-
 member the following Epigram, which
 was written upon the Marriage of *Mars*
 and *Myra*.

Why say you, Sirs, thylike Knight's pos-
 selt?

Since *Venus* kindly made the Wedding;
 That her old Servant, so distress'd,
 Might have a Hole to put his Head in.

Ver. 382. *Like the Daughters of Sin*
 &c.

Monstra

But the slippery Floor, over-flow'd by her Fright,
 To revenge the Affront, had nigh tript up the Knight :
 Tho', in wrestling well skill'd, he recover'd his Feet ;
 Yet his Visage turn'd pale, and he felt his Heart beat. 386
 Ill presage! And had *Friga* but made a right Use
 Of a Hint so instructive, and op'd her own Sluice;
 Swelling high the *Imp's* Pool in a Torrent had run;
 And the Battle had ended, as soon as begun. 390
 Tho' so fearless, the Knight must have quitted his Ground,
 Or opposing the Deluge (strange hap!) have been
 drown'd.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Monstra quæ inferna genuit
 Filias Mors : (nec adhuc genuit.)
Mortem Milton fecit marem.
 Quid ni ego *Frigam* parem ?

See in *Milton's Paradise-Lost*, Book II.
 the Description of the Hell-Hounds be-
 got by *Death*, by ingendering with his
 Mother *Sin*.

Ver. 383. *But the slippery Floor* &c.
Martem mala terrent fata ;
 Qui vestigia titubata
 Vix te-nuit ; vix evasit,
 Nunc dum turpis madefacit
 Pavimentum ani-cula
Ales, quasi meiens mula.

Inunc, mæcha, nec callidior,
 Sed nec mæcha ; te putidior.

Verba dat.

I nunc, probri me incusa :
 Quam mî, rixam tibi *Musa*
 Exci-tat.

Te, quæ tuos lumbos fregit,
 In *Iambos* meos egit,

Plus quàm sat.

The Beginning of this famous Combat
 affords a most ridiculous Image, and
 would be a proper Subject for a Droll
 Painter.

The Verses in *Italic* Characters are an
 Apostrophe to *Myra's Imp*. They are
 not amiss in the *Latin* : But the Nar-
 ration would be too much interrupted by
 a Translation.

Meiens mula.

qualem defessus in æstu
Meientis mula. Catullus.

But

But a Conquest unmanly great *Friga* rejected,
 Nor the Force of her Arm or her Prowess suspected.
 Too secure ! that Sir *Mars* durst not offer a Blow, 395
 She employ'd all her Thoughts how to railly her Foe.
 With her Foot a long Stream from the Puddle she drew :
 “ Lo ! a *Granic*, or *Boyne* for a Warrior like you !
 “ Or a Sea, if I please ; and as *Hercules* thus,
 “ Or his Pillar I stand, and pronounce my *Ne plus*. 400
 Scoffing thus as she spake, making aukward Grimace ;
 At a Ford the Knight pass'd, and spit full in her Face.
 Such a sudden Assault the Virago alarms,
 Turns her Scorn into Rage : Rage furnishes Arms.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 397. *With her Foot &c.*

Pes (ex pede *Frigam*!) magno
 Duxit ex urinæ stagno
 Lineam rectam : rivum finxit.
 Quis commodius metuit, minxit ?
Granicus, seu *Boyna* hic fit !
 An tranare, miles ? dixit.
 Si—Hercu-lem eccam *Fræam*,
 Aut columnam Herculeam !
 Viden' ? Hic oceanus fit :
*Mars*que mus fit, si *Mars* musset.
Mars fit, mus fit ; hic, *NE*
 PLUS SIT.

The *Granicus* is a River of the lesser *Phrygia*, which *Alexander* passed, when he fought the great Army of the *Persians*.
 The *Boyne* is a River, which hath been sufficiently celebrated by the Victory obtained by King *William*.

Columnam Herculeam !

The two Hills, which are seen as you enter the Straights of *Gibraltar*, one on the *Barbary* Side, and the other on the Side of *Spain*, are called *Hercules's* Pillars : Because 'tis said, that here *Hercules* ended his Travels, and set up two Pillars, as the Bounds of the World, with this Inscription, *Ne Plus Ultra*, since there was no going further by Land.

Ver. 404. *Turns her Scorn into Rage : Rage &c.*

Siccin' aures ? Sputo uror,
 Spurge, tuo ? Duro, duror ;
 En ! ministrat arma furor.

Whoever hath read *Scheffer's* Poem in the Original, must have observed, that our Combatants are apt to bestow very foul Names on each other. It would be indecent to give them any Room in my Translation ; but they sound well enough in *Latin*, and I believe they were properly applied.

In.

In the Room were two Tables: One rich in decay, 405
 Lac'd and mantled with Velvet, was hollow'd for Play:
 Here the Bales of new Cards in good Order were plac'd,
 And the Surface with Shoals of Pearl-Fishes was grac'd.
 But the other, rare Work of the Artists of *Inde*,
 Bore a Service for Tea-Computations design'd; 410
 Cups and Saucers well-suited, and cast in a Mould;
 All inlaid with bright Flourets, and border'd with
 Gold:

Nor thy Toilets, great * *, such Colours display;
 Nor thy Person is form'd of so noble a Clay.
 Now a handful of Fishes old *Friga* snatch'd up, 415
 Aiming right at his Head; now a Saucer or Cup:
 But his Caution in War the Knight had not forgot,
 And by opportune *Ducking* avoided the Shot.
 Tho' his Cranium escap'd, not unhurt he remain'd:
 For by bending so oft the Back-Muscles were strain'd;
 And a Motion so vi'lent rais'd asthmatick Cough, 421
 Forc'd the Buttons from old Galligaskins fly off.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 413. *Nor thy Toilets, great * **
such Colours &c.

**** nec colores,
 Quos sumpsisti, splendidiore;
 Nec præcordia vestra puto
 Fingi meliore luto.

Tir-Oen pretends to know the Lady,
 to whom Mr. Scheffer addresses himself in
 this Place. But then, says my Country-
 man, *Haud nostrum est Commentariolo di-*
vulgare, quod ipse Poeta vel nos celare vo-
luit. "It does not become me to discover
 " what the Poet has endeavoured to con-
 " ceal even from us.

Thus

Thus embarrass'd, and pain'd by his Strains and his
Stitches,

Ere the Knight could recover his Breath or his Breeches,
The Virago remarking his Points were untruss'd, 425
Sudden drew out her Bodkin, and made a Home-
thrust:

Cou'd she touch the soft Part, where he suffer'd before,
Like a Cur-Dog, she knew, he wou'd run and he'd
roar.

But her Effort was vain: For the shagged old Muff
Well resisted the Point, as a Sev'n-fold of Buff. 430
And, as now she endeavour'd to draw back the Spear,
With a brawny broad Palm twice he measur'd her Ear.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 427. *Cou'd she touch the soft
Part, &c.*

Ah! si acu, ut Tydides
Hastâ olim, (*seria rides?*)
Magnâ Martis tangat rem ;
(Res nudata auget spem :)
Tunc, qui fortiter pugnabat,
Et minaciter latrabat,
Caudam trahens ulularet ;
Ulularet, terga daret.
Canis enim est villaticus
Ille noster Mars venaticus.

Homer tells us, that Mars was wound-
ed by Diomed in the Groin, which made
him run away and roar, as is described in
the Note on Ver. 217. Book I.

*Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere
possis,
Vel potius quantum GRADIVUS HO-
MERICUS. Juv.*

Rem acu tangere, in Plautus, signifies,
To hit the Nail on the Head. It has a
different Sense in this Place.

Ver. 430. — *as a Sev'n-fold of Buff.*

That is, as a Shield or Buckler lined
with seven-folds of Leather; for so it is
in the Original.

*Ut septemplex clypeus; quasi
Mars hic similis Ajaci.*

Dominus clypei septemplex Ajax. Ovid.

The Buckler of Turnus was made in
the same manner.

*Orasque recludit
Loricæ, & clypei extremos septemplex
Orbes. Æneid. Lib. XII.*

Di'mond

Di'mond Ring, that was Pendant, impress'd a deep
Wound,

And the Walls of the Hotel re-eccho'd the Sound.

Such a Rage, as provokes the old Fish-Wife to scold,

Or a Miser, or Gamester, for Loss of his Gold; 436

As descends from the Moon into * * 's great Head,

Or his Confort has practis'd with * * in Bed ;

Or as *Elrington* feigns, if in Buskins he's drest :

Such the Fury, which now mighty *Friga* possesse. 440

To supply the Defect of her Bodkin and Shot,

From the Grate she lug'd out a long Poker red-hot :

Nor unskilfull she couch'd it, and ran at the Knight ;

Thus at once well essaying to finish the Fight.

Fend, ye Gods, your own Hero! In *Flanders* nor

Spain,

445

Nor where'er in his Youth he had made a Campaign,

Was his Danger so great ; nor in War had he seen,

By a Dæmon invented, this dreadful Machine !

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 443. *Nor unskilful she couch'd it, &c.*

*Et igniferam, & vastam
Jam coruscant Saga hastam ;
Et perita coruscant,
Peritissima pugnare.*

Tir-Oen informs us, that he hath seen an excellent Picture of the *Hermaphrodite* by *Vanderbank*, with a long *Poker* couch'd in her Rest ; as the Knights-Combattants with their Spears are generally drawn in Romances.

But—as feeble Court-Beaux lusty Wood-Nymphs surprise,

And prevail by the Snuff, which they cast in their Eyes;

Or, as *African* Monkies will make a bold Stand, 451

And repulse the fell Lion with Handfuls of Sand:

Such the Art of Sir *Mars*, when he found his Distress,

Such his Presence of Mind, and as great his Success!

For remembering the Arms, which he kept in Reserve, 455

Lo! he snatch'd off his Wig, tho' he strain'd ev'ry Nerve;

Then retiring three Steps, to avoid the dire Pass,

And collect his whole Force, threw it right in her Face.

Pointed Atoms of Powder, in *Friga's* red Orbs

Deep infix'd, unresisting the Fluid absorbs: 460

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 451. *Or as African Monkies &c.*
Aut montana callidorum
Sicut cohors simiorum,
Peperit quos Jubæ, vel uſ-
ta *Abiſſinorum* tellus.

Ludolphus, in his History of *Æthiopia*, informs us, that when a Troop of Monkies are pursued by a Lion, which frequently happens, they immediately run to a Sand-hill, and defend themselves, by throwing Sand in the Lion's Eyes.

Ver. 454. *Such his Presence of Mind, &c.*

Viris, simiis haud impar his
Arte, animoque *Agens*.

Tir-Oen will not allow the Praise here bestow'd upon Sir *Mars* to be just: Because it appears, that he put on the full-bottom'd *PERUKE* with Malice-Propense, and with an intent to use it in this hostile manner, tho' he had not been assaulted with the Poker.

Ver. 456. *Lo! he snatch'd off his Wig, &c.*

Igneara hastam inhibebat
Mars; in frontem intorquebat
Belluæ hoc pulverulentum
(En collectum robur! en tum! }
Rabie Capillamentum.

By *Pulverulentum*, he means, a Wig full of Powder.

B b

And

And a Torrent of Tears, while she bellows and raves,
 Now impetuous descending, the Salt-Water Waves
 Roll a dreery wide Waste all a down her broad Cheeks;
 And of all the fine Red only leave a few Streaks.

Thus a gorgeous crown'd Head, hung aloft for a Sign
 To invite thirsty Mortals to tippie-bad Wine, 466
 By the Tempests of *Jove* so disfigur'd I've seen,
 That the Muse wou'd speak Treason to call it a Queen.

Thro' impatience of Pain, or the sudden Surprise,
 That her Hands might be free to give Ease to her
 Eyes, 470

Friga threw down the Poker, which brent, where it lay;
 And the Mark (that to Strangers is shewn at this Day)

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 465. *Thus a gorgeous crown'd Head &c.*

Sic (nam vidi) sic Regina
 (Quænam dice? oh! oh!—Ina)
 Purpurata, coronata,
 Cerussata & aurata,
 Delicatis dat cœnare,
 Vinolentis dat potare;
 Quam miratur Regiæ tribus,
 Et adorat multi-bibus.
 At quum hyemata ploret,
 Jovis nimbo cum labore;
 Tunc Reginam quis adoret?
 O quàm foeda tunc Regilla!
 Manet formæ pars quantilla!
 Dic viator—Fuit illa!

Et tu voces mitte mœstas,
 Musa, pro Reginâ quæ stas;
 Si non;—læsa sit Majestas.

In most Countries of *Europe*, it is customary to hang up Royal Heads for Tavern-Signs, especially the Heads of Princes Regnant: And this is accounted an high Respect, however wretched the Daubings may be. The Heads of Subjects are never honoured in this Manner while they are living, unless they have rendered some eminent Services to their Country, or are otherwise distinguished by some superior Excellencies, and extraordinary Merit: Of which I remember but three Instances in my Time, Prince *Eugene's* Head at *Brussels*, Sir *Isaac Newton's* in *London*, and the *Drapier's* in *Dublin*.

Uneffac'd by the Rubber, or Carpenter's Plane,
Like the Blood of St. *Becket* shall ever remain.

Now it was, that great *Jove*, who the Combat survey'd,
Putting forth his Gold Scales, both the Combatants
weigh'd; 476

Here he plac'd the huge *Friga*, there dangled the
Knight ;

And the Gods, who beheld them, were pleas'd with the
Sight :

Mars ascended, as if from the *Greeks* he had fled ;
And the *Semivir* sunk like a Statue of Lead. 480

Sure Prefage of their Fates!—But shou'd *Scheffer* pretend
To declare in a Word, how the Battle wou'd end ;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 474. *Like the Blood of St.*
Becket &c.

Maculisque sanguineis
Ut insigne marmor, queis
Quidam *Thomas* Divus factus,
Quidam Rex est reus actus.

In the Church of *Canterbury* they shew
some red Spots upon the Pavement near
the Altar ; which, they say, is the Blood
of *Thomas à Becket*, and cannot be wash-
ed out.

Ver. 475. *Now it was* &c.

Ac, nè bellum sine fine,
Nunc æquato exa-mine
Duas lances, sed au-reas,
Quas haud sustinere queas,

Sator Divum susti-nuit ;
Horum fata impo-suit.
Ecce surgit *Mars* velocius ;
Vel, cum fugiat hostes, ocyus :
Ingens *Frigæ* moles, cum bum-
amma cadit, quasi plumbum.
Rident Dei *Martem*, mulam.
O rem verè ridi-culam !

This is imitated from *Homer, Iliad*
XXII. where *Jupiter* weighs the Fates of
Hector and *Achilles* ; and from *Virgil,*
Æneid XII. where he weighs the Fates
of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*.

Bumamma, or *Bumastus*, properly sig-
nifies a kind of Grape, which is like a
Woman's Teat. But here it signifies a
Woman with great Breasts, resembling
the Udders of a Cow ; *Vaccæ mammam*
magnitudine referens. Ruæus.

B b 2

You'd

You'd object, he wants Skill to eke out the Relation,
 Or has spoil'd a good Tale by an Anticipation:
 Yet you wot here what *Homer*, or *Maro* wou'd say; 485
 And in Staticks perhaps I'm as learned, as they.

Well! behold the *Don Donna* depriv'd of her Arms!
 What remains for Defence, but to mumble her Charms?
 Thrice she stamp'd—and invok'd all the Furies below,
 Or to open her Eyes, or to fetch off her Foe; 490
 Or to change the old Knight to a little grey Rat,
 And herself (such she often hath been) to a Cat.
 But a *Dæmon*, when call'd for, but rarely attends,
 And, as Sages remark, still betrays his best Friends.
 This she prov'd to her Cost: Nor her Curses, nor Prayers
 Aught availing to raise him, the *Hockle* despairs, 496

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 491. *Or to change the old Knight*
 &c.

*Ipse sit exigu-us mus,
 Rusticus mus, vetu-lus mus!
 Ipsa siem fortis felis!
 Quanta, Hecate, tu velis!*

It is, I think, allowed by all, who have any Skill in the Doctrine of Witchcraft, as the same is now practis'd in the *British* Islands, and all the Territories thereunto belonging, that Witches, by the Assistance of their Imps or Familiars, are at any time able to change themselves into Cats; that they chuse the Form of those Animals preferable to all others. At least the Truth of this hath never been questioned

by those learned Men, who have written with the greatest Perspicuity on this abstruse Subject; as the Reader will find, by consulting *Glanvil*, the History of the *New-England* Witches, &c.

Ver. 496. *Aught availing to raise him,*
the Hockle &c.

*Opem Hecate negabat;
 Victoriâque desperabat,
 Fugam quoque Heterocli-
 ton. Tis; Hic, hæc Hockle.*

Hockle is a *Dutch* Word, of the same Signification with *Haeggerre*, which our Author uses in another Place: In *English* an *Hag*.

Moving

Moving cautious and slow, or to this or that Side ;
 As a Whale among Rocks, when he loses his Guide.
 Now to seize the old Warrior, or find out a Chair,
 She extends both her Arms ; but she fill's 'em with
 Air: 500

And the Knight, as around her thus darkling she feels,
 Steals behind her on Tip-toe, and trips up her Heels.
 Heavy falls the vast Lump with a greater rebound,
 Than the Giant, who cover'd nine Acres of Ground.
 By so rude a Blow stun'd, without Motion she lies, 505
 And indignant her Soul seems to rush from her Eyes.

But the Hero well judging, that *masculine* Wives
 Often rise from the Dead, and like Cats have nine Lives,

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 498. *As a Whale among Rocks,*
 &c.

*Sic in rupes bellua ruit,
 Socius piscis si abfuit.*

The Whale is always guided by a little Fish, which swims just before him, and is called his Pilot. See an Account of this Fish, and his Friendship for the Whale in *Oppian's Halieuticks*, Book V.

Ver. 504. *Than the Giant, &c.*

*Pondereque (ego asto)
 Concidit ad terram vasto,
 Graviterque Friga fera ;
 Qualiterque, per ju-gera*

*Cui porrectum giganteum
 Corpus erat (quem Zevs reum
 Jam peregit) tota novem.
 Tota novem ? Sic per Jovem.*

The Poet here means the Giant *Tityus*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*. He was killed by *Apollo* for attempting to ravish *Latona*. The Body of this Giant (if you will believe the old Poets) was of such a prodigious Bulk, that it reached over nine Acres of Ground. See *Odyss.* 11. *Æneid.* 6. *Ovid. Met.* 4.

The Reader cannot but remark the Parenthesis in the first Verse (*Ego asto*) which if it be not inserted for the sake of the Rhime only, is a Proof, that Mr. *Scheffer* was present during this famous Combat.

To

To assure his Success, and the Conquest compleat,
With her Garters fast bound both her Hands, and her
Feet:

510

Singing loud *Io Pæans*, when thus he had tied her,
Like the Saint on the Dragon, he straddled astride her.
Happy Thought! For as thus stood triumphant our
Knight,

The Virago recov'ring her Senses, and Sight, 515
Strives to break her new Bonds, and the Poker regain;
And applies all her Strength: But her Struggles are vain.
Such the impotent Effort, which makes an old Goat,
Lying bound on his Back, and the Knife at his
Throat;

Or

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 512. *Like the Saint on the Dragon, &c.*

Ut terribilem prædonem

O! Georgi, tu Draconem.

O! Georgi! *Quid hæc vox?*

Ob! Non Rex—Sed Cappadox:

Divus idem; sed atrox.

St. George the Patron of Eng'land. He was a famous Warrior of *Cappadocia*, who among other great Actions, slew the most terrible Dragon that ever appeared in the World, in Defence of a fair Maid. He afterwards fought in Defence of the Christian Faith, and was crowned with Martyrdom. For a more particular Account of his Life and Actions, I must refer the Reader to the curious *History of the Seven*

Champions of Christendon. There are very fair Monuments of his Victory over the Dragon to be seen at this Day in every Town in England.

The famous Order of the Garter was instituted in Honour of this Saint. And the Knights Companions are obliged to wear the Image of St. George, trampling on the Dragon, appendant to a Blue Ribbon.

Ver. 517. *Such the impotent Effort, &c.*

Capri frustra sic barbati,
Cum jam pedes alligati,
Cædi jubet quos tyrannus,
Lanio viz. *Cambro-Britannus*,

Vires,

Book IV. *The* T O A S T. 191

Or a Tortoise, when turn'd to secure the fresh Prey :
 So indecent her Posture! so helpless she lay! 520
 While the Victor insulting now whistles, now gibes ;
 And at length these Conditions of Ransom prescribes.
 First, To beg in low Terms of Submission, her Life ;
 To renounce all the Rights, and the Title of Wife ;
 Restitution to make him in Bills, or in Gold, 525
 For the Horses, and Patents, and Plate she had sold ;
 Never more to accuse him of Madness or Folly ;
 Or (*Querelle d'Almand*) to be jealous of *Molly*.
 But the Hero's Demands, tho' so just they were fram'd,
 The Virago rejecting, thus furious exclaim'd: 530

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Vires, vincula ten-tant.
 Tutum iter currunt, nant
Mexicanæ testu-dines ;
 (Nare, currere si fines)
 Sin has nautæ refupinant,
 Neque currunt, neque (hei!) nant ;
 Malos nautas sed fagi-nant.
 Ut testudo victa, ita
 Turpis *Friga* nunc est sita :
 Turpe sita; nec quid quita.

The Manner of taking the Land and Sea Tortoises, is by turning them on their Backs. See *Dampier*, &c.

Ver. 527. *Never more to accuse* ^{him}
 &c.

Μαινό-μενε, φρένας ἦλε,
 Tuum *Χαίρε*, faga, dele.
 Nec prætexas vestram culpam :
 Nec objicias mihi, pulpam
 Criminique nostram *Molly* ;
 Nec me (*Querelle d'Almand!*) olli.

The two first Verses are variously interpreted by the Commentators. I understand them in this Sense, *You are not at any Time hereafter to call me Fool and Madman, which hitherto have been the usual Appellations you have given me.*

I have before remarked, that *Molly* was the Knight's House-keeper. The Sorceress pretended to be jealous of this Wench, whenever she quarrelled and fought with her Husband.

“ O ye

“ O ye Powers of *Dis* be for ever accurst!
 “ False, ungrateful to all! To your own fill the Worst!
 “ Have I conquer’d the Mighty, the Rich, and the Brave,
 “ Thus inglorious to fall by the Hands of my Slave?
 “ Ought ye not, ye foul Fiends, to prevent my Dis-
 grace,
 “ When so oft, to oblige you, I’ve stood in your Place?
 “ Will

535

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 531. “ O ye Powers of *Dis*
 &c.

Furiæ! Manes! atri Ditis,
Vos, qui iussu capef-fitis.

The old *Hermaphrodite’s* Expostulation with the Powers of *Dis* is very pathetick, and a remarkable Instance of their Ingratitude. Every Body wondered that she would trust them again, after they had deserted her in such a critical Juncture. But *Tir-Oen* says, that after the Battle, she made a very advantageous League with them—by threatening to *repent*, and absolutely refusing to *poison* any *Man*, or *ravish* any *Woman*, or *betray* any *Friend*, or *suborn* any *Evidence*, till they agreed to her own Terms. She likewise insisted, that the Articles should be drawn up by *Dill*, or *I. Occo*.

—Atri Ditis.

Dis, or *Pluto*, was the Brother of *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, and the God and Sovereign of Hell. He was likewise the God of Riches, from whence he received his * Name. On that account he was held in great Veneration by the old *Pagans*, and had a principal Share in the Government of this World. He still re-

tains his Power in many Places, even in some Christian Countries. In *Ireland* indeed he has but few *Votaries*; which I attribute to the excellent Lectures, and exemplary Lives of our Right Reverend, Self-denying Prelates. Altho’ they are *shining Lights*, and *golden Candlesticks*, yet no-body will presume to say they were lighted by *Pluto’s* Fire, or are made of his Metal.

Ver. 536. *When so oft, to oblige you,*
 &c.

Vices vestras—Cum in-cubus ;
Cum mi barba, horrens rubus :
Vices vestras—Cum fuc-cuba ;
Cum civilis belli tuba.

My Version of these Lines is very imperfect. The *English* of them is this—*When I supplied your Place, and was an Incubus with a great black Beard like a Thorn-bush ; When I supplied your Place, and was a Succuba, raising a Civil War in all Places where I have lived.* This last is a truly diabolical Quality, and for which the Sorceress was eminently distinguished. She was never admitted into a House, where she did not in a very few Days destroy the Peace of the Family.
 There

* He is called *Dis*, in *Latin*, from *Divitiæ*; and *Pluto* in *Greek*, from *Πλούτος*; which signifies the same thing.

“ Will ye suffer this Wretch on my Body to dance ;
 “ Nor a Cloven-Foot now to my Succour advance ?
 “ You ! Who erst, to divert me, have come at a Call,
 “ To imprison Lord I——s, or to juggle old *Vol* ; 540
 “ Or to sink a Rake’s Nose, or to break a Fool’s Shins ;
 “ Or to pinch the fat Cook, and make Children spit Pins :
 “ But exert, Knight or Devils, your Malice and Wit !
 “ Yet my Mind is still free, and I’ll never submit. 544
 This enrag’d the Chevalier : He chang’d his mild Note ;
 And his Eyes, while he spake, were as red as his Coat.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

There are at this Time subsisting innumerable Quarrels between Fathers and Sons, Brothers and Sisters, Husbands and Wives, &c. which were created by the Artifices of this wicked *Hermaphrodite*. Father *Kelly*, in the same Poem, from which I have quoted some Lines above, introduces one of the Furies pronouncing her Panegyrick in a great Council held in the *Pandæmonium*.

I intend next Winter to publish a new Edition of Father *Kelly*’s Poem with Notes, &c.

Ver. 540. *To imprison Lord I——’s, or to juggle old Vol* ;

Sive *Traulum* occæcantes,
 Sive *Vollo* verba dantes.

The Sorceress (says *Tir-Oen*) that she might enjoy her Imp *Ali* with the greater Freedom, used to lock up *Traul* in a Garret, and confine him there for a

Month or six Weeks together by the Power of her Spells.

Sive *Vollo*, &c.

Vol, after his Bankruptcy, was a Slave to the Sorceress. He purveyed for her Pleasures, and served in the lowest and basest Offices ; as I have remarked, Ver. 224. Book III.

Ver. 546. *And his Eyes while he spake*
 &c.

Τὸν, τὴν δ’άπαμ eques (quin fit Fortior) ita farier infit,
 Sanguin’ oculos suffectus,
 Ut, cùm militârit, pectus ;
 Pectus ;—fagum cùm coccineum
 Sibi induat, non fanguineum.

Τὸν, τὴν δ’άπαμ, i. e. δ’απαμειβόμενος. I suppose our Author imagined, that every School-Boy could fill up τὸν δ’άπαμ. By τὸν τὴν he intends to express the double Sex of the *Hermaphrodite*.

“ Is it thus, when my Offers are civil, you dare me ?

“ Do you think, at Noon-Day, that your Goblins can
scare me ?

“ Or submit—Or by *Styx* (*here he drew the broad
Blade*)

“ Shall your Manhood as smooth, as black EUNUCH's,
be made. 550

Friga heard him, and trembled : The same Panick Fear
Seiz'd the *Imp* in her Hole ; if the *Imp* was still there !

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 549. *Or submit &c.*

Te mi meâ ! dixit, ultro
Stricto venatorio cultro.
Refilieris ? Per Styga
Jam inane nomen *Friga* !
Et, quæ ruis valdior tauro,
Fies vel Eunucho Mauro
Impotentior ; Mauro scauro. }

The three first Words, which have
caused some Doubts among the *Latin*
Commentators, *Tir-Oen* explains thus,
Te mihi meâ lege dedas.

Eunucho Mauro.

I must refer my Reader to the *Eastern*
Travellers, more particularly to those,
who have described the *Seraglio* at *Con-*
stantinople, to be informed in what man-
ner the *black Eunuchs* are made, and how
they differ from the *white*.

Ver. 551. *Friga* heard him and trem-
bled : The same Panick Fear
Seiz'd the *Imp* in her Hole, &c.

Quum infanda, digna strige,
Vox percussit aures *Frigæ* ;
O quàm metuebat sibi !
O quàm, succuba, tu tibi !
Si tunc loci esses ibi. }
Ibi erat—Dum pugnabat
Friga, Ales sibilabat.
Nonne fœdum illius os
(Marti credere si vos)
Vidit Mars ter extulisse,
Aut est visus se vidisse ;
Etiam ter occuluisse ? }

The Verses in *Italic* are only in the first
Dutch Edition of this Poem : And *Tir-*
Oen says, they are an Interpolation. I
have therefore rejected them to my Notes.

Ibi erat, &c.

*And the Imp was still there, if we credit
the Knight ;*
*For he heard her hiss loud in the Heat of
the Fight.*

*And as Friga lay stretch'd, and was
thought to be dead,*
*Thrice he saw her peep out ; thrice she
drew in her Head.*

As

As a bold *British* Sailor, far distant the Shore,
 All the Sea-Gods defies, bids the Elements roar ;
 But descends to his Prayers, is confounded, aghast, 555
 When he hears the dire Order to cut down the Mast :
 So the mighty Virago, whom nought cou'd affright ;
 Nor the Duns of the Day, nor the *Dæmons* of Night ;
 Nor Diseases, old Age, nor a Satire cou'd move,
 Nor the Anger of *Phæbus*, nor Thunder of *Jove*, 560

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 558. *Nor the Duns of the Day,*
 &c.

Quam nec medici, nec fures,
 Creditores, nec le-mures,
 Nec senectus, nec sa-tira ;
 Nec commoveat *Phæbi* ira.
 Vitiis suis uti callet :
 Ad ful-gura nulla pallet.

Nimis indiligenter hæc scripsit SCHEFFERUS. HERMAPHRODITO displicet sua senectus, displicent densissimæ rugæ : rodit animum satira quantulacunque. Si fortè acus vel exiguum digito imprimat vulnus, dolore & metu opprimitur, & catapotium pascit. Quin etiam perpetua illi anxietas, & mens scelerum conscia : ad tonitruum murmura pallet trepidatque : le-mures & Acheruntica monstra, quæ in somnis videt, putres artus gelidis urgent sudoribus, qui teterrimo odore ancillas de cubiculo sæpè depellunt. Tir-Oen.

Mr. SCHEFFER did not well consider what he hath said here. The Hermaphrodite could not behold her Wrinkles with Patience, and every little Piece of Satire went her to the Heart. If by chance she

pricked her Finger, she was so frightened and afflicted, that she immediately called for a Physician. A Consciousness of her Crimes created a perpetual Horror and Anxiety of Mind. She trembled and grew pale, if she heard but a distant Noise of Thunder. Her Sleep was interrupted by Spectres and Apparitions, which threw her every Night into a cold Sweat, and occasioned such a foul Savour, as frequently obliged her Attendants to quit the Room.

I have quoted this Remark of Tir-Oen's, to justify my Note, Ver. 262. Book III, where I say, that the Hermaphrodite is seized with a Panick, as often as she hears it Thunder : Which indeed, contradicts the Character which Mr. Scheffer gives her in the Conclusion of his Poem. However, he is not to be condemned. He formed his Judgment of the Hermaphrodite by his Knowledge of Men. He did not conceive, that a rational Creature could be capable of committing daily the most atrocious Crimes, and yet be afraid of the Gods, or future Punishments : Less still did he imagine, that a Witch should tremble at the Appearance of those Spirits, who by Compact were subjected to her Commands.

Was appal'd at the Sight of a rusty short Sword,
 And alas! was subdu'd by the Force of one Word.
 Me an EUNUCH! she cries; And with suppliant Hands,
 Yet indignant submits to the Victor's Demands.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 563. *Me an EUNUCH! &c.*
 Me EUNUCHUM! malum fucum!
 Iteratque, me EUNUCHUM!
 Et tum supplex tendens manus,
Mira-Friga, Andro-Anus
 Malè sita, & ter-rita,
 Indignata, & invita

Suum cedit jus victori;
 Omnia cedit heu! minori.

Andro-anus is a Word compounded by our Author, to signify an old *Hermaphrodite*.

I will conclude with the following Verses, which, *Tir-Oen* says, he transcribed from Mr. *Scheffer's* Manuscript.

Hæc ego jam senior puerilia carmina lusi,
 Hæc, cum SCHEFFER eram: macerat dum febris; iniqui
 Dum me caufidici vexant; dum nigra laceffit
 Dente malo TRAULI conjux; dum toxica miscet,
 Accenditque virum cantu, ferrumque dolosque
 ANDROGYNE molitur atrox; dum denegat audax
 Depositum, haud uno contentus crimine, MAVORS
 Hospitium violans, & avitas VATIS amici
 Res moriens lacerat; dum PERSEUS pejerat omnes.
 Conceptis Divos verbis; dum raucus Iocco
 Bacchatur; VOLLUSQUE fremit; CACUSQUE, nefandos
 Improbis ipse juvans PERSEI MIRAEQUE labores,
 Dat venum mea regna, *abjuratasque rapinas.*

F I N I S.

THE APPENDIX.

IN my Notes on the Epistle to Cadenus, I have mentioned a Latin Farce written by Mr. Scheffer; and I have there subjoined a Specimen of that Dramatic Performance, as I transcribed it from the Author's Copy. This Farce is dedicated to a Woman of Quality, whom Mr. Scheffer stiles THE GREAT COUNTESS; who, on Account of her many rare and excellent Vertues, is known through all the British Islands by that Title.

Without any Fee or Reward, or any Intention of flattering this Lady, I translated Mr. Scheffer's Dedication. At that time, indeed, I resolved to translate the whole Farce, and endeavour to bring it on the English Stage; but when I had examined it with more Attention, I found, that such an Undertaking was not practicable; or if it were, neither the Times, or my own Circumstances would admit of it. Neither did I intend that the Dedication, which I had turned into English, should be made publick; for no other Reason, but that I thought then, as I do now, that it wants the Fire and Spirit, which appear in other Parts of Mr. Scheffer's Writings. However, I was so uncautious, as to allow one of my female Friends to take a Copy of it; and she let it slip through her Fingers to the Press. But it was so imperfectly printed, that some particular Passages, where the Panegyrick was best turned, were wholly omitted. This hath induced me to republish it here, to do Justice to my own Performance, as well as to the Merit of that great Lady, for whom Mr. Scheffer expresses such a profound Veneration.

A N

Epistle Dedicatory

T O T H E

GREAT COUNTESS.

M A D A M,

I Was not long considering to whom I should inscribe this Comedy, since, whatever I can produce as a Writer, must naturally belong to your Ladyship, who first inspired me with a Passion for the Muses, and infused that versifying Spirit, which my own Genius had denied me. The kind Reception, which my first Essay met with from the Town, I am not so vain as to impute to my own Merit, but to your great Name, which I took the Liberty of prefixing to that little Piece. And I persuade myself, that the same Method will again recommend me to the Favour of the Public, and that your Judgment, like the Approbation of other great Connoisseurs, will stamp a Value on this Work, much beyond what it may intrinsically be worth; especially, since it is wholly calculated for the Information and Entertainment of your Admirers.

When I sat down to make this Address to your Ladyship, I intended to draw the Portraiture of your incomparable Person, and to surprise the World with the History of your Life and Actions. But while I was in a profound Reverie, meditating the Plan of my future Work, * *Cynthius*

* *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit, & admonuit. Virg. Ecl. 6.

The APPENDIX. 199

pulled me by the Ears, and in a kind of Pindaric Fury, uttered some Greek Verses in the Ionic Dialect, which (if I rightly remember them) may be ^{translated} ~~englisht~~ thus, though I do not pretend to imitate that Elegance and Energetic Force of Expression, which I remarked in his Godship's Numbers.

Me, and the Muses could'st thou bribe,
And cause us all our Pow'rs unite,
To teach thee in Heroic Strains to write ;
Yet, *Scheffer*, thou could'st ne'er describe
Her matchless Figure, her exalted Deeds,
And the amazing Theme pursue ;
But thou must make 'em less, to make 'em true.
The simple History all Faith exceeds.
When her own Knight incircled moves,
He doubts the Virtues, which he proves.
Old *P——t*, who boasts the Nerves of Youth,
(Renown'd for Probity and Truth)
Wou'd be suspected, should he tell,
How he attack'd, and how he fell.
And *A——* too, once Rival of her Fame,
By Man unconquer'd, when she tries
The puissant Genius of this wond'rous Dame,
Tinges her sable Cheeks, and raptur'd cries ;
In Woman can there be such Might !
In Female Friendship such Delight !

This Admonition awaken'd me into a Sense of my own Insufficiency. I was convinced, that it would be vain for me to attempt your Panegyric, when all I could say, even with the utmost Stretch of Fancy, would be far short of your transcendent Merit, and yet would sound like a Romance to the most candid and courteous Readers. I shall therefore resist my present Impulse, cast a Veil over your exquisite Form, and leave the most shining Part of your Character untouched, till I may be allowed, without the Suspicion of Flattery, to paint you in your own Colours, and to recount those *Herculean* Labours, and eminent Abilities, which distinguish you.

you from all the other Women of Quality in this, or the neighbouring Island. But I must beg of you to be assured, that I am deeply afflicted to lye under such Restrictions, and my Disappointment is the greater, because I shall not now have an Opportunity of interweaving in this Epistle a thousand beautiful Tropes, Metaphors and Allegories, which I had exactly suited to your Complexion; besides a choice Collection of exotic Similes, Alabaster and Ivory, the Roses of *Sharon*, and the Lilies of the Valley, together with the brightest Jet and Gems of the Orient,

† *And the rich Spangles which adorn the Sky.* Waller.

For the present likewise, I must lay aside those great Examples of Antiquity, those finished Pieces, which I had ranged in great Order, and which I intended to introduce in this Place, to give the curious a just Idea of your Ladyship's Perfections. I mean those noble Matrons, and Royal Dames, who have been celebrated by Poets and Historians for their unwearied Application of the same excellent Talents, of which you are Mistress. In the Front I had placed that renowned * Empress, your great Pattern and Prototype, who in the Space of one Night successively defeated twenty five stout *Romans*, and yet was so greedy of Fame, that she could not be satisfied with the Number of her Victories.

However, that I may with a tolerable Grace acquit myself like a modern Dedicator, and pay your Ladyship a small Part of the Debt I owe you, permit me, Madam, to mention a few of your Christian Vertues, and to assure all, who shall have the Pleasure of reading this Address, that your Goodness is equal to your Beauty, and if you are the greatest, you are likewise the best Woman of the Age in which we live. This is a Subject, which I think is not properly within the Cognizance of *Cynthius*, so that I need not fear to be reprimanded by him again; nor indeed should I think myself obliged to obey his Voice on this Occasion, (unless he was to speak from his Tripod, or to bend his Bow against me) since I could immediately call upon all the reputable Inhabitants of our great Metropolis to second my Testimonies, if any Person should be so ignorant or unpolite as

† *Atque aurea sidera cæli.*

* *Claudii uxor; Quæ tot nocte viros percipit una.*
Auctor obscæni carminis.

to charge me with Hyperbole and Fiction. I begin with that exemplary PIETY, which accompanies all your Actions, and shews itself to your Morning Visitants in a magnificent Pile of Bibles, Common-Prayer Books, and all the most excellent Manuals of Devotion; which adorn your Toilet, instead of Implements for Dress, and those false Ornaments, which are so studiously sought after by other Women of your Age and Figure. How often hath that learned and most religious Prelate, the excellent *Hortensius*, beheld with Admiration this beautiful Arrangement? How often hath he sacrificed in your Temple, and warmed his own Zeal by the Fire of yours? And indeed is there any other among the Dignified Clergy of this Realm, who can behold such a glorious Sight, and yet dare to question your Care and Concern for the National Church, or the Sincerity of your Conversion from the Errors of Popery? A Conversion, which was not the Effect of any Free-thinking Principles, and of a general Indifference for all Religions; but was the Result of a long Course of Reasoning, and a painful Search after Truth for above forty Years. And I am amazed, that your Example has not yet wrought a Conviction in the Minds of all the Catholics of Distinction in this Kingdom, who are nearly allied to your Ladyship, or who may have the Benefit of your Instruction.

Your unbounded CHARITY, which alas! but very few Women of your Quality are inclined to imitate, should be celebrated by the Pen of a great Clerk, and set off with the choicest Flowers of Pulpit Rhetoric. How many Men are at this Day supported by your Bounty, and receive from your Hands their daily Bread; who would otherwise, in this present Decay of Trade, be unemployed, and perhaps be looked on as sturdy Beggars and Vagrants? Yet you do not by an indiscreet Liberality, give any Encouragement to Luxury and Idleness. You relieve no Man's Necessities, till you have sufficiently tried him, and till you know what Spirit he is of: And whoever is retained in your Service, must finish his daily Task, before he can claim his Reward. In a Word, CHARITY is become in you, by the manner in which you practise it, an Heroic Virtue. For you do not only assist the Fatherless and Widow, but Pilgrims and Strangers, injured Wives, and distressed Damsels, who always find under your Roof a most commodious and agreeable Retreat; where their Wants are immediately supplied, and where they enjoy, without Interruption, all the Pleasures of Society, and the Liberties of a free Conversation.

Notwithstanding you are here placed in the highest Rank of Nobility, and have the Soul and the Capacity too of a great Queen, yet you are as MODEST and as HUMBLE as a Cloistered Nun. How often do you vouchsafe to familiarize even with the meanest of the People? A poor Mechanic hath been sometimes as welcome to you, as the tallest Peer, and a private Centinel has shared your Favours with the Governor of the Kingdom. When you was lately pleased to honour with your Presence the *British* Court, how was every body charmed with the Politeness of your Manners, and the singular Delicacy of your Conversation! How did the *Bons Mots*, which you daily uttered with an inimitable Grace, and in the chastest Language, command the Attention and Applause of all that heard you! But though you are assured to be thus distinguished, whenever you appear in the Royal Circle, yet you are not a fashionable Courtier, but on the contrary, a professed Enemy to *Flattery* and *Falshood*. You would not descend to compliment a Minister for Qualities which he wants, to be Vice-Queen of *Ireland*; nor would you prostitute your Honour and Conscience by *attesting Facts*, of which you are not perfectly well informed, to gain the whole World. When you were lately engaged in a Law Suit, the Success of which depended on your own Testimony, how unwilling were you to *swear*? And how often did you affirm, even in my Hearing, that you were an utter Stranger to the Matters in Dispute? Nothing could have LED you to make those *Depositions*, which appear in your Name, but the prevalent Example of the two Great * Captains, and the honest Advice of those eminent Lawyers, who are retained in your Cause. The only *Truths*, which you neither speak, or can suffer to be spoken in your Presence, are those which concern your self. For as it must necessarily happen, that as often as we approach your Ladyship, you must produce in us the highest Veneration, and force from our Lips the strongest Eulogies in Admiration of so much Beauty, and such Accomplishments: So the Uneasiness you constantly express in hearing but a Part of your real Character, immediately checks our Addresses, and silences the most forward of your Votaries. Then it is, that with Wonder we contemplate your superlative MODESTY, which like a Burning Glass, that collects the Rays of the Sun into a small Focus, acts upon us with the Heat and Lustre of all your other Virtues.

'Tis this Consideration, and the Fear of incurring your Displeasure, that

* Sir T. S. and Capt. P.

makes me hasten to a Conclusion, and omit a long Catalogue of Virtues, which being heightened by a true Spirit of your new Religion, if they were divided among an hundred other Women, would be sufficient to inspire them all with *the most violent Love for one another, and with an universal Benevolence for Mankind*. Just so the lovely Colours, which adorn your Face, if they were distributed and applied by the Hand of Art, or by the Power that made them, would give the finest Complexions to a whole Assembly of Females. The Pale, the Yellow, the Ash-coloured, the Livid, or even the Aged and Wrinkled Dame, would be suddenly changed into a first-rate Beauty by such a Participation of your Charms.

What I have hitherto said or intimated, must be understood to relate only to your publick Vertues, and those pious Acts, by which you have so freely communicated yourself for the Benefit of your Country. Though on this Account you are here placed in the most conspicuous Eminence, and shine like a Star of the first Magnitude: Yet a new World, or rather a Constellation of Glories would open to my View, were I to descend into your private Life, and produce you, as a Pattern to your Sex, in the several Characters of an *Affectionate Wife, an Indulgent Mother, a Beneficent Mistress, and a Faithful Friend*. But these are Topics of Praise I reserve for your Epitaph, which I hope to have the Honour of writing; when the Gothic Muse (if perchance her Faculties are not clouded by an Excess of Grief) shall consecrate your Ashes, and raise up to you a Monument of Glory more durable than Brass or Marble. I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most obliged,

most humble, and

most obedient Servant,

FREDERICK SCHEFFER.

A *

L E T T E R

FROM

Mr. *Lewis O Neil*,

TO

PEREGRINE O DONALD Esq;

WITH

Mr. *O DONALD*'s ANSWER.*To PEREGRINE O DONALD, Esq;*

S I R,

According to your Desire, I have directed Mr. C. to advertise the new Edition of the *TOAST* in all our News Papers. Several ingenious Gentlemen, who apprehended, that the third and fourth Books would never be published, have since been with me, and express much Impatience for a Sight of this complete Translation. † The mention of the Copper Plates hath raised their Curiosity. They expect to see some Droll

* Some People in *Dublin* pretended to take great Offence at a very harmless Advertisement, which was lately published there, concerning the new Edition of the *TOAST*; which occasioned this Letter and the Answer.

† The Copper Plates will not be finished till next Winter. For several Reasons, I could not defer the Publication of my Book till that Time. Wherefore, I shall be obliged to publish the Prints separately. The Reader hath a Specimen of the Engraver's Skill in the Frontispiece.

Figures in the Frontispieces, and that the whole will exhibit a just Representation of the Characters and Principal Actions of the Poem. If you would be pleased to send me a Sketch or Description of these Engravings, you would put it into my Power to oblige some of my best Friends.

I take this Opportunity of acquainting you with an Incident, which has made no small Noise in this City, and in which you are so immediately concerned, that I think you cannot well avoid taking some Notice of it: A certain great Lady, who is here distinguished by a *Right Honourable* Title, has adopted the Character of *Myra*, and insists, that Mr. *Scheffer* has drawn the Picture of her Ladyship in the Person of his Heroine. She pretends to make this Charge plainly appear from the exact Resemblance of their Stature, Features, Age and Complexion; from the Conformity of their Manners, and the Sameness of their Appetites, Temper and Constitution. And farther, as an incontestible Proof and Explication of the Poet's Invective, she is pleased to urge those various Acts and Exercises, which are ascribed to *Myra*; viz. her Marriage with an old Gallant, her Love in the Centry Box, her Affair with the *Frokin*, and her Combat with her third Husband; which, as she alledges, are the most remarkable Anecdotes of her own Life. Nay, she lays claim to the very Name of *Myra*; which, she affirms, is her own Property, and was impudently borrowed by our Author, with no other Intent but to traduce it, and point her out in such a manner, that no one may possibly mistake his Meaning. Upon the whole, she has pronounced this Poem to be a Mock-Epic, or rather a virulent Satire, levelled against her Ladyship and her faithful Confederates: And she has sworn by all her Gods, that both Mr. *Scheffer* and you shall be punished in a most exemplary Manner; and that her Vengeance shall pursue you, though you were to retire to a Cave in *Lapland*. Even poor C. the innocent Publisher of this Work, she has threatned with the Effects of her Resentment: and for that Purpose, she lately took into her Service a Pair of Knights the most formidable in this Kingdom, who were equal to any Task she thought fit to impose upon them. And if one of these Heroes had not been providentially snatched away, we should all, long before this Time, have been made sensible of the Power of his Ministry, and have found by fatal Experience, that the Rhetoric of a few *Affidavits* is far superior to the strongest Lines in your Translation. I don't know who is appointed to supply the Place of this mighty Warrior, or whether the *Right Honourable*

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Honourable may think any Person worthy to succeed him. But be that as it will, you may be assured, that I remain firm to my Engagements ; and that I am neither to be intimidated by the frequent Menaces I receive, or to be corrupted by any Rewards, which may be offered me, to betray my Trust. However, I should acknowledge it as a singular Favour, if you would furnish me with a Key to the Poem. I imagine, that by unfolding the Characters, I shall immediately undeceive the *Right Honourable*, and calm her Fury, as well as prevent any bloody Designs, which may be formed against us by her new Agents and Bravoes. I have observed, that a Consciousness of Guilt is very apt to *Apply*, and will often find out a Meaning which was never intended. I have also been taught, that every Likeness is not the same. There was such a Resemblance betwixt the two *Sofia's*, that they could not be distinguished, when they stood together : And yet, the one was a God of fine Parts, and the other a mere mortal Buffoon. I hope therefore, that your Answer will set this Matter in a clear Light ; especially, if you will allow me to publish it, for the Instruction of the *Right Honourable*, her Allies, and Advocates. For if I can convince this *Myra*, that she is not the other *Myra*, I may expect to live in Peace, and to prosecute my Business without Interruption. I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

Dublin,
Feb. 9. 1733^d.

LEWIS O'NEIL.

P. S. Since I finished my Letter, I have received certain Information, that the B. of **, my Lord of *, Captain **, Mr. ***, and Mr. **, have agreed in the Manner of Decyphering Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem, and are come to a Resolution to fix the Character of *Myra* upon the *Right Honourable*.

Mr.

Mr. O DONALD's Answer.

S I R,

I Thank you for your Diligence in advertizing the new Edition of the TOAST. I have indeed received so many pressing Letters to hasten the Publication of this Work, that I cannot any longer disappoint the Expectations of the Town. I consider, besides, that we all grow old ; and if any more of the chief Actors should quit the Stage, before they have gone through their Parts, my Audience would not be so properly entertained. Poets and Philosophers are generally in greatest Esteem after they are dead : But a *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* must be seen in order to be admired. When the Curtain is dropt, they are soon forgot ; and a bare Relation of their Feats is seldom worth the Hearing.

As to the Copper Plates, I believe they may afford a new Diverfion. Burlesque Figures (and *Scheffer's* Subjects can furnish out a sufficient Number) sometimes make a more lasting Impression on the Reader's Mind, than the most lively Descriptions. Even the excellent Wit of *Don Quixot*, though it certainly wants no adventitious Ornaments, hath been read with a double Pleasure, since the Knight has been exhibited in all his different Attitudes by the Pencil of *Coyvel*. I am only concerned, that I could not prevail with the Painter to send you a Sketch of this Part of the Work : He has conceived a Jealousy, that his Designs may be hurt by such an Anticipation. But perhaps it may in some Measure satisfy the Curiosity of your Friends to peruse Mr. *Scheffer's* original Instructions ; which I here inclose translated into *English*, for the Benefit of my good Lord of * and other great Personages, who are highly pleased with our Author's Manner ; but by reason of the Delicacy of their Taste and Education, cannot be supposed to understand his barbarous *Latin*. How far the Painter has varied from these Instructions, or what he has added or left out, I have not yet enquired.

EXCERPTA

EX

SCHEFFERI Epistolâ Primâ ad H--GARTHUM,
pictorem apud Britannos celeberrimum.

I.

*Pingatur, fac, H--garthe, Sol noctivagus,
Et noctis superbia, ignesque varii.
Compotores assumat Sol Carbonarium,
Militemque malum, in lucem usque cœnitans.
Pingatur irrisi gravior vultus Dei;
Et turpata rugis capitisque nive
Mira largiore bibatur poculo.*

II.

*Pingantur eques inops, dives scelio,
C——mitissa Bombardomachide calens,
Vitriarius Vol, & arma Volcania,
Et Trulla morbis effracta Venereis,
Et Mævortis spolia, & pellex, & canes,
Et, quæcunque in corde gessit, bella horrida.*

AN

A N
E X T R A C T
O U T O F

*Mr. SCHEFFER's first Epistle to H-GARTH,
a famous British Painter.*

I.

DRAW the Sun without a Ray,
Rambling by a borrow'd Light,
Tippling till the Dawn of Day,
With a Collier and a Knight:
Paint his Looks, when he was roasted;
Paint the *Donna*, whom he roasted.

II.

Draw a Cully Chevalier,
Near a crafty, wealthy Fox;
Then a Centry-Grenadier,
With a C——tels in his Box.
Shew the Bottle-maker's Gear;
And his *Trulla* with a P——x.
Paint the Warrior's Arms and Chattles,
And his Bloody-minded Battles.

E X C E R P T A

E X

SCHEFFERI Epistolâ Secundâ ad H--GAR-
THUM pictorem.

PINGE mibi varias, Hogarthe jocosæ, figuras ;

Hic Miram, Miræque Priapum :

Illic aufugiens vastum se condât in antrum

Androgyni sua parvula conjux.

Hic ponantur opes ; hic stet craticula, quæ jam

Pergratis sudavit ofellis.

Hic matrona furens cupiat (mirabile !) Nymphas

Permolere, uxoresque alienas.

Arrigat hic sese Gafnæi fustis, & heros

Magnanimus patiensque feriri.

Artibus atque armis aptus scribatur equisque

Iracundus homuncio ; cujus

Demissum ad talos caput altum ornet caliendrum,

Mille latent ubi mille sagittæ !

Extremam hanc, Hogarthe, mibi concede figuram :

Adsit quædam hirsutior hirco,

Contemptrix Divûm, nulli ante domabilis uxor ;

Quæ metuens, resupina, spadonem

Se fieri, tendat supplex ad sydera palmas,

Imbelli devicta marito.

A N

AN
E X T R A C T
FROM

Mr. SCHEFFER's *second Epistle to Mr. Hogarth.*

I.

*H*ogarth, draw a *Gothic Group* ;
Here old *Myra* and her Measure,
* Hiding *Impy* in her — Hoop :
There the Gridir'n, and the Treasure :

II.

Here a Wife or wanton Maid,
With a Matron spread upon her ;
There a mighty Hero laid
In the truckle-bed of Honour :

III.

Here a little angry Wight,
Fam'd for Hunting, Arms, and Arts,
With an Ell of Wig bedight,
Which conceal'd a thousand Darts :

IV.

There a bulky bearded Shrew,
Nor of Men or Gods afraid,
† Yielding to a feeble Foe,
Left an Eunuch she be made.

* See the Beginning of the Battle in the fourth Book.
† See the Conclusion of the Toast.

In answer to the rest of your Letter concerning the *Right Honourable*, who fancies herself to be *Scheffer's Myra*, I must assure you, that his Poem does not require a Key ; there being no Allegory in his Historical Relations, nor any Deceit or Disguise in his Characters : And all other Difficulties are sufficiently explained by the Commentator's Notes. It happens indeed oddly enough, that two different Ladies should pretend to the same poetical Name ; and that they should be so much alike in their Persons, as not to be distinguished from each other. But 'tis still more remarkable, that there should be such an exact Correspondence in their Lives and Manners ; that they should have the same Appetites and Inclinations ; and lastly, that they should care for the same Woman, and marry the same Man. However, we must examine further into the Actions of your *Right Honourable*, and bring her to another Test, before we can allow her to stand in the Place of *Scheffer's Myra*. If she is the same Person who robbed our Author of two thousand Pounds ; and afterwards, in Conjunction with a wicked old Fellow, who is since departed to answer for his Crimes, hired a Villain to *Assassinate Scheffer* in the Streets of *Dublin* : If, when she did not succeed in this Attempt, she associated with * three other Spirits as wicked as herself, and by the vilest Artifices endeavoured to blast his Reputation, and by Subornation and Perjury, to deprive him of all the little Estate, which he had in this Kingdom : I say, if such is the *Right Honourable*, then is she the true and original *Myra* ; otherwise she is a Counterfeit, and has no Pretence to that Title. Wherefore, as soon as you receive this Letter, it will be expedient for you to enquire, if she is inclined to acknowledge the Truth of this Accusation. If she should not, we are all acquitted ; if she should, I am apt to believe, that her Complaints will have but little Weight with the Publick.

As to the rest, — Let us suppose this Work to be, what it is called by *Scheffer's Enemies*, a Mock-Epic or Satire ; yet I think there is room enough to vindicate the Author. If he had no other Motive in writing it, but to do himself Justice, his Design was unblameable, and I fancy he has not laboured in vain. I shall ever be of Opinion, that the Man who is incapable of being warmed with a proper Resentment, or is insensible to such Injuries, as *Scheffer* received during his Residence in *Dublin* ; that Man, I say, must have a Soul that is equally void of Love, or Gratitude, or any other noble Passion. I do not by this intend to ex-

cite

* VOL. PIERCY and CACUS.

cite Men to Revenge upon ordinary Occasions, or to resent every Affront, that may be offered by an impertinent Woman, or a common Brawler. Such a Proceeding is as much beneath a Gentleman, as it is unbecoming a Philosopher and a Christian. But when a premeditated Design hath been formed by Persons, who hold some Rank and Estimation in the World, to defame a Neighbour, to rob him of his Property, and even to murder him in the High-way ; surely the Man who is thus injured, has a Right to complain in what Manner he pleases. He has a Right, especially if the Law is not sufficient to procure him a Reparation, to examine into the Lives of his Adversaries, and to expose their Conduct to the Censure of the Publick. I may be allowed to carry this farther, and affirm, that this is a Duty which we owe to our Country. 'Tis hanging out a Light to direct Travellers in a dark Night ; and a Signal to Mariners, to avoid those Rocks upon which others have split. And this is the very Apology, which Mr. *Scheffer* makes in a short Apostrophe to *Clara*, about the Middle of the third Book, for the Liberties he has used in describing the Persons; and the Morning Exercises of *Myra* and her *Imp*. Give me leave to add, that no Consideration of Family or Fortune ought to divert our Enquiry, or screen any Person, who hath been guilty of the Crimes I have mentioned. At least, for my Part, I shall never pay that Regard to human Distinctions, as to honour the Enemies of Mankind. No exterior Quality, or the Bulk of the Figure, shall influence me to spare that Woman, because she is a Countess, or that Man, because he is a Knight : When perhaps the first may be rendered as infamous by her Actions, as any Female upon the *Irish* Records ; and the other may be a Knight of that Appellation (for there are Knights of several Appellations) with whom an honest Cöbler would not exchange either his Trade or his Title. However, in these Recriminations, I would not have my Author exceed the Truth, or load his greatest Enemies with an Accusation, which they do not deserve. I think it was a great Error in the Primitive Zeal, to charge even *Judas* with Incest, because he betrayed his Master. If our Poet had invented a String of Calumnies, or had drawn his Heroine out of Character ; I would not justify him by the usual Plea of a poetical Licence, notwithstanding the Insults and Depredations, which have been made upon him. But, as I have observed in another Place, he has not gone a Step out of his Way, in order to enlarge his Subject. He hath contented himself with relating such notorious Facts, as were committed

in

in the *Face of the Sun*. These indeed he has embellished with a whimsical Versification, lest a bare and dry Narrative should not sufficiently engage the Reader. It may not perhaps be always safe or seasonable to speak Truth, or expose such a malevolent Creature as *Scheffer's Myra*. But surely, such an Attempt, though the Author had not received any personal Injuries, ought not to be charged upon him as a scandalous Invective or Malediction. *Indignis si maledicatur, maledictum id esse puto: verum si dignis dicitur, benedictum est meo quidem animo.* By what Law or Logic can an honest Man be arraigned of Malice or Slander for placing a Witch in her Circle, or calling the Devil by his own Name?

As to the Share which I have had in putting *Scheffer's* Poem into an *English* Dress, I have no Cause to repent it, since I find my Labours are sufficiently compensated by the Approbation of the best, and the most learned Men in this Kingdom. Ought I not therefore to disregard the Censures of an * *Ignorant Priest*, whom the Caprice of Fortune has raised from the Plough to the Purple, and who stands up in Defence of *Myra's* Actions, for no other Reason that I know of, but because they are analogous to his own? As little am I to be moved by the Bounces of a *Bully Captain*, who takes upon him to condemn a Work, which he is not able to read; and presumes to threaten a Gentleman, whom he does not know, and from whom he never received any Injury or Offence. Least of all shall I be affected by the Menaces and Imprecations of *Those*, who are really characterised by our Author, if any such Persons are now in being. They must surely be too infamous to conciliate the Favour of the Publick, or to interest in their Quarrel any Number of Men or Women, who have a just Regard for their own Characters, and so much Sense as not to be deceived by false Colours. However, if any of these *Schefferean* Heroes or Heroines, Hermaphrodites, Imps or Witches should still exist, I will at present return no other Answer to their Threats and Curses, than what is contained in the following Ode, which I have borrowed from my Author, and which (in all the late Editions) I find printed at the End of his Works.

I must acquaint you, that this Ode was written sometime after the Publication of the first Volume of *Scheffer's* Poem. It was occasioned by some outrageous Speeches, which were thrown out against him by a certain old Kern, and a little farcistical Lady. The first pretended that he was designed by *Vol*, because that Character would not fit any Body else. The Lady accused

* Lord PAM.

cused our Author for a quite contrary Reason. She applied to herself these Lines in the second Book,

Little *Ali*, whom erst I invok'd for my Goddess,
Now, alas! was untoasted for wearing Steel Boddice;

because she was as strait as an Arrow, and had never once in her Life employed a Black-smith to make her Stays.

When People are weak enough to apply to themselves Characters, which at the same time they assure us with solemn Affeuerations do not belong to them, they make a Discovery, which they might otherwise have concealed. Murders, and other great Crimes, have frequently been detected by this means, the Authors of which would not else have been known till the Day of Judgment. I remember an old Herb-Woman in *Dublin*, who had taught her *Mag-pie* to pronounce articulately these Words, *PAM is a Knave*. A Reverend Lord walking one Day by her Door, just as the *Pie* had repeated his Lesson, fell into a great Passion, and told the Woman, *She ought to be severely punished for instructing her Bird to call Persons of his Quality and Station such opprobrious Names*. She replied incontinently, *My Lord, I have long had a Curiosity to know the true PAM. I am heartily glad to see him here. I assure your Lordship I will make my Pie change his Note, and pay that Respect, which is due to your Sleeves. For hereafter he shall tell every one, who passes this Way, that PAM is a B——P.*

But to return to the Ode. I have endeavoured to express the Sense of my Author in the same Metre, and in as few Lines, as the Original contains. But I fear you will not much approve my Version.

ODE

O D E.

*J*AM ferox P——ttus minitatur ensem ;
 Ingeni telum jaculatur Ales ;
 Ac suum nobis inimica miscet
 Mira venenum.

Invocant manes equitis scelesti ;
 Intonans sed quos agitat Megæra,
 Si jam in Orco debita pejeratos
 Pæna sequatur.

Natus ille in perniciem suorum
 Bella quot movit C——mitissæ adulter ?
 Quas senex lites ; avidusque, & ipsâ in
 Morte cruentus ?

Terruit nec me gladius, neque atræ
 Alitis dirum recinentis omen ;
 Nec Smythi quicquid potuit ministro
 Dæmone Mira.

Devovet vatis caput immerentis,
 Mox sibi nescit laqueum Lycambes.
 Me meus servat patriæ Diisque
 Phæbus amicum.

Spiritum Phæbus tenuem jocosæ
 Carminis nobis dedit, atque P——tlum
 Ludere invisum ; dedit & malignas
 Lædere sagas.

O D E

THE Captain draws as fierce as stout,
 And A—— throws her Wit about ;
 With Poison, *Myra* too gives out,
 She'll work us.

They all invoke the wicked Sprite,
 Which dwelt in Body of * Sir Knight,
 Compell'd with Furies now to fight
In Orcus.

Bane of his House, in Blood and Strife,
 Inflam'd by B——*lew's* wicked Wife,
 He studied Vengeance all his Life,
 And dying.

I value not the Sword of P——
 The Croak of Raven, A——'s Chat,
 The Witch — and by her Imps all that
 She's trying.

An Hempen String may chance reward
 Those Curses, which I disregard.
Phæbus preserves the pious Bard
 From Fate here.

Phæbus instructs me how to joke,
 The † Hags, and § Collier to provoke,
 And make 'em feel the keenest Stroke
 Of Satire.

* Sir MARS,

† MYRA and her IMP.
 F f

§ Vol.

If I receive any farther Advices from you in Confirmation of these violent Schemes, which seem at present to be forming against us, I may perhaps think it necessary to trouble you with another apologetical Epistle, in which I will enlarge upon some particular Facts, which I have but slightly mentioned here. In the mean time, whether you publish this Letter or not, (which is a Matter I leave wholly to your Discretion) it would not be amiss to communicate it to the *Right Honourable*, if you imagine you can by that means remove the Doubts, which at present perplex her. However, if what I have here said should not be sufficient to convince her, that she is not the *Myra* intended by *Scheffer*, let her only have Patience, till the new Edition of the *TOAST* appears; and then I'll forfeit all my Reputation as a Writer, if any Man in the *British* Dominions, who hath a single Grain of Sagacity, shall mistake the Picture of *Myra*, or apply any of the Poet's Characters to Persons, for whom they were not originally designed. I am,

S I R,

London
Feb. 14. 1734.

Your most humble Servant,

P. O DONALD.

P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, that there are two Sets of Drawings; the first, in pursuance of Mr. SCHEFFER's Instructions, by HOGARTH; The second is designed by GRAVELOT and engraved by BARON.

P. S. I shall return to *Dublin* in a Month or Six Weeks at farthest, when I will put my TRANSLATION to the Press.

S U P.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES and
OBSERVATIONS.

BOOK I.

Ver. 234. *Whether Bashaw or Viceroy &c.*

PASHA fiat, aut SANCHO Rex &c.

The Viceroys who are sent by the Grand Signior to govern the Provinces of that Empire, are called *Beglerbegs* some, and others *Pashas* or *Bashaws*.

By *Sancho*, the Poet means *Sancho Pança*, the Squire of *Don Quixote*, who was Governor or Viceroy of the Island of *Barataria*.

Ver. 277. *If the Fuel be bad which my Coal Mine &c.*

Si carbones minus lenti,
Emas numulo argenti.

The *Irish* Coals are not so good as those of *Whitehaven* or *Newcastle*; but they are sold much cheaper, and have reduced the Price of the *English* Coals. So that VOL had good Reason to value himself on the Share he had in this Discovery. To reward his diligent Attendance, he hath lately been appointed Clerk of the Coal-Yard. Upon his rising one Morning early from MYRA's Bed to direct the Sale of his Coals, this Adage of *Tertullian* was applied to him; *De Calcariâ in Carbonariam, Out of the Lime Kiln into the Coal Pit.*

BOOK II.

Ver. 40. *And to please thee even I INTERLINE &c.*

Illius ergo INTERSCRIPTI.

Iocco, when he was declaiming against our Author, produced a *Deed* in which there was an *Interlineation*; and this he insinuated had been made by Mr. SCHEFFER or his Agent. SCHEFFER, who was then present, was extremely surpris'd to hear himself charged with such a Crime. He desired the Liberty of viewing the *Deed*, which having done, he declared, that it was not *his Deed*, nor had ever been in *his Possession*; and hoped the Court would order Satisfaction to be made him for the Attack upon his Character. The C. upon this, examining into the Affair, it appeared, that the *Deed* belonged

to Iocco's Client, that it had always been in Iocco's Custody, that it did not concern the Matters in dispute, and (which made the Charge still more absurd) that the Words which were said to be *interlined*, were of no Consequence, and did not in any Manner vary the Sense of the *Deed*. This confounded our Pleader, though he had a competent Stock of Assurance. He retracted the Charge; he acknowledged the *Interlineation* must have been made before the *Deed* was executed; and desired his Brethren of the Bar to make no farther Mention of it: Though he had not Honour enough to beg Mr. SCHEFFER's Pardon.

I could never form to myself a colourable Reason for such an Insult thus publicly offered to a Gentleman and a Stranger.

ger: And it is hard to say, whether the Folly, or the Baseness of the Charge was the greater. In Truth, this Pleader was an insolent, illiterate Man with a slow Apprehension, and without any Judgment. He had moreover the most ungraceful Manner of Speaking, that I ever

observed even at the *Irish* Bar.

The Address to Iocco is not to be found in the first Edition of our Author's Works; for the Matter, which occasioned it, did not happen till just before the second Edition was published.

BOOK III.

Ver. 1. *Mighty Goddesses &c.*

Quæ formasti HUDIBRAS,
Magna Dea; tu quæ das
Risus Atticosque sales,
Habet IHON, PANÇA quales.

Our Author here invokes the Goddesses, who inspired those three great Burlesque Wits, RABELAIS, CERVANTES and HUDIBRAS.

Frier IHON, or (as he is there called) Frier IHON of the Funnels, was a brave Fellow, and a witty Droll in RABELAIS.

PANÇA or SANCHO PANÇA, Don Quixote's Squire, is now well known to every English Reader.

V. 9. *Seu in te exemplum*, HOL.

If HOL here signifies *Holophanta* (a Knight of the Post,) as I have supposed, it does, our Author hath bestowed a hard Name on Sir PIERCY; but no other, than his notorious Perjury deserved. For I believe he was the first Man, who had the Effrontery to make an Affidavit in a Court of Justice; when at the same time he was sensible, that not only the Judge and Council at the Bar, but even every By-Stander must necessarily know, there was not a word of Truth contained in

it. Such a flagitious Crime would not have passed with Impunity in any of the *British* Judicatories. Neither Sir PIERCY's Title, nor his Office, nor his Senatorial Dignity would have screened him there. But the Knight as well as his Accomplices, would in all probability have suffered the same fate, as *Hackney W—d*. And yet this infamous proceeding was defended by Iocco, and supported by CACUS. The first was of Opinion, that there was no Work so dirty, which a good Fee would not gild over: And the other was in hopes to share the Plunder and Profits of Sir PIERCY's Perjury. May I not be allowed to say of either of these Men, *Noscitur ex Socio*; which is a Maxim, that generally holds good from the highest to the lowest Station in human Life?

Altho' the Gentleman, who composed the following ODE, hath made himself merry with Sir PIERCY's Expedition (when he took Possession of Mr. SCHEFFER's House by force of Arms, and afterwards *un-favore* the Part he had acted) yet our Author had much more reason to weep than to laugh, since in consequence of that Affair he suffered the Loss of THREE THOUSAND POUNDS and upwards in his private Fortune.

ODE

O D E
TO THE
Chevalier *PIERCY*,

(To which the Note on Ver. 17. Book III. refers.)

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode 6. L. 1.

*Scriberis Vario fortis, & hostium
Victor, &c.*

Sonorous Bards in Epic Verse
Thy matchless Virtues may rehearse;
Extol the gallant * *Kevan* Band,
Proud to march under thy Command;
And tell what great Exploits were done,
Both with the Pole-axe and the Gun,

But shall a Ballad-singing Swain,
Who never try'd an higher Strain,
Say, how a *Don* of muckle Might,
Full fraught with Craft, and prone to fight,
Led forth his Troops to spoil and burn,
Resolv'd to conquer, or — return?

How some † ill-fated Trees, that dar'd
Appear at Distance like a Guard,
(For Danger multiplies our Fear
And makes each Shrub a Grenadier)

* A Mob in *Dublin*, who call themselves the *KEVAN BAIL*.

† Sir *PIERCY*, when he forced the Possession of *SCHEFFER's* House, cut down some
Trees in the Avenue, the Palisades about the Court Yard, and the Pump.

After

After a Council duly held,
The Gen'ral order'd to be fell'd.

His Sword, by this Success grown vain,
He flourish'd thrice, and thrice again ;
Both to express his Joy and Rage,
Like Kindred Heroes of the Stage :
Then fearless charg'd the Palisade ;
Which little Opposition made,
Tho' rais'd by MARS at vast Expence,
Well form'd, and pointed for Defence.
For down he smote at ev'ry Stroke
A Pale — tho' all were Heart of Oak!

And next, to cut off fresh Supplies,
Or haply to prevent Surprize,
(For might not, Sirs, an Ambuscade
In a huge wooden Pump be laid,
As treach'rous *Greeks*, an armed Force,
Were whilom hid in wooden Horse?)
The Chieftain, in the Voice of Thunder,
Commands the Pump be cleft asunder.

Then round the House with martial Grace
Marching to spy the weakest Place,
He mark'd, how many Panes were crack'd,
“ The Windows must be first attack'd ! ”
So, tho' his Vet'rans thought him rash,
He points his Guns against a Sash.
The Frame was old, the Glass was thin,
And no Resistance from within :
A Breach was made, thro' which he ventur'd,
After his Soldiers all had enter'd.

Thus fifty Wights, arm'd Cap-a-pee,
By dint of Courage conquer'd Three.
Tho' Men of * *Chapel-Izzod* say,
The Gen'ral's Conduct gain'd the Day.

* A Village near *Dublin* adjoining to the Park, where SCHEFFER'S House stood,

Now,

Now, since the POET has been crush'd,
'Tis best, the Matter should be hush'd.
I hope the † K——g, who lives so far,
Will hear no Tidings of this War :
For Kings, as well as simple Knights,
Are sometimes jealous of their Rights.
And you, great Guardian of the Laws,
Gracious review the Hero's Cause.
Tho' it may seem a rash Affair,
Confider, PIERCY is *Surveyor* !
Do not conceive, he claims a Right,
Or storm'd the Royal Lodge in spite :
He strove to burn it, ere it yielded,
In hopes hereafter —— to rebuild it.

But hark, ye Warriors, how this Battle
Inclines my gossip Muse to prattle !
Tho' I have told her, 'tis not fit
To spoil great Deeds for want of Wit ;
By Scraps and Hints to tell a Story,
And thus to fully PIERCY's Glory.

When *Phæbus* will not lend a Beam,
Nor match the Numbers to the Theme ;
What Bard can aptly draw Sir *Mars*
Acting the Hero of a Farce ?
Or who describe his dreadful Note,
His warlike Strut, and broider'd Coat ?

Who can relate the Rile and Fall,
The various Shapes of *Dublin Vol* ?
Shew him among the Mud-nymphs gay,
Or a grave *Evidence for Pay* ?
Or else, majestic in his Hole,
Meting out *Bally-Castle Coal* ?
No *British* Collier is so black,
Or can produce —— a broader Back.

† SCHEFFER's House and Land was held by Patent of the Crown : And this Attack
was an Insult upon the Government.

But, PIERCY, greatest of the Three !
 Mirror of modern Chivalry !
 What Verse is equal to your Merit,
 Who can display your active Spirit ?
 Whether, exerting all your Skill,
 You plan a House, or — * *make a Will* :
 Or, aided by the § Beldam's Charm,
 You bid your Mercenaries arm :
 Take Castles without Loss of Man,
 As *Spanish Quixots* took *Oran*.
 Shall it suffice — thou hast a Place,
 That thou art dubb'd by *D——'s* Grace ?
 Or, since the Danger all is past,
 Shall this bold Action be thy last ?
 No — thou shalt higher — higher rise,
 Till thy great Head shall touch the Skies ;
 Till *Jove* shall smile with gracious Nod,
 And SCHEFFER change thee to a God.

Whilst I, content with humble Lays,
 Repeat the fable FROKIN's Praise ;
 Describe her Face, her Shape, her Carriage ;
 Her Art of Love, and Art of Marriage.
 Or — ever mindful of my Wrongs,
 At Leisure to compose new Songs,
 I couple *Donnas a-la-mode*,
 And dress old † MYRA in an Ode.

* The Author here alludes to Sir MARS's Will.

§ He means the C. of N.

† He probably alludes to the following ODE.

O D E
T O
M Y R A

(To which the Note on Verse 194. Book III. refers)

In imitation of HORACE's Ode to CANIDIA. Lib. Ep. Od. 17.

Jam jam efficaci do manus scientiæ, &c.

C E A S E! thy direful Vengeance cease!
Mighty Sorc'ers, give me Ease!
Like thy self a * Convert grown,
Now thy Magic Power I own.
See the Bard with supp'lant Hands
Meaneft Slave of thy Commands!

Be thou pleas'd! my Voice I'll raise;
Tune my Lyre to found thy Praise;
I will form thee all Divine;
And no Muse shall lie like mine.

By thy sacred Self I'll swear,
Thou art fairest of the Fair;
That thy Morn- or Evening Face
Modest shines with native Grace;
Thy Complexion, when 'tis Pale,
Shews the Lilies of the Vale;
When thy Cheeks are over-spread
With a bright Vermilion-red,
Greater Beauties they disclose,
Charming, as the op'ning Rose.

Myra professed herself a Roman Catholick, till she was fifty years of age; when she changed her Religion, and got a Pension.

G g

Then

Then thy Tresses I'll display ;
 Swear, they are unmixt with grey :
 That thy hollow Eyes are Jet,
 Brilliant Di'monds, tho' ill set :
 Or, low Similes to shun,
 Either Orb shall be a Sun.
 With thy Rays, like *Cupid's* Darts,
 Thou shalt pierce the stoutest Hearts ;
 Change us, when thy Work is done,
 (Like * *Medusa*) into Stone.

Next I'll smooth thy wrinkled Skin,
 Paint, without a Beard, thy Chin ;
 Swear, thy Breath (which never fails)
 Is as sweet as spicy Gales :
 That thy Teeth are all thy own,
 ('Tis a Set that's newly grown)
 But I think I shall not Lie,
 If I swear, they're Ivory.

Then a well turn'd Neck I'll shew,
 Whiter than the falling Snow :
 And each Breast shall be as small,
 Round, and hard, as Billiard-ball.

Then I'll mould thy muckle Waist,
 Shape it to a Critick's Taste :
 If he fancies, 'tis too wide
 To be compass'd with an Hide ;
 Let him measure, † as did *Dido* ;
 Or else let him lie, as I do :
 For I'll with a Span surround it ;
 Swear, that *Venus*' § Girdle bound it.

Wou'd the modest Fair excuse
 Some few Freedoms in the Muse ;

* SCHEFFER says, she had a *Gorgon's* Head.

† *Dido* at her first Arrival in *Africa* bought as much Land, as she could compass with the Hide of an Ox, which cutting into small Thongs, she inclosed with it 22 Furlongs, and by means of that craftie Bargain, she built the City of *Carthage*.

§ See the beautiful Description of the *Cestus* or Girdle of *Venus* in the fourteenth Book of *Homer's Iliad*, and the fine Imitation of that Fiction by *Tasso* in his *Gierusalemme liberata* Cant. 16. Mr. *Pope's* Translation of that Passage in *Homer* is not to be equalled.

I'd unveil a nobler Part,
Touch it with *Dan Ovid's* Art ;
Not compare it, like a Sloven,
To a Furnace, or an Oven ;
To a Bushel, or a Bowl,
Large as thy capacious Soul :
But a Figure I'd devise,
Which shou'd dignify my Lies,
By neat Metaphors express'd,
In a Virgin's Likeness dress'd ;
Such as Anch'rets wou'd inspire,
Reconcile the angry Frier ;
Teach an *Irish* King to love,
And even make a Bull of *Jove*.

But ah! then a Damp I'd cast ;
For I'd swear, that thou art chaste ;
True to every * Husband's Bed,
To their Mem'ry, when they're dead ;
That thou never had'st Affair
With a Porter, or a Player ;
With the * Bully Chevalier,
Or with Centry Grenadier ;
PAM or PIERCY † P—— or § GORE ;
With —— about an hundred more,
Whom the faucy People name,
Eccho'd by that Brazen *Fame*.

Then I'll falsify Report,
Standing Jest of Viceroy's Court ;
Fabled in the || Comic Play,
Tattled over Cards and Tea ;

* MYRA had three Husbands. An Account is given in my Notes, how she dealt with them.

* Sir T. S.

† He is called VOL in our Author's Poem.

§ One of MYRA's Chairmen.

|| He means the *Latin* Farce written by SCHEFFER, or some other of the same kind.

228 *The* APPENDIX.

Always whisper'd with a Sneer,
When thy † Frow and thou art near.
What if *Sappho* was so naught?
I'll deny, that thou hast taught
How to pair the Female Doves,
How to practise *Lesbian* Loves:
But when little * AL is spread
In her † Grove, or on thy Bed,
I will swear, 'tis Nature's Call,
'Tis exalted Friendship all.

Then, because I'm often told,
Mighty Sorc'refs, thou grow'st old;
That, few Bards in Days of Yore
Fancied Beauties of Threescore;
I'll unbend the Work of Time,
I'll restore thee to thy Prime,
Feign, that now thou art as young,
As when am'rous G——ville sung.

Then I'll strike an higher String,
And thy matchless Virtues sing;
Singing swear, that thou art Just,
Grateful, Faithful to thy Trust:
That thy Piety excels
All that *Romish* Legend tells;
That thou'rt Disciplin'd with Rods,
Tho' thou hast abjur'd thy Gods:
That thy Purse, and ———eke thy § Door
Ever opens to the Poor;

†† The same, who is called the fable FROKIN in the *Ode* to *PIERCY*. The Author of that *Ode* mentions her Art of Marriage. She made *TRAVULUS* drunk, and persuaded him to marry her. But he repenting his Bargain the next Morning left her, and disowned his Marriage. And, as she was not able to prove it, she caused a Report to be spread, that she was dead; which filly *TRAVULUS* believing, put himself and his Family into Mourning, and publicly declared she had been his lawful Wife. She then appeared, claimed, and recovered her Husband. She had often play'd the same Trick before, but had never found so fit a Subject to work on.

* The Wife of *Traulus*.

† The Grove at S——gan.

§ *MYRA*'s Gates are always shut during her Dinner, to prevent the Importunity of hungry Beggars, with which the City of *Dublin* abounds.

That thou givest without Measure,
In exchange for heav'nly Treasure.

Then to prove thy Truth and Wit,
I'll repeat what || thou hast writ ;
In my Numbers Both shall shine,
And be priz'd as much as — mine.

Indian Priests avert all Evil,
By cajoling angry Devil ;
Praise his Beauty, and his Youth,
Give him Virtue, Wit and Truth ;
Flatter, sacrifice and lie,
And old *Satan* deify :
So let me thy Wrath appease !
So do thou thy Vengeance cease !
Softened by my lying Lyre,
Gracious imitate thy Sire ;
And at least such Favour shew,
As the Devil wou'd bestow.

|| She pretended to write a Poem in Praise of her own Beauty.

This Ode was published some Years before Mr. *Scheffer* began his Poem. From it he has taken some useful Hints, which however he hath much improved. Here old *Myra* is compared to a *Furnace*, an *Oven*, a *Busbel*, and a *Bowl*. But our Author, who better understood the Rules of Proportion, hath compared her in one place to *Ætna*, and in another to *Charybdis*, which gave Occasion for the following Epigrams.

Ad *Mavortem* cum primum *Miræ* ferviret.

* *Fato, quo centum, Mavors, periëre, peribis :*
En tibi, quod petis, est Ætna ; Charybdis erit.

Bully *MARS*, here expect, what hath bap-
to an Hundred :

In a Trice you are p—x'd, and anon you'll
be plunder'd

* *Alii legunt, . Scorto.*

Ad *Pedifsequos & Lesticarios Miræ Adulteros.*

Contingat vacuis avidam tranare Charyb-
din ;

Quos mæchos ardens attamen Ætna voret.
Tho'the Gulf you may pass, who have nothing
to give ;

In a fiery fierce Furnace, how long can you
live ?

Ad *Porcum* quendam, qui in *Miræ Charybdi* laborans, immaturus obiit.

Plangite Libniades ! rapido sese eripit igne
Porcus, ut immundis obrueretur aquis.

Wail ye Mud-Nymphs of Liffy the Fate of
poor HOG !

Who escap'd MYRA's Fire, to be drown'd
in her Bog.

Vers.

Ver. 224. *A Mechanick, a Courtier,
a Collier, and Knight.*

Et tum Aulicus, pedisseques,
Carbonarius *Vol*, et quis eques.

Upon a Review of this Note, I have remarked a great Error of the Press, which hath run thro' all the Editions of this Work, and hath not been observed by any of the Commentators.

Pedisseques is not a *Latin* Word, and altho' our Author hath sometimes coined Words, yet he hath never taken this Liberty for the Sake of the Rhyme. Wherefore let these Verses be thus amended,
meo periculo,

Eques, Aulicus, & his æquus
Carbonarius, & pedissequus.

Ver. 238. *And the Imp, that erst enter'd, resembled a Woman.*

Hæc, Dæmonium quæ intravit
Cubi-culum, *Succuba* fit.

In a former Note on these Lines I have explained the Word *Succuba*, the name, which Mr. SCHEFFER usually bestows on MYRA's IMP. To give the greater weight to what I have advanced in that place; let me here add the Opinion of a very learned Physician, whose Authority I have quoted in my Preface to prove the real Existence of Witches; I mean the Author of *Religio Medici*. I could believe, says he, that Spirits use with Man the act of Carnality, and that in both Sexes. I conceive they may assume, steal or contrive a Body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit Lust, or Passion to satisfy more active Veneries. This is an easy and rational Method of accounting for the Tribadism of MYRA and her IMP.

BOOK IV.

Ver. 234. *But allow me to make her
more fit for her Sex.*

At apertè hoc vos moneam;
Magis fœminis idoneam,
Faciam, τὸν Ἀνδρογύνον eam. }

I have quoted these Verses, and add this Note to correct a Mistake I have fallen into in my Note on Verse 3. Book I. and in other parts of my Comment, where I take it for granted, that after APOLLO's Interdiction MYRA could not possibly have any Commerce with Men: and therefore I suppose, that her *Metamorphosis* was total. Whereas it appears from this Passage that she was perfect Male and Female, and could exercise both Sexes with equal Ability. That she practised with Men long after *Apollo's* Edict, and her change of Figure by the Favour of *Venus*, is manifest from SCHEFFER's Epistle to CADENUS, and more particularly from his Farce (a

Specimen of which I have given in my Notes on that Epistle) Where MACCAR MYRA's Footman introduces to her in one Morning seven robust young Fellows his Relations, who were ALL immediately received into her Service. And Lord PAM in his Soliloquy (Act 5. Scen. 1.) lamenting, that MYRA's Fame was not more publick, concludes with these Lines of *Ovid*:

*Res obscura quidem est * ignobilitate vi-*
rorum,

Mira tamen : vidi præsens Stagnum-
que Lacumque

Prodigio notum.

I have seen an Irish Song by *Benedict Mullhollan*, in which he asserts the double Sex and Abilities of our Heroine. *Tiroen* has translated this Song into *Latin*, and to preserve the *Irish* Measure concludes each Stanza in this Manner.

* He means MACCAR's Relations, Weavers, Porters, Footmen and Chairmen.

*Hos molit & has
Nunc MIRA, nunc mas;
Cui vis masculina,
Cui vis fœminina;
Genitalia nam habet Androgyne bina.*

As to what may be objected concerning the Difficulty of rescinding *Apollo's* Decree by a subsequent Sentence of *Venus*, I answer, 1st, that it does not appear this Decree had been ratified by the usual Oath of the Gods, the only Circumstance that could render it immutable. But 2dly, the Word *Viro* (*nec cui sit conjuncta Viro*. Ver. 112. Book 3.) is to be understood in the same Sense as in this Line of *Virgil*;

Parcius ista Viris tamen objicienda memento:

That is, Men of any Figure, Worth or Honour. And so far indeed *Apollo's* Interdiction was literally fulfilled; for after the Publication of it, All *MIRA's* Gallants were hired from the Scum of the People.

The Candid Reader will be pleased here to observe how ready I am to retract my Errors: And therefore I hope the Criticks will spare me, if they should discover any other contradictory Remarks in this Work, and impute them to the Variety of Opinions, which are to be found among the *Latin* Commentators.

Ver. 492. *And herself (such she often
bath been) to a CAT,
Ipsa siem fortis Felis!
Quanta, Hecate, tu velis.*

Concerning the Powers given unto Witches, there are three things necessary to be believed. First that they can ride Post upon Broomsticks in the Air, and as much at their Ease, as if they were carried in a Horse-Litter, or an *Indian* Palanquin. Secondly that they can sail, in the Space of five or six Days, round the World in an Egg-shell, as commodiously as in a Royal-Yacht, without any Danger, and without being Sea-Sick. Thirdly that they are able, as often as they please, to transform them-

selves into *Cats*. This last is a Truth, which had never been controverted before the Restoration of King *Charles*. Till that Time one Witch at least was constantly Resident in every Parish in the *British* Islands, who appeared in the Shape of a *Cat*, as frequently as in her own Person. So that in those Days to call a Woman *old Cat* was the same thing as to call her *old Witch*: and even in this Age of Infidelity that Appellation is sometimes used in polite Conversation, to denote a lewd and deformed old Woman. But to apply this to my present Subject: I could produce 100 credible Witnesses, who have seen *SCHEFFER's* Witch dancing upon the Ridge of her House in the Shape of a *Cat*. She is known by her monstrous Size, and her long black Beard. Some People who have ventured to approach her very near, affirm that whatever Sex she is of in her human Form, she is always a *Boar Cat*. When she is *caterwauling*, (which is an Exercise she never fails to practise every Full-Moon) she may easily be distinguished in the Night; for her Notes are terrible, and very different from all other Beasts of the *Cat-Kind*. Mr. *SCHEFFER* in one of his Familiar Letters gives a particular Account how he was once attacked by her, under this form, in his Lodgings in *Dublin*. Take the Relation in his own Words.

*Nudiustertius, cum bene mane de lecto, surrexissem, nigra ac ingentis speciei Felis, caprinâ barbâ ac deformi pelle induta intravit cubiculum, & in caput meum invasit. Servus, qui tunc fortè aderat, novitate rei primo turbatus est; mox autem, cum multum clamarem, stricto gladio trajecit bestię nates. Quasi lupus, ululare cepit, & per angustias fenestrarum, quas fregit ruentis impetus, ex cubiculo aufugit, jactâ de corpore intolerabili odoris fœditate. Statim ut ad Forum profectus sum, quippe MIRAM suspicabar versipellem esse, in eam, quid ageret, inquiritur. In ore omnis populi, nobilem matronam, dum in S—— organico litore multo mane ambulabat (ibi enim nunc rusticatur) a prædonibus violatam fuisse, & nates ejus ferro trajectas. Heri
vesperi.*

*vesperi Chirurgum conveni, qui MIRÆ vulnus curabat. Ille vir sagax, cum in ejus familiaritatem me insinuassem, ridebat vetulam de com-
mentitiâ fabulâ, de prædonibus & stupro; sed nec veram vulneris causam auguratus est. At postquam singula de Fele narra-
vi & pericula mea, haud coloris sui fuit; neque dubium erat, quin turpes strigis na-
les atrectaverit.*

*The Day before yesterday I rose very early. I was but just out of Bed, when a huge ugly black Cat with a Beard like a Goat's came into my Room and flew directly at my Head. My Servant, who by good Fortune was present, was at first extremely surprized; but recovering himself, when he heard me cry out, he drew my Sword, and run the Beast into the Buttocks. She howled like a Wolf; and quitting her Hold bounced through the Sash-Window, and escaped from us; but left an intolerable Stench behind her. Now, because I always suspected MYRA to be a Witch, as soon as I went to the * Four-Courts, I made some enquiry concerning her State of Health. Every one told me, that, as she was walking that Morning on the Strand by S — organ (for she is retired*

thither for the Summer Season) She was set upon by a Company of Robbers, who first ravished her, and then wounded her in that Part, where my Servant had wounded the Cat. Yesterday Evening I spoke to the Surgeon, who dress'd her Wounds. He is a Man of good Sense; who finding he might be free with me, laughed at the Story of the Robbers and the Rape, which he treated as a mere Fiction: and yet he could not conjecture by what accident the old Woman was wounded. But when I acquainted him with the Danger I had been in the Day before, and related all the Particulars about the Cat, he changed Colour: for he was now convinced his Patient was a Witch.

It may here be ask'd, if MYRA could so easily transform herself into a Cat, why did not she exert this Power, when she was conquered by Sir MARS, and so make her escape from him, as she escaped from SCHEFFER's Servant? I answer, she was in Bonds; and in that condition even a God would lose the Force of his Divinity, and be obliged to submit to a weak Mortal, as may be sufficiently proved from the sixth Eclogue of Virgil.

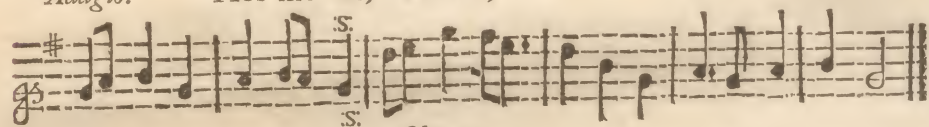
* The Place in Dublin ^here Civil and Criminal ⁿCauses are try'd.

I have now brought my Work to a Period; which hath been drawn into a greater Length, and hath proved a more difficult Task, than I at first imagined. But I will not make any more Apologies, nor attempt to raise my Merit by magnifying my Labours. I will only add at taking my leave, what I may be allowed to say without an imputation of Vanity, That by this Time my Enemies must be convinced, I have used my best Endeavours to give them a proper Satisfaction; and I am sure, my Friends are obliged to me, who have put my self into a very perilous Situation to afford them two or three hours Entertainment.

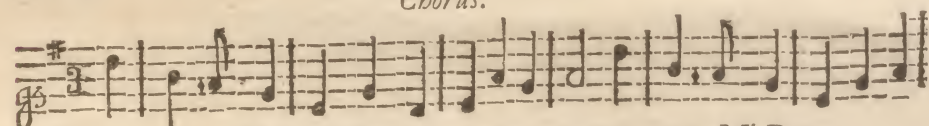
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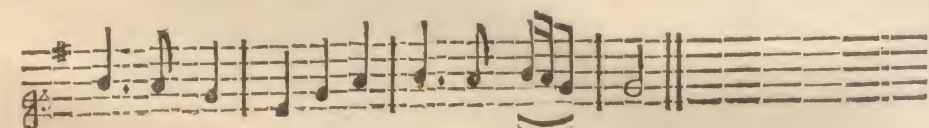
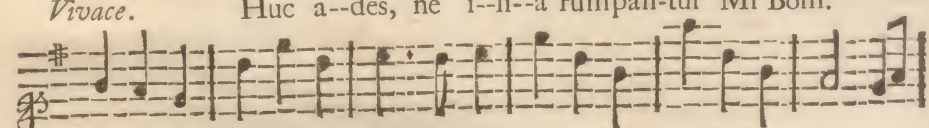
Adagio. Hos mo--lit, & Has, &c.

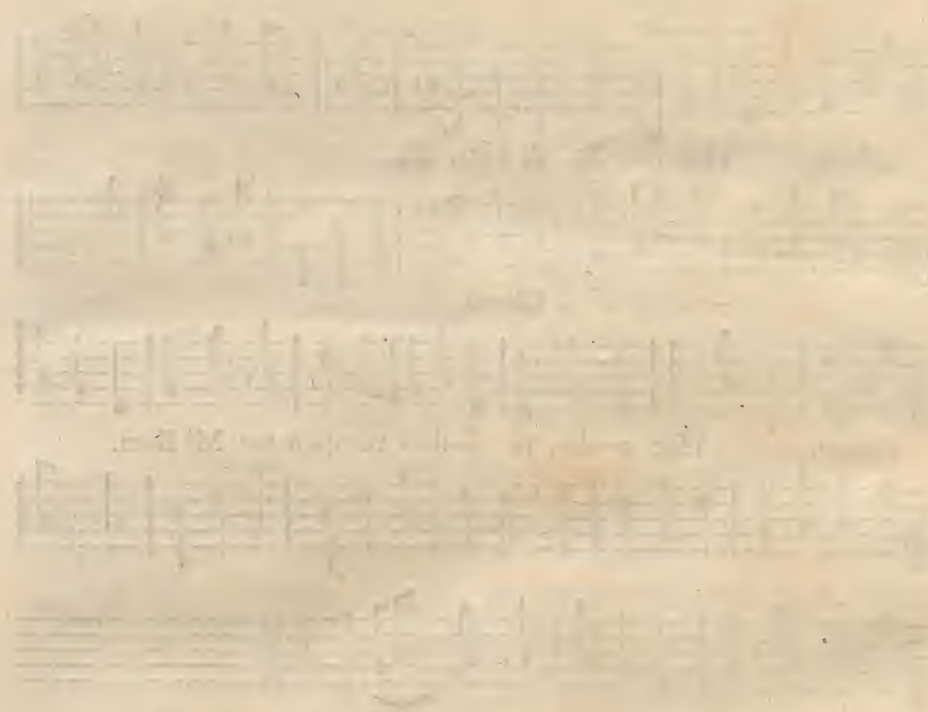


Chorus.



Vivace. Huc a--des, ne i--li--a rumpan-tur Mi Bom.





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